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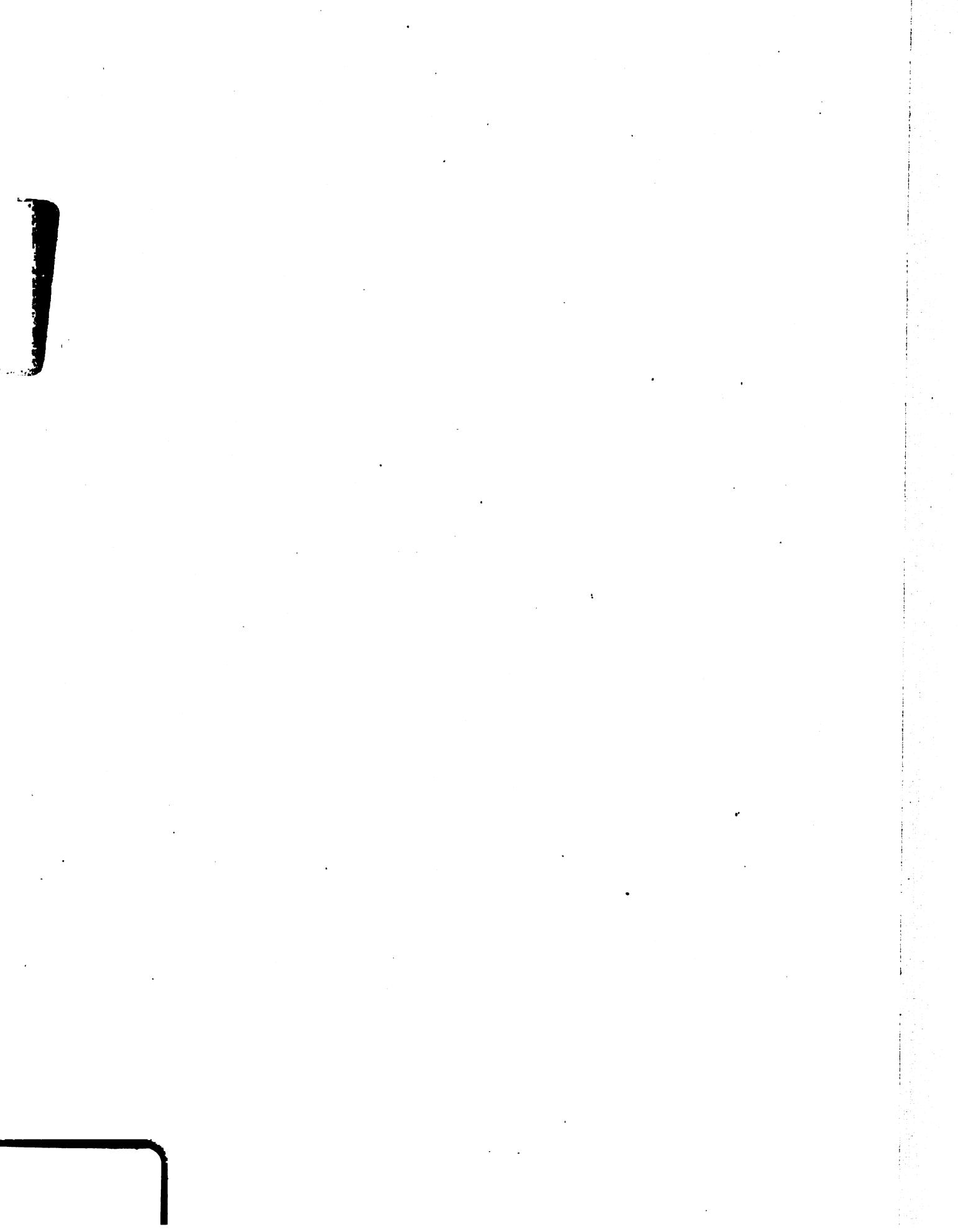
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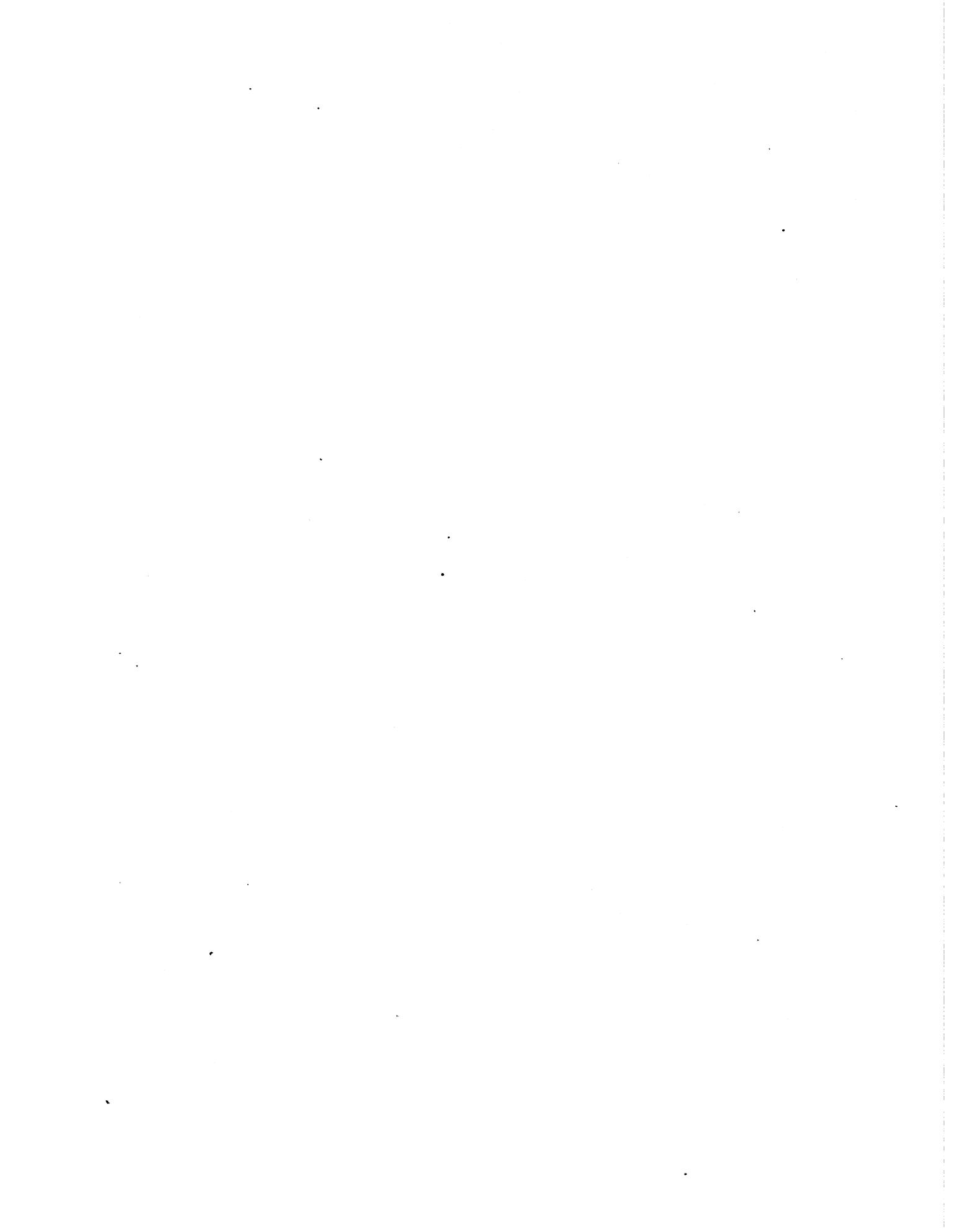
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RUBEL





THE

RURAL REPOSITORY

DEVOTED TO

POLITE LITERATURE,

SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, AMUSING MISCELLANY,
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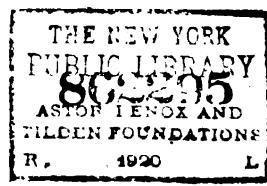
VOLUME XIII.—1836. NEW SERIES.



HUDSON:

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1835—36.



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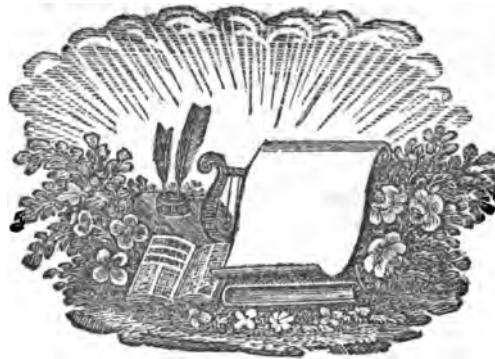
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THE RURAL REPOSITORY.



DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, AMUSING MISCELLANY, HUMOROUS AND HISTORICAL ANECDOTES, SUMMARY, POETRY, &c.

VOL. XII.—[III. NEW SERIES.]

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1835.

NO. 1.

ORIGINAL TALES.

For the Rural Repository.

Impatience.

IT is a duty which we owe to ourselves and the numerous circles by which we are surrounded, to bear up firmly against misfortune. The blasts of adversity may sometimes cause the strongest minds to bend for a while, but if our thoughts and wishes are well directed, they can never destroy those higher energies and purposes of our nature. But it is too often that we see minds capable of the highest attainments, sink beneath the most trivial disappointments for want of those sustaining principles, firmness and resignation. The college of W— never boasted of a more promising scholar than George Holbrook. Possessing high natural endowments and a remarkable quickness of perception, he seemed well calculated to attain for himself the eminence to which he so ardently looked forward. In the same class with himself was a distant relation, who had been placed at the college by his (Holbrook's) father, in consequence of a boyish attachment which his son had formed for him in earlier life. Werner, for that was his name, was of poor and humble parentage, but ere the nice distinctions of society, or false trammels of pride had entered into the imagination of Holbrook there had been no distinction between the son of the poor fisherman and the opulent merchant, but as they increased in years their acquaintances were extremely careful that one should feel his dependence, and the other his superiority. Though the mind of Holbrook was naturally above such shallow distinctions, still education and example could hardly fail to tincture him with some of the foolish vanity so predominant in the world, and the tone of superiority that he sometimes assumed could not but be keenly felt by a mind as sensitive as Werner's. A jealousy naturally sprung up in the bosom of the friends, and under its corroding influence, slight words were easily magnified into causes of offence; then followed contentions and strife, and then estrangement and animosity,

to add, if possible, to the self-reproach of both in their inward consciousness of wrong. How often thus do we create our own misery through mistaken pride, when a little forbearance or humility might restore to us a friend, and what is still more desirable, our own heart's approval, and peace of mind. How often would we, could we but see the motives which actuate others to inflict pain, feel pity for the weakness that caused it, instead of resentment for the injuries inflicted. But Werner had never been spoiled by prosperity, and he knew not how to allow for the controlling influence which vanity too often exerts over the better feelings of the heart. His wounded pride forbade him to continue any longer at college under the support of Holbrook's father, and possessing a small legacy left to him by Mrs. Holbrook, he resolved to forsake his studies for the present, and acquire for himself independence and honor. Though naturally unassuming, and to all appearance dissident in his manners, which was probably owing to the little notice he had received from his fellow students, and possessing less brilliancy of genius than Holbrook, his deficiencies in these points, were fully compensated by a firm, penetrating and reflecting mind. His was the calm untiring spirit that shrinks not from misfortune. Every obstacle that rose to check his progress, but added firmness and energy to his character; yet few looked for the lost virtues and generous traits of a master-spirit in the unassuming and plodding scholar, and fewer still prophesied distinction to his future years. Holbrook on the contrary had excited the highest expectations from the brilliant display and impassioned feelings, that glowed in the vivid productions of his teeming fancy. Had misfortune never crossed his path, it is probable, their anticipations would have been fully realized; but by some unforeseen circumstances, his father was suddenly deprived of his immense wealth, and died leaving Holbrook and his sister in extreme poverty. My readers will allow me to pass over the first shock which such an event must naturally cause to a mind as susceptible as Holbrook's;

but after the first struggles had subsided, he soon saw, or felt the necessity of rousing himself to action, in order to acquire a maintenance. His first effort was to apply for a situation in one of the mercantile houses of the place, but being unused to practical business, he found it to be no easy task to find a place any way suitable to his wishes. Sickened and disheartened by his ill success, he began to sink under the hopelessness of despondency, and the hours that should have been passed in steady perseverance were given to vague repinings and regret. But not so his high-souled sister, her mind, keenly sensible of her brother's weakness, shook off at once its own trials and found relief in action.

' You do wrong brother,' said Emma, as they were one day seated in the small room still allotted to them, ' you do wrong to mourn at the decrees of an over-ruling Providence. We are both blest with youth and health, and what better are we than thousands of others, who have alike contended with misfortune ?

' You Emma,' replied Holbrook, ' you talk of contending, who have even shrunk from entering a crowded assembly. Oh, Emma ! you little know the difficulties which will every where surround you.'

' Fear not for me, George, I shall return to the little town of B— where I spent so many happy hours at school—I have some few friends there, who will not love me the less for my poverty, and if you George will come to my school, I will try and teach you something better than despondency.'

With such intentions Emma did return, and commenced her school under happy auspices, while Holbrook urged on by her example, but more from necessity, once more resolved to obtain for himself some employment. But it was unsuccessfully that he again applied, day after day, to the numerous houses of the city. Oh ! who would have looked in the wan and wasted features of the wearied applicant, for the once gay George Holbrook. It was with a heavy heart and, as he fancied, a humbled one, that he one day applied to the house of Sleight & Co. for a situation he had seen advertised in

the public paper. It had just been filled—an involuntary sigh escaped him, as he turned to go, which attracted the notice of a gentleman at one of the desks, who immediately seized his hat and followed him. Holbrook had not proceeded far before he felt the pressure of a hand upon his shoulder, he turned, and Werner stood before him. In the mortification of wounded pride, the former would have passed on; but Werner seized his arm and drawing it within his own, observed,

'No, no, George we part not so, a boyish quarrel has already estranged us too long, and I have too many reasons for loving one to whom I am indebted for so much. Fortune may well be considered as a blind jade when better men than I fail with larger means. I have had my trials, but they are over now,' and Werner brushed hastily from his eye the tear that had started, and continued—' You applied to my partner just now for a situation, may I be permitted to inquire whether it was for yourself you applied?'

'It matters not,' answered Holbrook bitterly, 'whether it was for myself, or another, were the place vacant it would not be accepted now.'

'You mistake me,' said Werner, if you suppose I would do myself the injustice to offer you any situation under me; but I thought that I might restore, without pain to either; the legacy left me by your mother.'

'I thank you,' answered Holbrook haughtily, 'for your exalted opinion of me, in supposing that I would sully myself so far as to receive what does not belong to me, the gift was my mother's and I regret that it should have been so little valued as to cause this last insult to her son.'

'Holbrook, will you allow me no chance to repay you a small part of the vast debt of gratitude which I owe to you, and the memory of your revered parents? Oh, George! had you regretted our long estrangement as I have, you would not treat me thus coldly. If there is any cause why enmity should exist between us I am ignorant of it.'

'You deceive yourself, Werner, if you suppose that I have any enmity towards you; I once told you our paths were different; I am still of the same opinion; let school-day friendships be forgotten, they are attachments in which the judgment has but little share, and they seldom last.'

He drew his arm from Werner and passed on, and as if to drive from his heart the conviction of his injustice, he walked with a quicker step than he was wont to his dwelling, and throwing himself into a chair gave way to his own reflections.

'I will go to B——' thought he, 'and there I may meet with better success, perhaps fortune may after all smile once more upon

me. To night I will write to Emma, and apprise her of my coming. There are many chances for me yet. I have talent and I will rise above Werner, or die in the attempt!'

And thus the disappointed student really forgot his sorrows and suffered, for the first time since his sad reverses, his hopes to rise above his fortunes. Bright dreams of distinction again flitted before his fancy, and fame and pleasure glowed in the perspective before him. Suddenly the illusion vanished, leaving the gloomy present more horribly distinct to his view.

'I have been dreaming,' muttered he, 'dreaming of fame, of happiness, when even reason tells me 'tis in vain. What folly! Am I not fettered, bound hand and foot to the disgusting occupations of every day life. And once they expected from me the mighty ebullitions of genius! some perhaps are still looking for the deep fulfilment of those early promises; but they will be disappointed; I can no longer deceive myself; the sentiments of virtue I so fondly delighted to portray, nowhere exist, the heartless ingratitude and selfishness of the world, has taught me a lesson I shall never forget. Not one among the fawning fools, who once fluttered and fawned upon me, are willing to put in practice the friendship and favor they pretended to feel. Sympathy is cheap, 'tis all I receive.'

The image of Werner rose in his mind, but by an effort he threw it from him—' He too,' pursued he, 'came but to triumph over my humbled fortunes, for in his heart he must despise me. To night I will write to Emma, for one place must no longer hold us.'

The railings of Holbrook were only the natural consequences of an exaggerated imagination. 'Tis only when our views of human life become tempered with reason, that we learn to submit with patience to its necessary ills. Immoderate expectations of human happiness are too often allowed to seize upon the imagination, and when the illusions are at once removed and we feel the fallacy of our hopes, we rush into the opposite extreme, and suffer disquietude to ruffle our tempers and render us unfit for the duties or comforts of life. Thus Holbrook, dissatisfied with himself and the world, through his own ungoverned passions, gave way to the despondence which poisoned the very spring of his existence.

It was about a week from the time in which he had written to Emma, that he received an answer from her in return; and in her letter was one enclosed from the Honorable Judge C—— of the town of C——. The latter it appeared had first been forwarded to Emma, and it contained a request for Holbrook to start immediately for the town of C——, as the Judge, who was somewhat advanced in years, was in want of a person to assist him

in his business, and though Holbrook was a stranger, yet the recommendation which the Judge had received from others had been perfectly satisfactory. He not only offered Holbrook a handsome competence, but every possible opportunity of fitting himself for a counsellor, since his education had already so well prepared him for the profession. Holbrook, who wanted not a second invitation, started immediately for C—— and a few months saw him quietly pursuing his studies under the benevolent friendship of the honorable Judge C——. Emma was but a few miles distant from him in the little village of B——, and during vacation she generally paid a visit to her brother and the daughter of the Judge, for whom she had formed a close friendship. It is not necessary to picture to my readers the personal beauty of Catharine C——, enough to add that in the eyes of Holbrook and Emma she was the most perfect of her sex. But in whatever degree people may have differed in regard to her beauty, I believe that each and every individual comprising the little town of C——, were unanimous in ascribing to her much worth and goodness of character. It was in her society and Emma's that Holbrook began to look back with shame upon his want of firmness, and he inwardly resolved to guard for the future against the like weakness. It chanced one day as Holbrook was conversing with Catharine C—— that he alluded to his former acquaintance with Werner, and from some remarks she made in return, he found to his surprise that she was not only acquainted with his character, but also with his history and pursuits. His curiosity was roused and he ventured a few inquiries respecting him.

'You know,' answered Catharine, 'that your mother left him, at her death, a small sum of money. By some means he lost it. He then entered into the employ of M. D. Anville. Doubtless you recollect him, a small bustling important personage in the city of New-York. He had hardly entered his employ when unfortunately D. Anville was robbed. Suspicion fell upon the poor and friendless Werner; he was thrown into prison; but even here his spirit rose above his fortunes. The day of trial at last came, and as nothing could be proved satisfactory against him, he was acquitted. But his character had received a stain for which there was no atonement; for he suffered not the wish of revenge, to embitter his happiness. He felt that it would be impossible to obtain confidence under his present circumstances, he accordingly came to C——, but the stain of suspicion followed him and hung like a mildew-blight upon his every effort. Still he despaired not, and at last a brighter day dawned. Here he was discovered by a near connexion of his mother's, who at once

befriended him; and soon after D. Anville's son was found guilty of forgery, and the robbery of which Werner had been accused. From that time the latter has risen rapidly, and now occupies a station of eminence and honor in the populous city of New-York.'

If Holbrook was before dissatisfied with himself, Catharine's recital could not but tend to render him still more so. The full sense of his injustice to his early friend rushed with force to his mind, and his last interview with Werner was remembered with sighs of regret. He felt that some atonement was due for his unfeeling conduct; but it was not until he had finished his studies and settled at B—, that he ventured to write an apology to Werner, with a request for the renewal of the friendship which had once constituted their chief enjoyment. He also wrote to Emma at the same time (for the latter had been on a visit to Catharine C— above a week) and in Emma's letter he enclosed one to Catharine, soliciting the honor of her alliance, for he had fancied that the accomplished girl was not insensible to the few merits he possessed. Not many days had elapsed ere an answer came from Werner. It was of course filled with generous feelings and warm sentiments of friendship, it also contained a request for Holbrook to be in the town of C— on a certain day, as it was the intention of Werner to start immediately for the same place. Holbrook had received no answer from Catharine, or Emma, and weary of suspense, he cheerfully complied with Werner's request. It was about noon when he arrived at the village, and unwilling to intrude so unexpectedly on the family of Judge C—, he proceeded to the boarding house to which he had been directed in Werner's letter. His inquiries for Werner were answered by the servant as follows:

'Mr. Werner will not be in town until evening. He has gone in the country with Miss Catharine C— to be married, and when he returns you will likely find him at the Judge's.'

Poor Holbrook stood like one thunderstruck, he essayed to speak, but his words choked him and he rushed from the door. The first person he encountered was the benevolent Judge, he bowed and would have passed hastily on, but the latter detained him.

'Stop, stop,' said the Judge jocosely, 'tis too late for a pursuit, you cannot overtake them now, or be in time to see the knot tied, so you may as well go with me and patiently await their return. We did not expect you so soon, and meant to have taken you by surprise, but secrets will out.'

'Then' gasped Holbrook, 'then it was no sudden choice.'

'Oh, no! It has been brewing these three

years, but Werner is so confounded odd, he wished you to be kept ignorant of it, he was fearful of injuring your feelings by intruding himself upon you in any manner.'

'Indeed,' said Holbrook, 'I am extremely sorry he should have given himself any uneasiness on my account. It was quite unnecessary.'

They had, as Holbrook concluded, just arrived opposite the Judge's dwelling, and the former, unwilling to enter, and desirous of escaping from the importunities of the Judge, promised to return in an hour and accordingly left him. But the hour passed and Holbrook was still pacing with an agitated step the floor of his own apartment. Werner seemed to his distempered fancy as the evil genius of his life: his thoughts distractedly wandered to the hour when first he saw him, to that of their last interview in New-York. Then rose the long-loved, but lost image of Catharine C—.

'He is my fate,' exclaimed Holbrook, and rushed from the apartment.

Evening had just begun to throw her lengthening shadows over the earth, and Holbrook, hurrying from his own thoughts, soon found himself upon the principal promenade of the village. Merry voices and laughter came ringing on his ear, but in his heart there was no responsive thrill; but one thought occupied his mind—but one voice had power to soothe, and that was lost to him forever. Suddenly he felt the pressure of a hand upon his shoulder, in an instant he thought of his last meeting with Werner, and he turned with the certainty of again beholding him; but the fine open countenance of the Judge was again beaming upon him, and Holbrook fancied that there was a look of sympathy in his earnest gaze.

'Is this the way you keep your promises,' said the Judge, 'I have been seeking you this hour. Now you must go with me for there is no escape.'

'Forgive me, my benefactor,' said Holbrook, 'for refusing your invitation. Not that I bear any unkind feelings toward Werner, for in truth can I say, that none ranks higher in my estimation; but it will be better for us not to meet.'

'Holbrook, I cannot carry to Werner, or his bride, such a message; but here is a billet from Emma, perhaps it may contain some argument more powerful than all I can offer.'

Holbrook took the billet, opened it and read as follows: 'Dear brother, I trust you have taken no new freak into your head, not to see us, after your friendly letter to Werner. I cannot think you would prove so inconsistent. Perhaps you have been disappointed in not receiving a letter from Catharine; but she has just received your

letter, which you foolishly enclosed in mine, the latter found no way of reaching me in the country, where I have been the past week, and it was not opened until I returned a few hours ago. If it is the latter circumstance that detains you from coming, you need no longer delay, for from the tell-tale confessions of Kate's eyes, I should judge that you will be no unwelcome guest. Yours,

EMMA WERNER.

'Emma Werner,' repeated Holbrook, rubbing his eyes and fixing them again on the billet—'What is the meaning of all this?'

'Why ask that question?' said the Judge, 'You appeared no ways averse to the marriage this morning, and it is too late to repent now; for Emma is my niece beyond a doubt.'

'Your niece!'

'Yes, Werner is my nephew. His mother married a poor fisherman and was disowned by her father. She died leaving Werner an infant. For many years our family was ignorant of his existence; but we have at last made atonement for our neglect, and Werner has inherited his share of his grandfather's estate, with the love and respect of his kindred. And though he has strictly forbidden it, yet I cannot forbear informing you that it was through his influence that you are indebted for all the favor I have shown you, you surely will not refuse to meet him now.'

'Noble, generous Werner!' exclaimed Holbrook, 'I am unworthy of his friendship. But my conduct at present needs some explanation. I have been deceived, and fancied Werner to be the husband of your daughter; for the servant informed me that he had gone into the country with her to be married.'

'Ah, ah!' said the Judge, as the light began to dawn upon his understanding, 'then you have been playing the rejected, or disappointed suitor. It was a mistake indeed. If all this fuss has been made for Kate, you may as well take her off my hands at once, for these girls are sad plagues after all.'

Holbrook soon had the satisfaction of embracing Werner and his bride, and receiving from Catharine the confirmation of her father's words; and no doubt Holbrook learnt a lesson of patience, for there is nothing better calculated to try it than the married state.

A. B.

A NOBLE SENTIMENT.—'The more I am acquainted with Agricultural affairs the better I am pleased with them; insomuch that I can no where find so great satisfaction as in those innocent and useful pursuits. In indulging these feelings, I am led to reflect how much more delightful to an undebauched mind is the task of making improvements on the earth, than all the vain glory which can be acquired from ravaging it by the most uninterrupted career of conquests.'—Washington.

The Peer and the Village Curate.

'The good, for virtue's sake, abhor to sin.'

GREECH.

AT an early age, when the human mind is most susceptible of, and too often imbibes a passion for voluptuous pleasure; ere yet Experience her sage precepts had impressed, Lord Belfont inherited a splendid fortune. His levees were crowded with the most fashionable part of the world; the voice of flattery incessantly sang his praise, and bestowed on him every virtue that could ennoble man. His rank in life, and extensive fortune introduced him to the first families in England; and overtures of marriage were made to him by the parents and guardians of the greatest beauties of the age. But Belfont, though not insensible to the charms of beauty, was not yet become the vassal of its power.

The attention which he invariably received from the whole circle of his acquaintance, it might reasonably be supposed, was very acceptable to the inexperienced Belfont; but, notwithstanding his extreme youth, and ignorance of men and manners, he suspected the sincerity of those encomiums, which flattery bestowed on him; and the pliant voice of adulation had made little impression on his mind. At once to prove the integrity of his professed friends, he carefully spread a report that, by one imprudent step, he had been precipitated from prosperity's flowery mount into the barren vale of poverty. Swift as wild-fire ran the evil tale; and those very doors which, as it were by magic opened at the approach of the rich and happy Belfont, were now barred against the ruined spend-thrift.

To give his distress an air of certainty he made several applications for assistance to his once vowed eternal friends, which were invariably treated with a mortifying contempt. To the fair rivals of his affections he addressed his tale of sorrow; here, too, neglect was his fate.—Belfont, dispossessed of the means to gratify their fondness for dress, amusement, and pleasure, was an object no longer worthy of their regard. Reflecting on these events, he exclaimed—'How wretched are the children of fortune! The poor man, in his hour of distress, finds a friend; but the rich, when he ceases to be so, is disregarded by those whom his former bounty fed; and who have not charity enough to give to his misfortunes even the costless sigh of pity!'

In the midst of his contemplations, a servant entered the room, and announced the arrival of Lord Bremere; who, returning from a country excursion, had just heard of his friend's misfortune, and hastened to relieve his necessities. As he approached, Belfont, rising from his chair, ran to meet him,—'It is some consolation,' said he, 'for

the disappointments I have experienced, to find the man whom I most valued not unworthy the esteem I bore him. This,' continued he, 'more than recompenses the ingratitude of those mercenary wretches, who cannot recollect the features of their friend when shaded by the veil of affected distress.'

The conclusion of Belfont's address forcibly struck Lord Bremere, who repeated the words, 'affected distress!—adding, with much surprise,—'Are, then, your misfortunes bred by the idle tattle of the town?' 'No, my lord,' returned Belfont. 'Not from those contemptible beings, who eagerly busy themselves with every body's affairs, while they neglect their own, and who are only industrious in the propagation of scandal; but from myself arose the tale of my distress. I invented it, merely to prove the sincerity of those protestations of eternal friendship, which every day the siren, Flattery, whispered in my ear; and which, to speak the truth, were become most intolerably disgusting. Among my female friends,' continued he, 'a lady on whom I looked with partial eyes and who, in fact, had made some faint impressions on my heart, had the cruelty to smile at my distress; but I thank her for her contempt; it has broken asunder those chains her beauty had forged to hold my heart in bondage.'

'And what use does your lordship mean to make of this discovery?' inquired Bremere. 'My resolutions, Charles,' returned Belfont, 'and your ideas, I will venture to say, are of an opposite nature. You, perhaps, imagine that I shall return to the fashionable world, refute the opinion it entertains of my distress, and reproach it for its ingratitude!' 'What else can you purpose?' asked Bremere. 'Convinced of your lordship's integrity,' replied Belfont, 'I shall not hesitate to repose in your breast the secret of my resolves. The sudden death of my uncle,' continued he, 'has given me an ample fortune; the enjoyment of which, in the vulgar opinion of mankind, ensures the constant possession of happiness. Alas, how mistaken is such a notion! It is true, my every wish is gratified but one. You smile, Charles, and already anticipate that yet unaccomplished wish. Yes! my friend, the society of a virtuous female, whose bosom is awake to the soft touches of humanity, and who will not, to the offspring of distress, refuse the tributary sigh of pity, nor from the needy sufferer withhold the sacred boon of charity, is what I am now in search of. In the higher circles of life,' added he, 'my pursuit has proved abortive; and, assuming the appearance of the rustic cottager, I mean to seek it in humbler scenes!'

It was in vain that Lord Bremere endeavored to persuade his friend from his purpose.

Belfont remained inflexible to all his entreaties, and, having drawn from his friend an assurance of inviolable secrecy, they parted: Bremere, to the haunts of giddy passion; Belfont, to prepare for his visit to those of rural felicity.

After a short repast, Belfont, leaving directions with his steward for the management of the family in his absence, retired to rest; and, at an early hour, while the sons of riot and dissipation were returning from their nocturnal revels, he left his splendid mansion, and in the humble garb of a peasant, with a few necessaries tied up in a handkerchief, began his retreat from the metropolis. His name and title were only known in Grosvenor-square: at present he contented himself with the less dignified appellation of George Trueman; and all traces of Lord Belfont for a time vanished.

Having continued his walk for near three hours, he found himself fatigued; when an inn, opportunely presenting itself to view, afforded him an opportunity of resting his weary limbs, and satisfying the cravings of nature, which exercise had rendered more than commonly acute. The obsequious host soon furnished him an excellent breakfast, which, having finished, he mounted the Norwich stage, that had arrived during his repast, and, at the close of the day found himself in that city.

Meanwhile, Bremere, mixing with the circle of Belfont's late acquaintance, heard with silent indignation the illiberal and unjust reflections that were cast on the supposed misconduct of his friend. The impertinent inquiries with which his ears were assailed, from all who knew him in the habits of friendship with Belfont, were almost too much for his temper to bear with composure; and he was often on the point of violating the promise of secrecy his friend had extorted from him, to vindicate his character from the aspersions of slander.

Seated, one evening, in a box at Drury-lane theatre, he was seen by Lady Caroline Blandish, from the opposite side of the house; who without ceremony came round to him.—'So, my lord,' said she, entering the box, 'what is become of your friend Belfont? have you seen him lately? how does he bear his misfortunes? I am really sorry for the unfortunate youth.' 'My friend,' replied Bremere, 'is infinitely obliged to your ladyship for the concern you take in his distresses.' 'Why, you know, my lord,' returned Lady Caroline, 'one can't help being concerned for the distresses of those who were of one's acquaintance. I profess,' continued she 'the news of his ruin astonished me prodigiously; and I assure you, I felt myself extremely hurt at it; for his lordship had paid me much attention, and I began to think

I had made a conquest. It is, however,' added she, 'very fortunate that the affair ended as it did, for you know it would have been a shocking thing to have involved one's self in such difficulties.'

'True, madam,' replied Bremere; who, by her ladyship's discourse, found she was the person to whom Belfont alluded, as having attracted his particular notice; 'but after all, whatever diminution the fortune of Lord Belfont has received, be assured, it is still sufficient to support the woman whom he shall honor with his hand, in a style of elegance that might sooth the most extensive vanity.' And without waiting her ladyship's reply, bowed, and wished her good night; disgusted with the affected concern she expressed for his friend's imaginary distress, which was but ill-calculated to conceal the spirit of malevolence that rankled in her bosom. Lady Caroline concluded, what he had said was only to shelter his friend from the censure of the world, and to encourage the opinion that his affairs were not so desperate as they had been represented. With these ideas she joined her company; and Belfont and his misfortunes escaped her memory.

And now let us attend the steps of Belfont; whom, hereafter, we shall distinguish by that of Trueman. Having spent a few days at Norwich, he left that city, and continued his excursion, till he found himself, for the first time, in the midst of his tenantry. Totally unknown to his tenants and his steward, he had an opportunity of informing himself of the oppression which the former bore, and the abuses which the latter committed. It was near sunset when he arrived at a pleasant village on the borders of the sea which contained, what is there called, an inn. Having deposited his bundle in the room where he was to sleep, he repaired to the kitchen; and, seating himself among the rustics assembled over their evening *gutch of nog** joined in their discourse.

The conversation chiefly turned on the transactions of the village; and, among a variety of anecdotes detailed by the inhabitants, the recent misfortunes of their worthy curate most attracted the notice of Trueman. The incident dwelt strongly on his mind; and he determined to make himself acquainted with the narrative of a man of whom his parishioners spoke in such high terms of approbation. He invited the landlord to partake of his beverage; who, being a communicative sort of person, and one who had a considerable share of humanity interwoven in his composition, readily complied with Trueman's request, to relate the misfortunes of the worthy pastor.

* The earthen jugs, out of which the people in Norfolk drink, are called *gottches*; and their strong beer is known by the name of *nog*.

'I will tell you, sir,' said he, 'the story of parson Benley. You must know, sir, that he is the curate of our parish. The living, which is the gift of my Lord Belfont, belongs to a clergyman who lives in the west; and, though it brings him in a good three hundred pounds a year, he gives his curate only forty pounds out of it. So that, you see, the master gets two hundred and sixty pounds for doing nothing, as one may say, while the servant, who does every thing, is obliged to be contented with scarcely a seventh part of that sum; and though the good woman, his wife, brought him a large family, he could never get any increase of salary. This made him determine on taking a farm; which, by the death of one of his neighbors, became vacant. But I don't know how it was, though he worked as hard as any day-laborer in the parish, and his wife was as industrious as a bee, they couldn't, as the saying is, bring both ends together: and, to make short of the matter, my lord's steward seized on his stock, which not being sufficient to pay all arrears, the hard-hearted rascal clapt him into the county jail.'

'And his family,' asked Trueman, 'what has become of them?' 'His wife and four children,' returned the landlord, 'three fine boys from ten to thirteen years old, and a daughter grown up, are in a cottage hard by, that belongs to me. The overseer of the parish, who is a crabbed sort of a fellow, and a friend of the steward, was for sending them to the work-house. But 'no,' says I; 'hold, neighbor Bruin! while my roof can give them shelter, and I can provide them with a meal to eke out the earnings of their own industry,—and you must know, sir,' said he, with a significant nod, 'I am pretty warm—they shall never endure the wants and hardships of a prison! for what,' said I, 'is your work-house but a dungeon; where the poor eat little, and labor hard?—but sir,' continued the landlord, 'not only I, but the whole village, was against their going there: and the inhabitants all cheerfully spare a little towards the family's support: nay, even the laboring cottager, out of his hard earnings, throws in his mite.'

'And what,' inquired Trueman, 'is the amount of the sum for which the unfortunate man is now confined?' 'The whole debt,' replied the landlord, 'I am told, is about three hundred pounds: a sum by much too large for the inhabitants of our parish to raise without injuring themselves; or, depend upon it, he would soon be snatched from the hard gripe of the law.'

Every particular which related to this worthy man, Trueman inquired with an earnestness that displayed the philanthropic sentiments of his mind; and intimated, not merely a wish, but a fixed determination, to

rescue the indigent sufferer from the horrors of a prison, and restore him to his disconsolate family. Impressed with this generous sentiment, he retired to bed, meditating on the means by which he might effect his laudable designs, so as to give the least offence possible to the delicacy of suffering virtue, and conceal the hand that loosed the chains of bondage, and gave once more to the drooping captive the possession of liberty.

After proposing to himself many plans, he at length determined to walk the next day to a post town, about three miles off, and enclose notes to the amount of Mr. Benley's debt, in a letter to that gentleman. This appeared to him the best method he could devise, as it would leave no traces that might lead to a discovery from whom the merited bounty came. Thus resolved, he yielded to the soft embraces of sleep; and, in the morning, rose to execute his benevolent purpose.

[Concluded in our next.]

TRAVELING SKETCHES.

From the New-York Mirror.

London.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

DINED at Lady Blessington's—Bulwer, D'Israeli, Procter, Fonblanc, etc.—eccentricities of Beckford, author of *Vathek*—D'Israeli's extraordinary talent at description.

DINED at Lady Blessington's, in company with several authors, three or four noblemen and a clever exquisite or two. The authors were Bulwer, the novelist, and his brother the statistician; Procter, (better known as Barry Cornwall,) D'Israeli, the author of *Vivian Grey*; and Fonblanc, of the *Examiner*. The principal nobleman was Lord Durham, and the principal exquisite, (though the word scarce applies to the magnificent scale on which nature has made him, and on which he makes himself,) was Count D'Orsay. There were plates for twelve.

I had never seen Procter, and, with my passionate love for his poetry, he was the person at table of the most interest to me. He came late, and as twilight was just darkening the drawing-room, I could only see that a small man followed the announcement, with a remarkably timid manner and a very white forehead.

D'Israeli had arrived before me, and sat in the deep window, looking out upon Hyde Park, with the last rays of daylight reflected from the gorgeous gold flowers of a splendidly-embroidered waistcoat. Patent leather pumps, a white stick, with a black cord and tassel, and a quantity of chains about his neck and pockets, served to make him, even in the dim light, rather a conspicuous object.

Bulwer was very badly dressed, as usual, and wore a flashy waistcoat of the same description as D'Israeli's. Count D'Orsay was

very splendid, but very undefinable. He seemed showily dressed till you looked to particulars, and then it seemed only a simple thing, well fitted to a very magnificent person. Lord Albert Conyngham was a dandy of common materials; and my Lord Durham, though he looked a young man, if he passed for a lord at all in America, would pass for a very ill-dressed one.

For Lady Blessington, she is one of the most handsome and quite the best dressed woman in London; and, without farther description, I trust the readers of the Mirror will have little difficulty in imagining a scene that, taking a wild American into the account, was made up of rather various material.

The blaze of lamps on the table was very favorable to my curiosity, and as Procter and D'Israeli sat directly opposite me, I studied their faces to advantage. Barry Cornwall's forehead and eye are all that would strike you in his features. His brows are heavy; and his eye, deeply sunk, has a quick, restless fire, that would have struck me, I think, had I not known he was a poet. His voice has the huskiness and elevation of a man more accustomed to think than converse, and it was never heard except to give a brief and very condensed opinion, or an illustration, admirably to the point of the subject under discussion. He evidently felt that he was only an observer in the party.

D'Israeli has one of the most remarkable faces I ever saw. He is lividly pale, and but for the energy of his action and the strength of his lungs, would seem a victim to consumption. His eye is as black as Erebus, and has the most mocking and lying-in-wait sort of expression conceivable. His mouth is alive with a kind of working and impatient nervousness, and when he has burst forth, as he does constantly, with a particularly successful cataract of expression, it assumes a curl of triumphant scorn that would be worthy of a Mephistopheles. His hair is as extraordinary as his taste in waistcoats. A thick heavy mass of jet black ringlets falls over his left cheek almost to his collarless stock, while on the right temple it is parted and put away with the smooth carefulness of a girl's, and shines most unctuously.

"With thy incomparable oil, Macassar!"

The anxieties of the first course, as usual, kept every mouth occupied for a while, and then the dandies led off with a discussion of Count D'Orsay's rifle match, (he is the best rifle shot in England,) and various matters as uninteresting to transatlantic readers. The new poem, Philip Van Artevelde, came up after a while, and was very much over-praised, (*me judice.*) Bulwer said, that as the author was the principal writer for the Quarterly Review, it was a pity it was first praised in that periodical, and praised so unqualifiedly. Procter said nothing about it, and I respected

his silence; for, as a poet, he must have felt the poverty of the poem, and was probably unwilling to attack a new aspirant in his laurels.

The next book discussed was Beckford's Italy, or rather the next author, for the writer of Vathek is more original, and more talked of than his books, and just now occupies much of the attention of London. Mr. Beckford has been all his life enormously rich, has luxuriated in every country with the fancy of a poet, and the refined splendor of a Sybarite, was the admiration of Lord Byron, who visited him at Cintra, was the owner of Fonthill, and, *plus fort encore*, his is one of the oldest families in England. What could such a man attempt that would not be considered extraordinary!

D'Israeli was the only one at table who knew him, and the style in which he gave a sketch of his habits and manners, was worthy of himself. I might as well attempt to gather up the foam of the sea as to convey an idea of the extraordinary language in which he clothed his description. There were, at least, five words in every sentence that must have been very much astonished at the use they were put to, and yet no others apparently could so well have conveyed his idea. He talked like a race-horse approaching the evening-post, every muscle in action, and the utmost energy of expression flung out in every burst. It is a great pity he is not in parliament.*

The particulars he gave of Beckford, though stripped of his gorgeous digressions and parentheses, may be interesting. He lives now at Bath, where he has built a house on two sides of the street, connected by a covered bridge *a la Ponte de Sospiri*, at Venice. His servants live on one side, and he and his sole companion on the other. This companion is a hideous dwarf, who imagines himself, or is a Spanish duke; and Mr. Beckford for many years has supported him in a style befitting his rank, treats him with all the deference due to his title, and has, in general, no other society; (I should not wonder, myself, if it turned out a woman;) neither of them is often seen, and when in London, Mr. Beckford is only to be approached through his man of business. If you call, he is not at home. If you would leave a card or address him a note, his servant has strict orders not to take in any thing of the kind. At Bath he has built a high tower, which is a great mystery to the inhabitants. Around the interior, to the very top, it is lined with books, approachable with a light spiral staircase; and in the pavement below, the owner has constructed a double crypt for his own body, and that of his dwarf

* I have been told that he stood once for a London borough. A coarse fellow came up at the hustings, and said to him, "I should like to know on what ground you stand here, sir?" "On my head, sir!" answered D'Israeli. The populace had not read Vivian Grey, however, and he lost his election.

companion, intending, with a desire for human neighborhood which has not appeared in his life, to leave the library to the city, that all who enjoy it shall pass over the bodies below.

Mr. Beckford thinks very highly of his own books, and talks of his early production (Vathek) in terms of unbounded admiration. He speaks slightly of Byron and of his praise, and affects to despise utterly the popular taste. It appeared altogether, from D'Israeli's account, that he is a splendid egotist, determined to free life as much as possible from its usual fetters, and to enjoy it to the highest degree of which his genius, backed by an immense fortune, is capable. He is reputed, however, to be excessively liberal, and to exercise his ingenuity to contrive secret charities in his neighborhood.

Victor Hugo and his extraordinary novels came next under discussion; and D'Israeli, who was fired with his own eloquence, started off, *apropos des bottes*, with a long story of an empalement he had seen in Upper Egypt. It was as good, and perhaps as authentic, as the description of the chow-chow-tow in Vivian Grey. He had arrived at Cairo on the third day after the man was transfixed by two stakes from hip to shoulder, and he was still alive! The circumstantiality of the account was equally horrible and amusing. Then followed the sufferer's history, with a score of murders and barbarities, heaped together like Martin's Feast of Belshazzar, with a mixture of horror and splendor that was unparalleled in my experience of improvisation. No mystic priest of the Corybantes could have worked himself up into a finer phrensy of language.

Count D'Orsay kept up, through the whole of the conversation and narration; a running fire of witty parentheses, half French and half English; and, with champaign in all the pauses, the hours flew on very dashingly. Lady Blessington left us toward midnight, and then the conversation took a rather political turn, and something was said of O'Connell. D'Israeli's lips were playing upon the edge of a champaign glass, which he had just drained, and off he shot again with a description of an interview he had had with the agitator the day before, ending in a story of an Irish dragoon who was killed in the peninsula. His name was Sarsfield. His arm was shot off, and he was bleeding to death. When told that he could not live, he called for a large silver goblet, out of which he usually drank his claret. He held it to the gushing artery and filled it to the brim with blood, looked at it a moment, turned it out slowly upon the ground, muttering to himself, "If that had been shed for old Ireland!" and expired. You can have no idea how thrillingly this little story was told. Fonblanc, however, who is a cold political satirist,

could see nothing in a man's 'decanting his claret,' that was in the least sublime, and so Vivian Grey got into a passion and for awhile was silent.

Bulwer asked me if there was any distinguished literary American in town. I said Mr. Slidell, one of our best writers, was here.

'Because,' said he 'I received a week or more ago a letter of introduction by some one from Washington Irving. It lay on the table, when a lady came in to call on my wife, who seized upon it as an autograph, and immediately left town, leaving me with neither name nor address.'

There were a general laugh and a cry of 'Pelham! Pelham!' as he finished his story. Nobody chose to believe it.

'I think the name was Slidell,' said Bulwer.

'Slidell!' said D'Israeli. 'I owe him two-pence, by Jove!' and he went on in his dashing way to narrate that he had sat next Mr. Slidell at a bull-fight in Seville, that he wanted to buy a fan to keep off the flies, and having nothing but doubloons in his pocket, Mr. S. had lent him a small Spanish coin to that value, which he owed him to this day.

There was another general laugh, and it was agreed that on the whole the Americans were 'done.'

Apropos to this, D'Israeli gave us a description in a gorgeous, burlesque, galloping style, of a Spanish bull-fight; and when we were nearly dead with laughing at it, some one made a move, and we went up to Lady Blessington in the drawing-room. Lord Durham requested her ladyship to introduce him particularly to D'Israeli, (the effect of his eloquence.) I sat down in the corner with Sir Martin Shee, the president of the Royal Academy, and had a long talk about Allston and Harding and Cole, whose pictures he knew; and 'somewhere in the small hours,' we took our leave, and Procter left me at my door in Cavendish-street, weary, but in a better humor with the world than usual.

MISCELLANY.

The Death of the Young.

BEAUTIFUL is that season of life when we can say in the language of Scripture, 'Thou hast the dew of thy youth.' But of these flowers, Death gathers many. He places them upon his bosom and his form is changed to something less terrific than before. We learn to gaze and shudder not, for he carries in his arms the sweet blossoms of our earthly hopes. We shall see them again, blooming in a happier land.

Yes: Death brings us again to our friends. They are waiting for us; and we shall not be long. They have gone before us—and are like the angels in heaven. They stand upon

the border of the grave, to welcome us with countenances of affection, which they wore on earth—yet more lovely—more radiant—more spiritual.

Death has taken thee, too, sweet sister, and 'thou hast the dew of thy youth.' He hath placed thee upon his bosom and his stern countenance wore a smile. The 'far country' seems nearer and the way less dark; for thou hast gone before—passing so quickly to thy rest, that day itself dies not more calmly. And thou art there waiting to bid us welcome, when we shall have done here the work given us to do, and shall go hence to be seen no more on earth.

SPECULATION IN STOCKS and real property is more general and extravagant than it has been before for many years, in all our principal cities. A gambling spirit is apt to prove epidemic, and becomes violent in proportion to its spread. It seizes on men in all sorts of circumstances, diverting them from the regular pursuits and hopes of industry, and stimulating them to risks by which their minds are kept in extreme agitation, and all their means exposed to sudden and ruinous vicissitudes. We are told by intelligent gentlemen who have been lookers-on, of late, at Boston, New-York, and in our own city, that multitudes are now prominent and desperate dealers in the stock and other speculation markets, of classes and ages, callings and positions in life, that formerly were never seen nor expected, and themselves never thought of acting in such scenes. Small tradesmen, shopkeepers, clerks of all degrees, operatives of town and country, members of the learned professions, students in the offices, beginners in the world without capital or with a little, all frequent the exchanges and the auction grounds, to try their fortunes as with the lotteries. They chase bubbles not less intently than those who have leisure and money to spare. We scarcely need add that this diffusive excitement, subject as it is to rumors and various chances of the day or hour, is unfavorable to productive industry, to steady habits and sure aims, and to morals, which are always more or less in danger when hazard whets cupidity, governs action and determines fate in a general whirl of spirits and thoughts.—*Philadelphia National Gazette.*

POPPING THE QUESTION.—A young school miss, whose teacher had taught her that two negatives were equivalent to an affirmative, on being asked by a suitor for her assent to marry him, replied, 'No, no.' The swain looked astonished and bewildered—she referred him to Murray, when, for the first time, he learned that no meant yes!

The Rural Repository.

SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1835.

THE TWELFTH VOLUME.—Time rolls on, and again we are called upon to present our readers with the first number of a new volume of the Repository. In so doing we tender our sincere thanks for the liberality and goodwill which has been manifested by our patrons and friends in our behalf; and while we acknowledge with heart-felt gratitude the obligation we feel for favors already conferred, we can assure them, that it will not be in the least diminished by any aid they may be disposed to render us in the circulation of the present volume. To the question so often propounded by our distant subscribers—'What shall we do when *One Dollar bills* shall no longer be issued?' We answer—'Use a little exertion among your friends and neighbors and send *Five*, thus obtaining your own gratis, or where that is not practicable, and you succeed in adding even one to our subscription list, you can send *Two Dollars*, which will obviate the difficulty some little time at least.' As our course in conducting the present volume, will vary but little from that pursued the two past years, a labored introduction seems altogether unnecessary, we will therefore bring our subject to a close, with the assurance that the resources for filling our columns with interesting matter, both original and selected, are as plentiful as at any former period, and as our own exertions will still continue to be unremitting, we confidently hope that our little journal, though more humble in its pretensions than some, will, notwithstanding, receive, as heretofore, its full share of public patronage.

To Correspondents.

We have on hand several communications, lately received, laid by for further consideration, also a few of the prize pieces, some of which it is probable, will receive an early insertion.

Letters Containing Remittances, Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

S. F. Canaan, N. Y. \$1.00; J. H. Jr. New-York, \$1.00; C. M. R. Troy, N. Y. \$1.00; W. R. H. West Harpersfield, N. Y. \$1.00; P. V. D. Livingston, N. Y. \$1.00; J. V. D. Kinderhook, N. Y. \$1.00; L. D. H. Pine Plains, N. Y. \$1.00; S. A. Troy, N. Y. \$1.00; H. E. G. Center Gorham, N. Y. \$1.00; E. F. B. Rockingham, Vt. \$1.00; H. M. W. Livingston, N. Y. \$1.00; A. H. McN. Somerset, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Nelson, N. Y. \$5.00; T. N. Athens, N. Y. \$8.15; T. L. V. G. Kingston, N. Y. \$2.00; O. P. W. Hardwick, Ms. \$1.00; N. S. South Orange Ms. \$1.00; L. C. & E. A. W. Ware, Ms. \$2.00; E. B. D. Hartford, N. Y. \$2.00; M. L. West Meredith, N. Y. \$1.00; J. L. Lebanon, N. Y. \$1.00; E. B. K. Galena, Ill. \$5.00; W. L. H. Skaneateles, N. Y. \$1.00; E. S. Center Berlin, N. Y. \$1.00; V. A. S. Rhodes, N. Y. \$1.00; C. H. Troy, N. Y. \$5.00; S. D. Leeds, N. Y. \$1.00; J. D. Claverack, N. Y. \$3.00; S. W. T. Albany, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Hartwick Seminary, N. Y. \$1.00; A. V. V. Stockport, N. Y. \$6.00; Reading Society, Rockingham, Vt. \$1.00; O. B. Henderson, N. Y. \$1.00; E. S. New-Lebanon, N. Y. \$1.00; W. H. H. E. Jefferson, O. \$1.00; M. J. Essex, Vt. \$1.00; P. D. Genesee, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Dublin, Ga. 5.00; G. D. Redhook, N. Y. 1.00; J. J. E. Webster, R. I. 5.00; C. P. Hillsdale, N. Y. 1.00; A. S. Pine Plains, N. Y. 1.00; J. S. W. Spencer, N. Y. 2.00; J. A. C. Greenfield Center, N. Y. 1.00; E. A. W. Durham, N. Y. 1.00; W. P. C. Cornwallisville, N. Y. 1.00; G. W. S. North Adams, Ms. 5.00; F. C. Niagara, U. C. 2.00; A. P. D. West Rush, N. Y. \$4.814; A. B. T. Bruynswick, N. Y. \$0.90; C. M. Dalton, Ms. \$1.00; J. B. N. Danville Vt. \$1.00; A. B. Griegeville, N. Y. \$1.00; D. C. Schodack Center, N. Y. \$1.00; A. C. J. T. Duaneburgh, N. Y. \$1.00; J. P. L. Bristol, Ct. \$5.00; W. W. D. North Amherst, Ms. \$7.00.

MARRIED,

At Athens, on the 21st inst. by the Rev. Joseph Prentiss, Capt. William Thompson, to Miss Adeline Fosdick, youngest daughter of the late Abijah Fosdick, of that place.

In Ghent, on the 4th inst. by the Rev. J. Berger, Mr.

Henry P. Puiver, to Miss Anna Maria Miller, both of that town.

At Upper Red Hook, on the 20th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Pardee, G. B. Stevens, Esq. Merchant of Hamilton, Oneida Co. to Miss Mary Imogen, daughter of Dr. Gamaliel Wheeler, of the above place.

DIED,

In this city, on the 23d ult. Mr. Samuel N. Blake, in the 53d year of his age.

At Louisville, Kentucky, on the 9th ult. Mr. Thomas J. Allen, eldest son of Mr. Solomon Allen, of Philadelphia, in the 27th year of his age.

At Kinderhook, on the 1st inst. Peter H. Bain, Esq. aged about 53 years.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

A Storm on the Mississippi.

As the evening sun slow sinks to rest, leaving a halo near,
So summer takes mid flowers her farewell of the year;
The ripened fields of bending grain, the fruits are her's no
more,
The treasures she hath gathered in, are left to autumn's
store.
Hark! to the reapers merry strain, that greets the rising
sun,
Hark! to the children's noisy shouts, their labors are begun;
Secure in native innocence, theirs is the voice of glee—
Then let your shouts ring on the gale, blest children, ye
are free!
Yours the bright spring-time of the heart, then shout in
joyous pride,
For now ye tread upon the flowers of a world as yet
untrod;
Then pull them, while upon their folds the dew-drops
sparkle clear,
Ere mildew's blight, or autumn's chill, can check their
gay career.
But hush! the reaper's merry song hath died upon the ear,
The children's noisy shouts no more ring out in accents
clear,
The dark storm-clouds, fast gathering, obscure the morn-
ing's light,
And the tempest-wind comes sweeping on in unresistless
might;
The prancing steed in wild affright and headlong fury
bounds,
Amid the vivid lightning's flash and booming thunder's
sound,
To seek an insecure retreat from out the open glade,
To where the creaking pine trees bend, beneath the forest
shade.
The giant cedar's garnished limbs, that lately towering
stood,
Are now uprooted borne along, to meet the swelling flood;
With o'erwhelming force the stream, bursts through the
levee side
And scatters, with a deaf'ning roar, destruction far and
wide,
The morning bark, that glided on in beauty o'er the wave,
Sinks, mid the shrill cry of despair, deep in its yawning
grave.

Where, now! the laugh that hailed the rising sun?
'Tis silent—now the laborer's task is done;
But where the reapers? Did the waves sweep by
And in their vortex drown their gurgling cry?
No: they have gained the hill top, to deplore
The dire destruction of their treasured store.
What mean those sounds of anguish and regret—
Have they not reason to be thankful yet?
Ah! they have spied amid the lightning's glare,
Far, far below, one form still struggling there.
Was there no hand to succor thee, sweet child—
Or had despair made e'en the mother wild?
Was there no friend to shield thy little form—
No arm outstretched to save thee from the storm?
Poor orphan child! though all with sad despair
Regard thee now, thou hast no kindred there!
What though till now thou shared with them their love,
Say was it equal? Let the tempest prove;
That tells what kindness could not once betray,
That nature's claims must bear o'er thine the sway.
Thou hast no friend, save One, to heed thy prayer;
Ay, look to heaven for help, thy home is there;
The very dog, who gamboled at thy feet,
Forgettings thee, sought out a safe retreat;
At the first tempest-sound he started from thy side,
And left thee helpless to the swelling tide;
Swiftly it rushes on in its o'erwhelming course,
Fretting and foaming in increasing force,

And with the tempting hill-side almost won,
The torrent 'whelms thee and thy toil is done.
Thou couldst not reach it, but the impetuous tide
Bore thee half lifeless to its verdant side;
Yes, there was merriment, e'en in that rushing wave,
That tamed thy form and gave the power to save.
Hark! to that burst of joy that rends the sullen air,
And prostrate forms are breathing up a prayer
So wild, so deep, the storm seems hushed in peace,
And the spent winds in hollow murmurings cease.
Now once again comes through the dripping leaves,
The song of birds, borne on the scented breeze,
And with their sweet harmonious warblings clear,
The harvest hymn strikes on the startled ear. O. D.

From Baldwin's London Magazine.

The Rainbow.

The evening was glorious and light thro' the trees—
Played in sunshine the rain-drops, the birds and the breeze;
And the landscape out stretching in loveliness lay
On the lap of the Year, in the beauty of May:
For the Queen of the Spring, as she passed down the vale,
Left her robe on the trees, and her breath on the gale;
And the smile of her promise gave joy to the hours,
And flush in her footstep sprang herbs and flowers:
The skies like a banner at sunset unrolled,
O'er the West threw their splendor of azure and gold,
But one cloud at a distance rose dense and increased,
Till its margin of black touched the zenith and East.
We gazed on these scenes, while around us they glowed,
When a vision of beauty appeared in the cloud:
'Twas not like the sun, as at mid-day we view,
Nor the moon that rolls lightly through star-light and blue;
Like a spirit it came in the van of a storm,
And the eye and the heart hailed its beautiful form,
It looked not severe, like an angel of Wrath,
But its garments of brightness illumined its dark path.
In the hues of its grandeur sublimely it stood,
O'er the river, the village, the field, and the wood,
And river, field, village, and woodland grew bright,
As conscious they gave and afforded delight.
'Twas the bow of Omnipotence bent in His hand
Whose grasp at creation the universe spanned.
'Twas the presence of God in a symbol sublime—
His vow from the flood to the exit of time.
Not dreadful as when in a whirlwind he pleads,
When storms are his chariot and lightning his steeds—
The black cloud of vengeance his banner unfurled,
And thunder his voice to a guilt stricken world;
In the breath of his presence when thousands expire,
When seas boil with fury and rocks burn with fire,
And the sword and the plague-spot with death strew the
plain.

And vultures and wolves are the graves of the slain;
Not such was that rainbow, that beautiful one,
Whose arch was refraction—its key-stone the sun:
A pavilion it seemed, with a deity graced,
And Justice and Mercy met there and embraced.
Awhile, and it sweetly bent over the gloom,
Like Love o'er a death couch, or hope o'er the tomb,
Then left the dark scene whence it slowly retired,
As Love had just vanished, or Hope had expired.
I gazed not alone on that source of my song,
To all who beheld it these verses belong.
Its presence to all was the path of the Lord—
Each full heart expanded, grew warm and adored.
Like a visit, the converse of friends, or a day,
That bow from my sight passed forever away.
Like that visit, that converse, that day from my heart,
That bow from remembrance can never depart.
'Tis a picture in memory distinctly defined
With the strong and imperishing colors of mind,
A part of my being beyond my control,
Beheld on that cloud and transcribed on my soul.'

To a Child blowing Bubbles.

Ah! that I were once more a careless child.—COLERIDGE.
Thrice happy Babe! what golden dreams are thine,
As thus thou bid'st thine air-born bubbles soar;—
Who would not Wisdom's choicest gifts resign,
To be like thee a 'careless child' once more!

To share thy simple sports, thy sinless glee,
Thy breathless wonder, thy unfeigned delight,—

As, one by one, those sun touched glories flee,
In swift succession from thy straining sight!
To feel a power within himself to make,
Like thee, a rainbow whereso'er he goes
To dream of sunshine, and like thee to wake
To brighter visions, from his charmed repose!
Who would not give his all of worldly lore,—
The hard earned fruits of many a toil and care,—
Might he but thus the faded past restore,—
Thy guileless thoughts and blissful ignorance share.
Yet life hath bubbles too—that soothe awhile
The sterner dreams of man's maturing years;
Love—Friendship—Fortune—Fame—by turns beguile,
But melt, 'neath Truth's Ithuriel touch to tears!

Thrice happy Child! a brighter lot is thine!

What new illusion e'er can match the first?

We weep to see each cherished hope decline;

Thy mirth is loudest when thy bubbles burst.

PROSPECTUS

OF THE

RURAL REPOSITORY,

Twelfth Volume, (Third New Series.)
DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SUCH AS MORAL AND
SENTIMENTAL TALES, ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS,
BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, AMUSING
MISCELLANY, HUMOROUS AND HISTORICAL
ANECDOTES, SUMMARY, POETRY, &c.

On Saturday the 13th of June 1835, will be issued the first number of a new volume of the RURAL REPOSITORY.

On issuing proposals for the Twelfth volume (Third New Series) of the Repository, the Publisher tendered his most sincere acknowledgements to all Contributors, Agents and Subscribers, for the liberal support which they have afforded him from the commencement of his publication. New assurances on the part of the publisher of a periodical which has stood the test of years, would seem superfluous, he will therefore only say, that it will be conducted on a similar plan and published in the same form as heretofore, and that no pains or expense, shall be spared to promote their gratification by its further improvement in typographical execution and original and selected matter.

CONDITIONS.

THE RURAL REPOSITORY will be published every other Saturday in the Quarto form, and will contain twenty-six numbers of eight pages each, with a title page and index to the volume, making in the whole 908 pages. It will be printed in handsome style, on Medium paper of a superior quality, with new type; making, at the end of the year, a neat and tasteful volume, containing matter equal to one thousand duodecimo pages, which will be both amusing and instructive in future years.

TERMS.—The Twelfth volume, (Third New Series) will commence on the 13th of June next, at the low rate of *One Dollar* per annum in advance, or *One Dollar & Fifty Cents* at the expiration of three months from the time of subscribing. Any person, who will remit us *Five Dollars*, free of postage, shall receive *six* copies, and any person, who will remit us *Ten Dollars*, free of postage, shall receive *twelve* copies and one copy of either of the previous volumes. *37* No subscriptions received for less than one year.

Names of Subscribers with the amount of subscriptions to be sent by the 13th of June or as soon after as convenient, to the publisher, WILLIAM B. STODDARD.

Hudson, Columbia Co. N. Y. 1835.

37 EDITORS, who wish to exchange, are respectfully requested to give the above a few insertions, or at least a notice, and receive Subscriptions.

Blanks.

A general assortment of Lawyers and Justices' Blanks, according to the revised statutes, for sale by A. STODDARD.

Book & Job Printing,

Of all descriptions, neatly executed, with ink of different colors, on new and handsome type, at the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms, at this office.

THE RURAL REPOSITORY

IS PUBLISHED EVERY OTHER SATURDAY, AT HUDSON, N. Y. BY Wm. B. Stoddard.

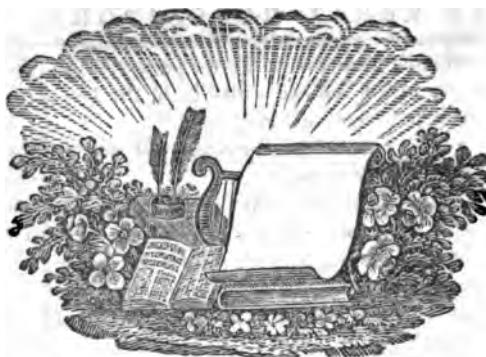
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37 All orders and Communications must be *post paid* to receive attention.

THE RURAL.

REPOSITORY.



DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, AMUSING MISCELLANY, HUMOROUS AND HISTORICAL ANECDOTES, SUMMARY, POETRY, &c.

VOL. XII — [III. NEW SERIES.]

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1835.

NO. 2.

SELECT TALES.

Fair Annie Macleod.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

THOSE attachments that take place in early life, contrary to the wishes of tender and *not ambitious* parents, seldom, if ever end happily. The *ignis fatuus* of passion, which leads the young and trusting maid to the arms of her lover, vanishes when the cares of her own creating press upon the heart of the wife and mother.

In my native village, before I had ventured upon that world which owes, like some descriptions of beauty, half its enchantment to the veil that shades it, I was acquainted with a young maiden, whose personal and mental attractions were of that cast which romance loves to portray.

Annie Macleod was the belle of our little hamlet. She had a bright and loving eye; a cheek ever dimpling with the smiles of gladness; and a fairy foot, which was as elastic as the stem of the bonnie blue bell, her favorite flower. Annie had many lovers, but one, a stranger at Roslin, was the chosen of her heart. To him her hand was often given in the dance; and many were the inquiring glances at, and frequent the whispered surmise about him, by 'kerchiefed matron and snooded maid. Annie's was a first love; and like every thing that is rare and beautiful, when seen for the first time, was irresistible. Just emerging from the girl into womanhood, with all the unweakened romance of nature playing around her day dreams, and coloring the golden visions of her sleep, the manly beauty of the stranger's countenance, and the superior refinement of his speech and manners, to the youth of that sequestered hamlet, came with all the power of enchantment to ensnare and bewilder her innocent mind.

Rumors about this favored stranger at length reached the ears of Annie's mother—unfortunately she had no father. Questioned by her parent her answers were in character with her youth and simplicity. She knew nothing of the stranger, but was sure he was

a gentleman, for he had offered and really meant to marry her. Mrs. Macleod, upon this information acted without delay. She forbade Annie on pain of her maternal displeasure, to see the stranger again, unless he by his own conduct, proved himself to be worthy of her. But on a fine Sabbath morning, when going to kirk, dressed out in all her pretty bravery, and blooming as the rose-colored ribins that tied her bonnet, Annie met the stranger at the place where they had so often held tryste together, and there Robin Bainbogle as he crossed the rude bridge that leads over a wide ravine to Roslin Castle, saw, as he said, 'the bonnie lassie for the last time, wi' a face like a dripping rose.' Tears Annie might and probably did shed—but that day she fled from her home.

Years passed away. The mother of the lost girl sunk under this blow to her maternal hopes.—The young maidens, Annie's competitors in age and beauty, became wives and mothers; and the name of fair Annie Macleod was seldom mentioned but by sage matrons, to warn their daughters, or by chaste spinsters to draw comparisons to their own advantage.

It was on a dark and stormy night in November, in 1792, that the pious and venerable pastor of —— was sent for to attend a dying woman. Wrapped in his plaid, the good man walked hurriedly along the common foot way to a settlement of squalid cottages, such as vice and poverty generally inhabit. In one of these cottages or rather huts, he found the object of his search. Pale, emaciated, and sinking away, like the flickering light of the exhausted taper, lay the once beautiful—the once innocent and happy Annie Macleod. What had been her fate since she left her mother's roof, 'twas easy to imagine, though the veil of secrecy rested upon the particulars of her history.—Her senses were at times unsettled and it was only during the short gleamings of sounder mind, that she was able to recognize in the Rev. Dugald Anderson, the pastor of her sinless youth, and to recommend to him, with all the pathos of dying love, the pretty

unconscious child, that slumbered at her side. That done, her heart, like the last string of a neglected lute, broke, and the spirit that had once so joyously reveled in its abode of loveliness, fled from the ruined tenement of beauty forever.

'And these are the fruits of love!' said Anderson, bitterly, as he eyed the cold and stiffened features of Annie. 'Oh! monstrous violation of that hallowed name!'

'Of a truth, 'tis a sair sight!' said an old woman, the owner of the hut, and I count me the judgment of the guid God winna sleep nor slumber on sic doings as the ruin o' this poor lassie.'

No,' said Anderson, emphatically, the judgment of God may seem to slumber, but is awake. Accursed is the seducer of innocence, yes, the curse of broken hearts is upon him. It shall come home to his heart and to his spirit, till he lie down and die, in very weariness of life.'

The pious pastor took home the little Alice to the Manse; and after the remains of her mother were decently interred in the village kirkyard a simple headstone, inscribed with her name, told of the last resting place of the 'fair Annie Macleod.'

Some years subsequently to this melancholy event, the good pastor of —— went out, as he was wont, to meditate at eventide. As he stood leaning over the white wicket, that opened from his garden into the church-yard, thoughts of early days and early friends, came trooping to his mind.

¹ No after friendship e'er can raise
The endearments of our early days;
And ne'er the heart stich fondness prove,
As when it first began to love.'

The last rays of the setting sun shone full upon the windows of the chapel, reflecting from them a thousand mimic glories. His eye glanced from the holy edifice to the simple tombs, partially lighted up by the slanting sunbeams, as they quivered through the branches of the patriarchal trees, which here and there hung over the forgotten dead. Suddenly a man habited in foreign garb advanced up the broad pathway leading from the village. Looking about him, he at

last stood opposite a white head stone, over which a decayed yew threw its melancholy shadow. It was the headstone that marked the grave of the once joyous Annie. As oppressed by some sudden emotion, he rather sunk than leaned against the hollow trunk; but soon again returned to the grave, he knelt down, and burying his face in his hands, appeared to weep. The good pastor, interested in the scene, stood gazing unobserved at the stranger, who, after the lapse of a few seconds, rose up from his knees, and turned away as if to retrace his steps. Then again coming back he stooped down, and plucking something from the greensward, kissed it, hid it in his bosom, and with rapid steps left the churchyard.

Anderson returned into the Manse, drew a chair to the hearth, and sat down, took up a book, laid it down again, and walked out into the little court that fronted the village. A feeling of curiosity perhaps led him to glance his eye over the way, where stood the only alehouse in the hamlet, when he saw the same stranger come out, and crossing the road, stop at his own gate. To his inquiry if the Rev. Dugald Anderson was at home, the good pastor answering in the affirmative, courteously held back the gate for the stranger to enter; while the little barefooted lassie who opened the door, seeing the visiter with her master, hustled onwards and ushered them into the best parlor; carefully wiping with the corner of her blue checked apron the tall spinster looking elbow chair, and then withdrew to tell the young Anderson what 'a bra' gallant the master had brought home wi' him.'

The stranger's appearance justified Jennie's encomiums. Though past the summer of his life, the unextinguished fire of his youth still lingered in his dark full eye; and his tall and athletic person accorded well with the losty bearing of his looks, and the refined courtesy of his manners.

'I believe,' said he, addressing Anderson, 'you have the care of a young girl whose mother died some years since.'

'You mean the daughter of Annie Macleod?'

'The same—and it is to ascertain her situation in your family, that I have taken the liberty to wait upon you.'

'Her situation in my family, my good Sir,' said the worthy man, 'is that of a daughter to myself; a sister to my children. The calamity which robbed her so early of her mother was an inducement, but certainly not the only one, to my becoming her protector. I was acquainted with her mother in the happier years of her life, and the friendship which I had felt for Annie Macleod, revived in full force when duty conducted me to her death bed. I there pledged myself to be a father to the fatherless—to keep her

unspotted from the world, the pitiless world as the dying mother called it, in the lucid intervals of her wandering mind.'

'What? said the stranger, did sorrow overcome her reason?

'Alas! yes—for many weeks before her death they told me that her senses were completely gone; and when I saw her in the mortal struggle; the delirium of mind was only partially broken in upon by flashes of reason.'

The features of the stranger became convulsed, and he seemed to wrestle with some violent emotion.

'You are a friend—perhaps relative of the unfortunate Annie?' rejoined Anderson.

'Yes—I was a friend—that is, I—I—knew her,' said the stranger.

'Then you will like to see my little charge,' and without waiting a reply, the good pastor left the apartment, but almost immediately returned, holding by the hand a pretty fair haired girl, with dark blue eyes, that seemed made for weeping—'This,' said Anderson, leading her towards the stranger, 'is Alice Macleod, or as she calls herself, Birdalane.*'

The stranger drew her to him; and taking her hand gazed long and earnestly in her blushing face. Why do you call yourself Birdalane, my pretty child?

'Because nurse called me so, when she used to cry over me, and say I had no mother and no father to love me and give me pretty things, like Donald and Ellen Anderson.'

The stranger's eye fell, and tears hung upon the dark lashes that swept his cheeks. He rose and walked to the window; and Anderson heard the long drawn sigh that seemed to burst from a heart laden with old remembrances. Presently turning to the pastor, he said, 'I am satisfied, good sir, fully satisfied that this friendless one cannot be in better hands, to fulfil her mother's wish, and keep her unspotted from the world.' Then presenting a sealed packet, he added warmly grasping Anderson's hand. 'Be still a father to that orphan girl, and God requite you ten fold in blessings upon your own!' He stooped down, kissed the wondering Alice, and hastily left the apartment. Anderson went to the window, and in a few moments he saw a groom lead out two horses. The stranger mounted one, and putting spurs to his steed, Anderson lost sight of him in the windings of the road.

The worthy pastor, dismissing little Alice to her playmates, prepared to open the packet. In an envelope, upon which was written—'A marriage portion for the daughter of Anne Macleod, was a draft of one

* Birdalane, means in Scotch the last, or only one of their race—one who has outlived all ties.

thousand pounds—and on a paper folded round a small miniature the following words; 'A likeness of Annie, such as she was when the writer first knew her. 'Tis now but the shadow of a shade. The beauty, gaiety and innocence it would perpetuate are gone; like the hopes of him who still clings to the memory of what she was, with all the tenacious regret of undying remorse.'

Sometime after this event, business called Anderson to Edinburgh. One day, while perambulating the streets on his various engagements, he saw the selfsame figure which remained indelibly imprinted on his memory—the identical mysterious stranger, who had visited him at the Manse, issue from the castle gates, and descend with a slow step and melancholy air down the high street. Curiosity, or perhaps a better feeling prompted Anderson to follow at a distance and ascertain who he was. It was Lord—

'Tis even as I thought,' said the poor pastor; 'poor Annie fell a victim to the arts of Lord —. Alas! he was too accomplished a seducer, for such artlessness as hers to cope with.

The sweet ties that bind the sons of virtue to their social fireside are too simple for the epicurian taste of the libertine: the tender interchange of wedded minds, the endearing caresses of legitimate love, are simple wild flowers that wither in the hot bed of sensuality, a corrupt heart.—Never can the proud joy, the refined pleasures of a faithful husband, be his.

'For high the bliss that waits on wedded love,
Best, purest emblem of the bliss above;
To draw new raptures from another's joy,
To share each pang, and half its sting destroy.
Of one fond heart to be the slave and lord.
Bless and be bless'd, adore and be ador'd—
To own the link of soul, the chain of mind,
Sublimest friendship, passion most refined,—
Passion, to the life's last evening hour still warm,
And friendship, brightest in the darkest storm.'

To conclude. The little Alice never left the Manse, where she lived as her mother wished, 'unspotted from the world.' As she grew to womanhood, her simple beauty and artless manners won the affections of Donald Anderson, the son of her benefactor. They were married and often when Alice looked upon the smiling cherubs that climbed her maternal knee, the silver-headed pastor as he sat by the ingle in his elbow chair, would put on an arch expression, and ask her where was Birdalane now? while Alice blushing and laughing, would draw her little nestlers closer to her womanly bosom, and so answer the good man.

After a life of active charity, full of years and good deeds, the venerable pastor of—slept the sleep of peace, in that church where he had often roused others from a darker slumber than that of death. After his decease, and written in the neat old fashioned

hand of his father, Donald Anderson found amongst his papers a manuscript, dated many years back, containing the history of Annie Macleod—which, with some slight alterations, and the omission of particular names, (for obvious reasons) is now submitted to those readers whose hearts will not permit their heads to criticise a simple and unadorned tale.

The Peer and the Village Curate.

(Concluded.)

In his return, he saw a female and a little boy. The youth carried a basket, which seemed too heavy for his feeble strength to support. The female had, in each hand, a jug; and, having out-walked her companion had seated herself on a stile to wait his coming up. Trueman accosted the youth, and offered to assist him in carrying his load; a proposal which the youngster readily accepted, telling him, at the same time, that he had been to a neighboring farmer for cheese and butter; and that his sister had got two jugs of milk for his brothers' breakfasts.—‘And what is your name?’ said Trueman.—‘Benley, sir, and we live in yonder cottage,’ pointing to a small house. ‘Charlotte,’ said the youth, ‘here is a gentleman has kindly carried my basket for me; and, as you complain the jugs are too heavy for you, I dare say he will help you too.’—‘That I will, and esteem myself obliged so to do,’ said Trueman, placing the basket on the ground, and bowing to Miss Benley. ‘You are very kind, sir,’ said Charlotte; ‘but I am ashamed that Henry should have given you so much trouble: he is an idle boy, or he would not have thus intruded on your politeness.’—‘Call it not intrusion; the young gentleman asked not my assistance, and my service is voluntary.’

The blushing Charlotte accepted the assistance, of the gallant stranger. Trueman viewed, with a joy bordering on rapture, the personal accomplishments of his fair companion. ‘And oh!’ said he, ‘should she wear a pure mind, and unstained as is her lovely form, she were a treasure worth the proudest monarch’s love!’ The lovely maid answered with indifference every question of the enamored youth. The gloomy prospect of futurity had robbed Miss Benley of that vivacity, which, in her happier days, she was wont to possess.

Harry Benley, having informed his mother of the stranger’s civility, the good woman walked to the wicket-gate, that formed an entrance to the garden, to welcome her daughter’s return; and, thanking Trueman for his politeness, invited him to partake of their morning’s refreshment.—‘I am sorry,’ said the venerable matron, ‘that my means, and my inclination to make you welcome, are not in union with each other; but that which

I have to give, I give freely.—There was a time’—‘I have heard of your misfortunes, madam,’ interrupted Trueman; ‘and I sincerely sympathize in your sufferings. But do not yield to despair. The hand which inflicts distress, can also bestow happiness; and, though the pitiless storm of stern adversity to-day beats hard and heavy on your defenceless roof, to-morrow prosperity’s cheerful sun may raise your sinking hopes, and repair the ravages of the ruthless blast.’

Mrs. Benley and her daughter could not avoid making their observations on the strangeness of the visit; while he congratulated himself on the completion of his wish for an introduction to this amiable family.

It was on a market day that farmer Welford waited on the good old man. He found him in a small room, pursuing his pious meditations. The sight of any of his parishioners was a cordial to the drooping spirits of Mr. Benley. His griefs, though not forgotten, were suppressed, while conversing with his friends; but, at the moment of separation, they returned with increased poignancy, and it required the utmost efforts of his mind to support the painful ‘adieu!’ ‘Eternal God!’ exclaimed the weeping father, ‘must I no more enjoy the sweets of liberty! how changed the scene! here, when night her subtle mantle o’er the face of heaven begins to spread, nothing is heard but the dismal rattling of chains; doors of massy iron, grating on their hinges, appal the timid soul; while horrid oaths, and dreadful imprecations, wound the listening ear. O Welford! my soul sickens at the scene; and philosophy scarce can shield my mind from the horrors of despair!’

At this moment the jailer entered the room, with a letter for Mr. Benley.—‘The hand is unknown to me,’ said he. ‘It has a goodly outside,’ said the jailer, ‘pray heaven it prove not like the world, fair without, and foul within.’ ‘Why truly, friend,’ returned Mr. Benley, ‘your satire upon the manners of mankind is not unreasonable. It is, I fear, the maxim of many of the present age, to conceal the depravity of the heart beneath the specious appearance of honesty. This, however,’ continued he, breaking the seal, ‘I think, bodes no harm; I will, therefore, inform myself of its contents.’ ‘It is well,’ said he; ‘goodness is still extant: and innocence enjoys the guardian care of Providence. The contents of this letter will best explain my meaning—

‘To the Reverend John Benley, at the Castle of Norwich.

‘REV. SIR,

‘The enclosed notes, which I find, on inquiry, will cover the whole of your debts, wait your acceptance. They are the gift of one on whom fortune has bestowed more

than he can claim on the score of desert; and who anxiously hopes, while it restores to you those most enviable blessings, liberty and domestic happiness, he has left no clue by which a discovery of the donor may be effected.’

Here the jailer broke into a swearing fit of joy; the farmer could only express his pleasure with his looks, while the grateful pastor threw himself on his knees, and poured forth the grateful transports of his soul to the Giver of all good.

While the bounty of the generous Trueman was thus employed in releasing the worthy curate from the horrors of a prison, he himself was no less assiduous in soothing, by every act of benevolence and hospitality, the anxiety of the family at home. With the assistance of his landlord, he was become acquainted with every transaction that had occurred in the village. In one of his evening walks, he was roused from his meditations by the sudden exclamations of a female voice; and, raising his eyes, beheld the fair object of his affections endeavoring to avoid the importunities of a gentleman who was pursuing her.

‘Stay, lovely Charlotte!’ said the stranger, ‘why do you fly me thus?’ ‘Why, sir, are you so importunate?’ ‘Because I wish to remove the cloud of sorrow that hangs on your brow. In short, because I love you. Who could behold beauty such as yours, and live a stranger to affection!’ ‘Affection! view your recent conduct to my father, then say if affection bore a leading feature there?’ ‘On honorable terms, I sought your hand, which you in scorn refused. Had then your father laid on you his command, and forced you to be mine, he had escaped my resentment.’ ‘My choice was free, sir; and, perhaps it was my nature’s fault, I could not love you. But excuse my abruptness, should we be seen thus discoursing, the discovery would not add to my reputation.’ ‘This contempt, child, is very pretty! but it shall not divert me from tasting the ripe beauties of those matchless charms.’ Then rudely snatching the struggling beauty to his loathed embrace, impressed on her lovely lips the guilty purpose of his passion. At that instant, rage and indignation fired the soul of Trueman; who, darting through the hedge, seized the rude ravisher by the throat, and hurled him to the ground.—‘Detested monster! I know thee well. Thou art the faithless steward of the misused Belfont. Already has thy fame reached thy master’s ears; nor think, vile ingrate, that he will suffer thy villanies to escape with impunity.’ Then, taking the almost fainting Charlotte by the hand, he hastened from this fallen Lucifer. The spirits of Charlotte hardly supported her from the presence of her base assailant,

before she sunk lifeless into the arms of her deliverer; who, urged by fear, placed her on a bank, and ran for water to a neighboring rivulet, and besprinkled her features with the cooling drops. Soon she unclosed her lovely eyes, and recovered.—' You tremble still, my Charlotte, and, by your disordered looks, seem to doubt your safety!—' O no! where Trueman is, suspicion has no dwelling.' 'Enchanting sweetness! Oh, my lovely Charlotte, never till this hour of danger did I know how dear an interest in my heart you held. Would my sweet girl but kindly listen to my artless tale, would she but give my ardent passion one approving smile—' 'Alas!' interrupted Charlotte, 'I have no smiles to give. On any other subject, I will hear you; but, till again my father breathes the air of freedom—till from the chains of bondage he is freed, I have forsaken all joy.'

'Till that blest period,' said Trueman, 'when fortune shall cease to persecute thy venerable sire, and give the captive to his weeping friends, my passion in concealment's painful bosom shall dwell unnured, if then thou wilt give my artless tale attention! this only do I ask: grant me but this, and hope shall nurture my love, and lull to rest each intrusive care.' 'Then, by my hopes of bliss hereafter,' said the maid, 'I vow, when that happy hour arrives, I will not chide thy fondness.—But tell me, what means this sudden joy that through the village reigns? how sweetly sound the merry bells; while every breeze from yon shouting throng wafts the breath of pleasure.' 'And see,' said Trueman, 'where to my Charlotte's cottage they bend their steps! it is, methinks, no vulgar cause that swells this loud acclaim—but see! your brother comes, the harbinger of happiness.'

'Oh, Charlotte!' said Harry, 'our dear father is come home again. Farmer Welsford brought the news that he was on the road, and the whole village went to meet him. They took the horses from the chaise, and dragged him to our cottage. My mother cries for joy, and sent me to seek after you. Make haste, my father longs to see you.—And do you Mr. Trueman, come too; my mother has told him what a kind friend you have been; I will run back, and say you are coming.' 'You, my Charlotte,' said Trueman, 'indulge this flood of joy, nor check the soft emotions of the soul. These tears become thee, which, like the fleeting shower that bathes the summer's day, give fresh luster to the charms of nature.'

'Is that which I have heard derived from truth, or is it but the dream of fancy? my father released from prison! by whom?' 'Why,' said Trueman, 'should you question whence the gracious bounty came? it is sufficient that he is returned. Think the measure of his bliss is incomplete, till in his

paternal embrace he folds thy lovely form. Hasten, then, to increase and share his merited happiness.' Then, folding her arm in his, he hurried towards her dwelling.

Mr. Benley was seated at the door of the cottage, surrounded by many of his parishioners, when Charlotte rushed into her father's arms, exclaiming, 'My dear, dear father!' The enraptured parent mingled the tears of fond affection with those of filial gratitude; and every countenance beamed with smiles of joy. Nor was the welcome of the worthy Trueman wanting in cordiality: but, when the lovely Charlotte related her rescue from the hated Sandford, the murmur of applause fell from every tongue, while the grateful father strained the gallant stranger to his heart by the endearing name of son,

The return of the worthy pastor was celebrated by the inhabitants of the parish as a sort of jubilee. Every one strove to excel his neighbor in acts of courtesy. Stores of viands were conveyed from all parts of the village; and while, by the pale light of the moon, sprightly youth led up the merry dance, cheerful age sat and quaffed the nut-brown ale, talked over the seats of former days, and in thought grew young again.

Every transaction that had occurred since Lord Belfont's arrival in the village, he had transmitted to his friend Bremere; and, on confirmation of the oppression which his steward had exercised, enclosed the discharge of that unfeeling wretch; with an order to deliver his accounts to Mr. Benley, whom he appointed his successor. A letter, announcing to this gentleman his appointment, also accompanied the packet; which Bremere duly forwarded from London, in the manner his friend had directed. By this time Bremere had refuted the opinion which had been entertained of the derangement of his lordship's finances. The whole was declared to be a feint.

The sensations of Sandford, on reading his lordship's letter, were such as are familiar only to the guilty. The perturbation of his mind brought on a violent fever, which soon terminated his miserable existence. Far different were the feelings of Mr. Benley.—'How variegated is the life of man!' said he, 'His morn of infancy rises immersed in clouds, and the louring tempest carries ruin in its aspect. Anon, the friendly breeze of fortune disperses the threatening storm: prosperity's golden sun sheds forth its cheering rays, enervates the chilling blasts of black adversity, and decks the evening of his days in smiles of joy.' 'And oft the ministers of fate reverse the pleasing scene!' said Trueman. 'You are come very opportunely to share the pleasure which our newly acquired fortune gives.' And, after having informed Trueman of the contents of that letter, said,

he had discovered the bounteous hand that gave him liberty.

'I have compared this letter of my Lord Belfont with the one I received when under confinement, and I find the characters of each exactly corresponding. To his lordship, I attribute the benevolent act. Tomorrow, we purpose leaving this humble dwelling, and once more take possession of our former mansion; where, I hope, we shall enjoy the pleasure of your company.' 'You do me infinite honor, sir; and I will study to deserve your favor. But where is Miss Benley, sir? I came purposely to inquire how she finds herself after her last night's merriment.' 'I believe you will find her in the garden. She and her mother will keep you company for an hour or two, while I visit my friends in the village.'

Trueman walked to the bottom of the garden, and found his lovely Charlotte seated in a bower of osiers, which she herself had reared. She had a letter in her hand, which, as she perused, the tears of anguish fell from her sorrowing eyes. Trueman's approach roused the maid; she started from her seat, hurried the letter into her pocket, and darted an angry look at the youth, 'Why, my lovely Charlotte, do you thus angrily fix on me those streaming eyes?' 'Answer me faithfully,' said she, 'art thou what thou seemest? or, beneath that mean attire, but ill according with thy polished phrase and manner, dost thou not hide—ha! my fears are true! The blush of guilt has crimsoned o'er thy face; and that confused air, that sudden start, proclaim thee false!' 'Tell me,' said Trueman, recovering himself, 'the grounds on which you have raised this unkind suspicion of my honor?' 'This will inform you, sir; a friend of Miss Benley advises her to be on her guard. Trueman is not what he seems; but, beneath the appearance of rustic honesty, harbors designs destructive of her peace and honor. Now, sir, what can you plead to this charge?'

'Miss Benley, that I love you, I think, is still beyond dispute. That you approved my passion, nay, owned a mutual flame, is equally on the side of truth. To the charge here preferred against me, that I am not what I seem, I plead guilty; but to the rest, with all my soul, I pronounce it a base falsehood.' 'Less warmth, sir, will better serve the cause of truth.' 'Less warmth, madam, would confirm me the guilty wretch your hard thoughts, and this vile scroll, have made me. But, tell me, if I can repel, by truth indubitable, this unjust arraignment of my honor, what reward I may expect?'

'Oh! clear but thyself of these gross suspicions; appear but the man my fond wishes have formed thee, and I would reject the crowned monarch's hand to share thy

honest love!" "Then fear not, and know that I am the happy Belfont." "Lord Belfont!"—"Yes, the rich, the happy Belfont lives, the vassal of your power. But tell me, from what envious hand didst thou receive this vile defamer of my truth?" "Last night, when dancing on the green, a letter fell from your pocket. I took it up unobserved, and perused its contents: from these I learned that you were in disguise." "And the rest your fears supplied?" "Even so."

"Then, truly, you had reason for suspicion.—But come, let us disclose our mutual passion to your parents. Their approbation gained, we then will name the happy day."

"May I entreat a moment's conversation, sir?" "Ay, my good sir, an hour's," replied Mr. Benley. "Thus it is, sir; your daughter has beauty, worth, and innocence. I sought, I gained, her fond regard; and it is now our mutual wish to exchange our holy vows, and sign a contract of eternal love." "How say you, Charlotte? In this, does Mr. Trueman speak the wishes of your heart?" "He has my free consent, sir, to what he now proposes."

"The request is somewhat sudden. It is true, I have found you worthy, and your merit deserves the treasure which it seeks: but a tender regard for the happiness of my child forbids me to give a too precipitate answer; and some little inquiry is necessary to—" "True, it is a matter that requires the most serious consideration; and the reluctance which you feel, gives additional luster to your character. An accident has revealed me to the fair object of my wishes. I threw aside disguise, and confessed myself the happy Belfont."

"Then take her, and may she prove deserving of your love." The lovely maid smiled consent; and Mr. Benley hastened to the village, where the joyful tidings soon spread. The tenants flew with cheerful haste to pay their duty to their illustrious landlord, and none refused the invitation of his lordship.

TRAVELING SKETCHES.

London.

The Italian Opera—Mademoiselle Grisi—a glance at Lord Brougham—Mrs. Norton and Lord Sesson—Rand, the American portrait painter—an evening party at Bulwer's—palmy state of literature in modern days—fashionable neglect of females—personages present—Shiel the orator, the prince of Moscow, Mrs. Leicester Stanhope—the celebrated beauty, etc. etc.

WENT to the opera to hear Julia Grisi. I stood out the first act in the pit, and saw instances of rudeness in 'Fop-a-Hey,' which I had never seen approached in three years on the continent. The high price of tickets, one would think, and the necessity of appearing in full dress, would keep the opera

clear of low-bred people; but the conduct to which I refer seemed to excite no surprise and passed off without notice, though in America, there would have been ample matter for at least four duels.

Grisi is young, very pretty, and an admirable actress—three great advantages to a singer. Her voice is under absolute command, and she manages it beautifully, but it wants the infusion of soul—the gushing, uncontrollable, passionate feeling of Malibran. You merely feel that Grisi is an accomplished artist, while Malibran melts all your criticism into love and admiration. I am easily moved by music, but I came away without much enthusiasm for the present passion of London.

The opera-house is very different from those on the continent. The stage only is lighted abroad, the single lustre from the ceiling just throwing that *clair obscur* over the boxes so favorable to Italian complexions and morals. Here, the dress circles are lighted with bright chandeliers, and the whole house sits in such a blaze of light, as leaves no approach, even to a lady, 'unseen. The consequence is that people here dress much more, and the opera, if less interesting to the *habitué*, is a gayer thing to the many.

I went up to Lady Blessington's box for a moment, and found Strangways, the traveler, and several other distinguished men with her. Her ladyship pointed out to me Lord Brougham, flirting desperately with a pretty woman on the opposite side of the house, his mouth going with the convulsive twitch which so disfigures him, and his most unsightly of pug-noses in the strongest relief against the red lining behind. There never was a plainer man. The Honorable Mrs. Norton, Sheridan's daughter, the poetess, sat nearer to us, looking like a queen, certainly one of the most beautiful women I ever looked upon; and the gastronomic and hump-backed Lord Sesson, said to be the best judge of cookery in the world, sat in the 'dandy's omnibus,' a large box on a level with the stage, leaning forward with his chin on his knuckles, and waiting with evident impatience for the appearance of Fanny Elster in the *ballet*. Beauty and all, the English opera house surpasses any thing I have seen in the way of a spectacle.

I saw yesterday a picture of Miss Martineau, by our American painter, RAND, which excites some attention in London. Mr. R. is up to the lips in success as a portrait painter, and seems in a fair way to realize a fortune—a thing he was not in a way to do when I knew him in America. Every one who was acquainted with Rand, must have been struck with his original and inventive mind, and will be pleased to see that he is turning it to account. The following notice

from the Court Journal is written by Lady Charlotte Bury:

'An extraordinary work is speedily coming out by a very extraordinary man, entitled "The Philosophy of Painting." Unlike many titles, this one truly and distinctly designates the matter of which it professes to treat; how far the theory may meet with general approbation can alone be proved by the result; but the work is original, and proceeds from a deep-thinking and unprejudiced mind. Mr. Rand (the author) is by birth an American; by profession a painter. In mind and manners, gentle and unassuming, yet not without that consciousness of power which is absolutely necessary to the achievement of any great undertaking. The evil days are gone by when the name of an American was cruelly and unjustly held in disrepute by the mother land. But Washington Irving, Bryant, and Cooper, have planted a standard of renown on the field of literature, as Newton and Leslie have done on that of the arts, which may not be cast down; and it only remains for a host of followers to enlist under the same banners, in order to obtain the same success.'

An evening party at Bulwer's. Not yet perfectly initiated in London hours, I arrived not far from eleven and found Mrs. Bulwer alone in her illuminated rooms, whiling away an expectant hour in playing with a King Charles spaniel, that seemed by his fondness and delight to appreciate the excessive loveliness of his mistress. As far off as America, I may express even in print an admiration which is no heresy in London.

The author of Pelham is a younger son and depends on his writings for a livelihood, and, truly, measuring works of fancy by what they will bring, (not an unfair standard perhaps,) a glance around his luxurious and elegant rooms is worth reams of puff in the quarterlies. He lives in the heart of the fashionable quarter of London, where rents are ruinously extravagant, entertains, a great deal, and is expensive in all his habits, and for this pay Messrs. Clifford, Pelham and Aram—(it would seem) most excellent good bankers. As I looked at the beautiful woman seated on the costly ottoman before me, waiting to receive the rank and fashion of London, I thought that old close-fisted literature never had better reason for his partial largess. I half forgave the miser for starving a wilderness of poets.

One of the first persons who came was Lord Byron's sister, a thin, plain, middle-aged woman, of a very serious countenance, and with very cordial and pleasing manners. The rooms soon filled, and two professed singers went industriously to work in their vocation at the piano; but except, one pale man, with staring hair, whom I took to be a poet, nobody pretended to listen.

Every second woman has some strong claim to beauty in England, and the proportion of those who just miss it, by a hair's breadth as it were—who seem really to have been meant for beauties by nature, but by a slip in the moulding or penciling are imperfect copies of the design—is really extraordinary. One after another entered, as I

stood near the door with my old friend Dr. Bowring for a nomenclator, and the word 'lovely' or 'charming,' had not passed my lips before some change in the attitude, or unguarded animation had exposed the flaw, and the hasty homage (it is, and an idolatrous one, that we pay to the beauty of woman) was coldly and unsparingly retracted. From a goddess upon earth to a slighted and unattractive trap for matrimony is a long step, but taken on so slight a defect sometimes, as, were they marble, a sculptor would etch away with his nail.

I was surprised, (and I have been struck with the same thing at several parties I have attended in London,) at the neglect with which the female part of the assemblage is treated. No young man ever seems to dream of speaking to a lady, except to ask her to dance. There they sit with their mammas, their hands hung over each other before them in the received attitude; and if there happens to be no dancing, (as at Bulwer's,) looking at a print, or eating an ice, is for them the most enlivening circumstances of the evening. As well as I recollect, it is better managed in America, and certainly society is quite another thing in France and Italy. Late in the evening a charming girl, who is the reigning belle of Naples, came in with her mother from the opera, and I made the remark to her. 'I detest England for that very reason,' she said frankly. 'It is the fashion in London for the young men to prefer every thing to the society of women. They have their clubs, their horses, their rowing matches, their hunting and betting, and every thing else is a bore! How different are the same men at Naples! They can never get enough of one there! We are surrounded and run after,

'Our poodle dog is quite ador'd,
Our sayings are extremely quoted,'

and really one feels that one is a belle.' She mentioned several of the beaux of last winter who had returned to England. 'Here I have been in London a month, and these very men that were dying for me, at my side every day on the *Strada Nuova*, and all but fighting to dance three times with me of an evening, have only left their cards! Not because they care less about me; but because it is 'not the fashion'—it would be talked of at the club—it is 'knowing' to let us alone.'

There were only three men in the party, which was a very crowded one, who could come under the head of *beaux*. Of the remaining part, there was much that was distinguished both for rank and talent. Sheil, the Irish orator, a small, dark, deceitful, but talented looking man, with a very disagreeable squeaking voice, stood in a corner, very earnestly engaged in conversation with the aristocratic old earl of Clarendon. The contrast between the styles of the two men,

the courtly and mild elegance of one, and the uneasy and half-bred, but shrewd earnestness of the other, was quite a study. Foulblanc of the *Examiner*, with his pale and dislocated-looking face, stood in the door-way between the two rooms, making the amiable with a ghastly smile to Lady Stepney, the patroness of all callow poets and new-found geniuses of every description. The 'bilious Lord Durham,' as the papers call him, with his Brutus head, and grave, severe countenance, high-bred in his appearance despite the worst possible coat and trousers, stood at the pedestal of a beautiful statue, talking politics with Bowring; and near them, leaned over a chair the Prince Moscow, the son of Marshal Ney, a plain, but determined looking young man, with his coat buttoned up to his throat, unconscious of every thing but the presence of the Honorable Mrs. Leicester Stanhope, a very lovely woman, who was enlightening him in the prettiest English French, upon some point of national differences. Her husband, famous as Lord Byron's companion in Greece, and a great liberal in England, was introduced to me soon after by Bulwer; and we discussed the bank and the president, with a little assistance from Bowring, who joined us with a pean for the old general and his measures, till it was far into the morning. N. P. W.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Anecdotes of Blind Persons.

A FRENCH lady, who had lost her sight at two years old, was possessed of many talents which alleviated her misfortune. 'In writing to her,' it is said, 'no ink is used, but the letters are pricked down on the paper; and, by the delicacy of her touch, feeling each letter, she follows them successively, and reads every word with her fingers' ends. She herself in writing makes use of a pencil, as she could not know when pen was dry; her guide on the paper is a small thin ruler, and of the breadth of her writing. On finishing a letter, she wets it, so as to fix the traces of her pencil, that they are not obscured or effaced; then proceeds to fold and seal it, and write the direction, all by her own address, and without the assistance of any other person. Her writing is very straight, well cut, and the spelling no less correct. To reach this singular mechanism, the indefatigable cares of her affectionate mother were long employed, who, accustoming her daughter to feel letters cut in cards of pasteboard, brought her to distinguish an A from a B, and thus the whole alphabet, and afterwards to spell words; then, by the remembrance of the shape of the letters, to delineate them on paper, and lastly, to arrange them so as to form words

and sentences. She sews and hemms perfectly well, and in all her works she threads the needle for herself, however small.'

We have a very remarkable instance in John Metcalf, of Manchester, who very lately followed the occupation of conducting strangers through the intricate roads during the night, or when the tracts were covered with snow. And, strange as this may appear to those who can see, the employment of this man was afterwards that of a projector and surveyor of highways in difficult and mountainous parts! With the assistance only of a long staff, he has been several times seen traversing the roads, ascending precipices, exploring valleys, and investigating their several extents, forms, and situation, so as to answer his designs in the best manner. Most of the roads over the Peak in Derbyshire have been altered by his directions, particularly those in the vicinity of Buxton: and he has since constructed a new one between Wilmslow and Congleton, with a view to open a communication to the great London road, without being obliged to pass over the mountains.

The Last Time.

In one only situation can a man be placed where the awful doubt is converted into a tremendous certainty; not the sick patient on the bed of death, whose pulse beats faintly, and whose subsiding seems to announce the coming of his release.—He may linger for hours; he may recover; the ray of hope beams, and those who love him share its brightness. His hours are not numbered. The sinking mariner clings to the last fragment of his ill-fated ship, holds on while nature gives him strength, and as he mounts the toppling wave strains his anxious eyes in search of assistance. A vessel may heave in sight; he may be drifted to some kindly shore; his fate is not decided.

The unhappy wretch who lives his last day in hopeless and unmitigated misery, is the sentenced convict on the eve of execution; he sees and hears all that is passing round him with the terrible consciousness that it is for the 'last time.'

He beholds the sun gleaming through the bars of his cell, in all his parting brightness, and knows he sees his golden rays for the 'last time'; he hears the prison clock record the fleeting minutes—how fastly fleeting to him!—through the night each hour sounds to him for the 'last time.' Seven strikes upon the bell—at eight he dies!

His wife, his children, his beloved parents, come to see him; he stands with his family in the possession of his bodily health, and all his mental faculties. He clasps them to his heart—they go. The door of his cell closes, and shuts them from his sight; he has seen

them for the 'last time.' He is summoned to the scaffold, the engine of death stands ready, he feels the pure air of Heaven blow upon his face, the summer sun shines brightly, for the 'last time;' he sees the green fields and the trees, and ten thousands objects familiar to us all. The cap is drawn over his tear-fraught eyes! the objects vanish never to be seen again by him.—He hears for the 'last time,' the sacred word of God from human lips, in another moment the death struggle is on him and he breathes for the 'last time.'

To him alone, then, is the exit from this world of cares regular and certain; in every other case it is a mystery when the 'last time' shall come.

Influence of Women.

Not a page in French history, from the sixteenth century to the nineteenth, but has to speak of some female reputation—nor is there a path to fame which female footsteps have not trod! Never have the French armies been engaged in the neighborhood, without there being found many of those females—of those delicate and fragile females—whom one sees in the *salons* of Paris, slain on the field of battle, to which they had been led, not much for a violent passion for their lovers (French women do not love so violently,) as by a passion for that action and adventure which they are willing to seek, even in a camp. At the battle of Jemappes, Dumourier had for his aides-de-camp, two of the most beautiful, the most delicate, and accomplished women in society, of the time: equally chaste and warlike, these modern Camillas felt a veneration for the profession of arms—they delighted in the smoke of the cannon, and the sound of the trumpet. Often, a General told me, in the most desperate cries of the battle, he has heard their slender but animated voices, reproaching flight, and urging to the charge: 'Whither do you go, soldiers? Is not the enemy yonder? Advance! Follow!' And you might have seen the waving plumes and amazonian garb, amid the thickest of the fire.—*Bulwer's France.*

A Daughter's Love.

SOMETIMES, I was conscious of gathering roughness from the continual conflict with passions and prejudice, and that fine edge of the feelings could not ever be utterly proof against the corruptions of such an atmosphere. Then I sought my name, and called my bird of song, and listened to her high, heaven-toned voice. The melody of that music fell upon my soul, like oil upon the troubled billows,—and all was tranquil. I wondered where my perturbations had fled, but still more that I had ever indulged them. Some-

times the turmoil and fluctuation of the world, threw a shade of dejection over, then it was her pride to smooth my brow, and to restore its smile. Once a sorrow of no common order had fallen upon me; it rankled in my breast like a dagger's point; I came to my house, but I shunned all its inmates. I threw myself down in solitude, that I might wrestle alone with my fate, and subdue it; a light footstep approached, but I heeded it not. A form of beauty was on a sofa by my side, but I regarded it not. Then my hand was softly clasped, breathed upon, pressed to ruby lips. It was enough; I took my daughter in my arms, and my sorrow vanished. Had she essayed the hackney'd expressions of sympathy, or even the usual epithets of endearment, I might have desired her to leave my presence. Had she uttered only a single word, it would have been too much, so wounded was my spirit within me. But the deed, the very poetry of tenderness, breathing, not speaking, melted 'the winter of my discontent.' Ever was she endued with that most exquisite of woman's perfections, a knowledge both *when* to be silent, and *when* to speak,—that the frost might dissolve from around the heart she loved, and its discords be turned to harmony.

THE MECHANIC.—If there is any situation truly enviable, it is that of an *industrious Mechanic*, who, by his own unaided exertions, has established for himself a respectable place in society; who, commencing in poverty, has been able by his skill and perseverance, to overcome every obstacle, vanquish every prejudice, and build up for himself a reputation whose value is enhanced for others. And let it be remembered that this situation is attainable by all who have health and practical knowledge of their business. It is a mistaken idea that fortune deals out her favors blindly, and with a reckless hand. Industry and virtuous ambition are seldom exerted in vain.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE.—A man of Ohio well mounted, urging forward a drove of fat hogs towards Detroit, met a charming lot of little girls as they were returning from school; when one of them, as she passed the 'swinish multitude,' made a very pretty courtesy. 'What, my little gal' said the man, 'do you curch to a whole drove of hogs?' 'No, sir,' said she, with a most provoking smile, 'only to the one on horseback.'—*Detroit Free Press.*

A KIND-HEARTED WIFE.—A Mrs. Piozzi, (said Mrs. Piozzi,) whom I knew to be a most extraordinary steady minded, and gentle-mannered woman, was one night extremely ill. She called up her confidential maid-

servant to her bed side, and whispering in a low tone, said, 'Jane I am dying, but make no noise, because if you do Mr. Ramsay may be awake; you know that when his slumbers are broken he grows nervous, and cannot fall asleep again; but do you leave me now, and come in at the usual hour in the morning, you will then find me dead, and he will have had his proper allowance of sleep.' She died as was anticipated.

Letters Containing Remittances,
Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

G. O. P. Lenox, Ms. \$1.00; F. R. Rock Bottom, Ms. \$1.00; H. H. Feltonsville, Ms. \$1.00; P. M. New Paltz Landing, N. Y. \$1.00; J. M. H. South Orange, Ms. \$1.00; P. M. Salisbury, N. Y. \$2.00; T. W. Onondaga, N. Y. \$1.00; G. S. S. Jr. Perkinsville, Vt. \$5.00; W. M. R. Ghent, N. Y. \$3.00; J. D. S. North Granville, N. Y. \$3.00; E. B. Dr. Hartford, N. Y. \$3.00; P. M. West Farmington, N. Y. \$1.00; E. C. Cooperstown, N. Y. \$1.00; A. H. & M. M. S. South Dover, N. Y. \$2.00; G. & C. Windsor, N. Y. \$1.00; J. S. Stockport, N. Y. \$2.00; C. M. Waterloo, N. Y. \$1.00; T. C. Flitchbury, Ms. \$2.00; A. S. Darien, N. Y. \$2.00; W. W. S. Alexander, N. Y. \$2.00; C. S. Batavia, N. Y. \$1.00; G. R. Alexander, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Stokes, N. Y. \$2.00; C. H. S. Pine Plains, N. Y. \$7.00; L. B. Rochester, N. Y. \$10.00; H. S. Goshen, N. Y. \$1.00; A. F. M. Galatin, N. Y. \$1.00; W. W. W. Cambridge, N. Y. \$1.00; G. C. Northfield Ms. \$7.00; A. P. Milton, Ct. \$2.00; P. M. Oak Hill, N. Y. \$7.00; H. S. H. Speare, N. Y. \$2.00; R. T. North Chelmsford, Ms. \$1.00; O. D. F. Sutton, Ms. \$7.00; M. T. Williamsburg, Ms. \$6.90; R. H. B. Smith's Mills, N. Y. \$1.00; N. M. Waterville, N. Y. \$11.00; P. M. Williamson, O. \$2.00; J. J. S. Ticonderoga, N. Y. \$7.00; G. V. V. Pleasant Plains, N. Y. \$1.00; E. S. Fortville, N. Y. \$1.00; W. B. T. Gill, Ms. \$9.87; J. C. C. South Livonia, N. Y. \$1.00; N. K. West Stockbridge Center, Ms. \$1.00; H. S. Amsterdam, N. Y. \$1.00; T. E. Cambridge, N. Y. \$5.00; W. S. C. Geneva, N. Y. \$6.87; P. M. Benus Heights, N. Y. \$2.00; B. A. Moravia, N. Y. \$1.00; M. L. B. West Stockbridge, Ms. \$1.00; T. D. Richmond, Ms. \$5.00; P. M. Constantia, N. Y. \$2.00; P. M. Brewerton, N. Y. \$5.00; J. S. Jr. Westfield, Ms. \$4.90; W. P. L. Somerville, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Great Bend, N. Y. \$1.00; H. M. Smithville, N. Y. \$1.02; G. E. V. Hillside, N. Y. \$5.83; D. L. Aera, N. Y. \$1.00; J. B. Caseville, N. Y. \$1.00; J. S. F. Junction, N. Y. \$1.00; J. M'K. Livingston, N. Y. \$5.00.

SUMMARY.

A correspondent of the New-York Gazette expresses a belief, that when the Long Island rail road shall have been completed, the time for traveling from New York to Boston will not exceed nine hours.

It is said that the receipts of the Camden and Amboy Rail Road Company for the month of March, amounted to the sum of ninety thousand dollars.

We learn that Bulwer, the novelist, contemplates paying a visit to this country.

The water Commissioners have appointed Major Douglas Engineer for constructing the works for bringing water into New York.

Twenty-two hundred families, chiefly farmers and mechanics, intend to emigrate from New-York city, the ensuing summer, to Illinois, and establish there a township by themselves.

The Norwalk Felt Carpeting of Connecticut, is said to be as beautiful as that of Turkey, and more lasting than Brussels—the colors, too, more durable. Let the Yankees alone!

The number of emigrants pouring into Michigan is beyond all parallel. The public houses in Detroit are overrun. Three thousand have landed there, says the Detroit Free Press, since the opening of navigation.

MARRIED,

In this city, on the 18th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Whittaker, Mr. Alexander W. Macy, to Miss Mary Jessup, all of this city.

On the 11th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Alden Scovel, of Stockport, Mr. William A. Teal, to Miss Maria Webster, both of this city.

DIED,

In this city, on the 30th ult. Mr. Ebenezer Croxman, in the 58th year of his age.

On the 3d inst. David Coleman, in the 50th year of his age.

On the 9th inst. Mary Race, in the 63d year of her age.

On the 11th inst. William Comstock, (drowned) in the 50th year of his age.

On the 21st inst. Miss Catharine Peak, in the 15th year of her age.

On the 23d inst. Christina Helms, in the 31st year of her age.

At White Pigeon, Michigan, on the 9th of April last, Delia C. daughter of Edward B. Simmons, formerly of this city.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

The Dying Song of the Betrayed.

BY MISS MARY EMILY JACKSON.

Oh! who will seek my humble home,
When the rank grass is waving high,
To shed one tear upon my tomb,
To breathe one deep, one heartfet sigh?

Oh! who of all the giddy throng,
Will weep when I have ceased to be?
Will those that I have loved so long,
And loved so well, remember me?

Will the dear friends of youth and home,
E'er name me in their evening prayer—
Will they e'er seek my lowly tomb?
Or must I be forgotten there?

Will strangers make my earth-cold bed?
Will strangers close my dying eyes?
Must strangers gather round my head
To view my last death agonies?

May not a much loved friend be near
To kiss the death-sweat from my brow?
Alas! no well known voice I hear,
And death's chill grasp is on me now!

Oh! let the wild rose o'er me bloom,
And let the willow o'er me wave,
That some may seek my humble tomb
To pluck those wild flowers from my grave.

Friend of my happier days, farewell,
Though I no more may gaze on thee,
Time cannot break that youthful spell,
I know thou wilt remember me.

For the Rural Repository.

Limes to Mrs. C. C. Williams on the Death of her Child.

SHE's gone, sweet Emily no more
Attends our morning prayer,
She used to kneel beside her Ma',
But now she kneels not there.
At table by her Pa' she sat,
But there she sits no more,
Nay, many a spot is lonely now,
Which Emma filled before.

She's gone, her cherub form on earth,
No more will bend the knee,
But now, oh God! 'tis bent in heaven,
As 'twas on earth to thee.

Then parents, sisters, dry your tears,
She's gone, but cease to moan,
For Emily is happy now,
And Jesus has his own.

Albany, June, 1835.

Ode to an Indian Gold Coin.

WRITTEN IN CHERICAL, MALABAR.

SLAVE of the dark and dirty mine!
What vanity has brought thee here?
How can I love to see thee shine
So bright, whom I have bought so dear?
The tent-ropes flapping lone I hear,
For twilight converse, arm in arm;
The jackall's shriek bursts on mine ear,
When mirth and music wont to charm.

By Cherical's dark wandering streams,
Where cane-tufts shadow all the wild,
Sweet visions haunt my waking dreams,
Of Teviot loved while still a child,
Of castle rocks stupendous piled
By Esk or Eden's classic wave,
Where love's of Youth and Friendship smiled,
Uncursed by thee, vile yellow slave!

Fade, day-dreams sweet, from memory fade!
The perished bliss of Youth's first prime,
That once so bright on Fancy played,
Revives no more in after-time.
Far from my sacred natal clime
I haste to an untimely grave;
The daring thoughts that soared sublime,
Are sunk in Ocean's southern wave.

Slave of the mine! thy yellow light
Gleams baleful as the tomb-fire drear,
A gentle vision comes by night,
My lonely, widowed heart to cheer;
Her eyes are dim with many a tear,
That once were guiding stars to mine;
Her fond heart throbs with many a fear!
I cannot bear to see thee shine.

For thee, for thee, vile yellow slave!
I left a heart that loved me true!
I crossed the tedious ocean-wave,
To roam in climes unkind and new:
The cold wind of the stranger blew
Chill on my withered heart;—the grave
Dark and untimely met my view—
And all for thee, vile yellow slave!

Ha! com'st thou now so late to mock
A wanderer's banished heart forlorn,
Now that his frame the lightning shock
Of sun-rays tipped with Death has borne?
From Love, from Friendship, Country torn
To memory's fond regrets the prey,
Vile slave? thy yellow dross I scorn!
Go mix thee with thy kindred clay!

The Scar of Lexington.

BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

WITH cherub smile, the prattling boy,
Who on the veteran's breast reclines,
Has thrown aside his favorite toy,
And round his gentle finger twines
Those scattered locks, that with the knight
Of four-score years are snowy white;
And, as a scar arrests his view,
He cries, 'Grand-Pa,' what wounded you?

'My child, 'tis five and fifty years,
This very day, this very hour,
Since from a scene of blood and tears,
Where valor fell by hostile power,
I saw retire the setting sun,
Behind the hills of LEXINGTON;

While pale and lifeless on the plain
My brothers lay, for freedom slain!
And ero that fight, the first that spoke

In thunder to our land, was o'er,
Amid the clouds of fire and smoke,

I felt my garments wet with gore!
'Tis since that dread and wild affray,

That trying, dark, eventful day,
From this calm April eve so far,

I wear upon my cheek the scar.

When thou to manhood shalt be grown,
And I am gone in dust to sleep,

May freedom's rights be still thine own,

And thou and thine in quiet rep.

The unblighted product of the toil
In which my blood bedewed the soil!
And, while those fruits thou shalt enjoy,
Bethink thee of this scar, my boy!

But, should thy country's voice be heard
To bid her children fly to arms,
Gird on thy Grandsire's trusty sword:
And undismayed by war's alarms,
Remember, on the battle field,
I made the hand of God my shield!
And, be thou spared like me to tell
What bore thee up, while others fell!

PROSPECTUS

OF THE

RURAL REPOSITORY,**Twelfth Volume, (Third New Series.)**

DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, AMUSING MISCELLANY, HUMOROUS AND HISTORICAL ANECDOTES, SUMMARY, POETRY, &c.

On Saturday the 13th of June 1835, will be issued the first number of a new volume of the **RURAL REPOSITORY**.

On issuing proposals for the Twelfth volume (Third New Series) of the **Repository**, the Publisher tendered his most sincere acknowledgements to all Contributors, Agents and Subscribers, for the liberal support which they have afforded him from the commencement of his publication. New assurances on the part of the publisher of a periodical which has stood the test of years, would seem superfluous, he will therefore only say, that it will be conducted on a similar plan and published in the same form as heretofore, and that no pains or expense, shall be spared to promote their gratification by its further improvement in typographical execution and original and selected matter.

CONDITIONS.

THE RURAL REPOSITORY will be published every other Saturday in the Quarto form, and will contain twenty-six numbers of eight pages each, with a title page and index to the volume, making in the whole 308 pages. It will be printed in handsome style, on Medium paper of a superior quality, with new type; making, at the end of the year, a neat and tasteful volume, containing matter equal to one thousand duodecimo pages, which will be both amusing and instructive in future years.

TERMS.—The Twelfth volume, (Third New Series) will commence on the 13th of June next, at the low rate of **One Dollar** per annum in advance, or **One Dollar & Fifty Cents** at the expiration of three months from the time of subscribing. Any person, who will remit us **Five Dollars**, free of postage, shall receive **six** copies, and any person, who will remit us **Ten Dollars**, free of postage, shall receive **twelve** copies and one copy of either of the previous volumes. **BY** No subscriptions received for less than one year.

Names of Subscribers with the amount of subscriptions to be sent by the 13th of June or soon after as convenient, to the publisher, **WILLIAM B. STODDARD**.

Hudson, Columbia Co. N. Y. 1835.

BY EDITORS, who wish to exchange, are respectfully requested to give the above a few insertions, or at least a notice, and receive Subscriptions.

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All orders and Communications must be post paid to receive attention.

THE RURAL REPOSITORY.



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VOL. XII.—[III. NEW SERIES.]

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1835.

NO. 3.

SUBJECT TALES.

Wives of the Colony.

A TALE OF THE OLD DOMINION.

Paul.—Our Perdita is found.

Her.—Ye gods look down,
And from your sacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head! Tell me mine own,
Where hast thou been preserved? where liv'd? how
found
Thy father's court?

WINTER'S TALE.

EVERY tale which serves to illustrate human passions, whether they be good or evil; or which is drawn from the deep and pure fountains of history, which is at best but a record of those passions, however unpolished the style and plain the narration, if the incidents be reflected in the mirror of truth, is a gem of untold value. Not all the splendor with which misguided genius can clothe vice, or the fervor and passion of the minstrel's strains, or the thrilling pictures of the romancer can dazzle the eye, or delude the imagination, if the moral be wanting. The fancy may roam for a while amid forbidden sweets, but the soul revolts at the degrading exhibition, turns startled away, and seeks a purer and better sphere, in which to feast itself and exert its powers. We are not among the number of those, who, misled by false notions of patriotism, exalt our own happy land and its institutions at the expense of every other, nor do we wish to depreciate the vine-clad hills of France, the sunny skies of Italy, or the losty peaks and impenetrable fastnesses of Switzerland; but our country is yet in the innocence and freshness of youth, and our chronicles are not yet stained with the vices, and misery, and wretchedness of the old world. Corruption has not yet entered, nor overweening ambition laid desolate our smiling territory.

There was a soothing and blissful calmness on the wide waters of the deep blue sea, and the ship lay as motionless on the surface as though she were a thing of earth, and the still waters beneath her an adamantine rock. Not a cloud obscured the bright blue of the heavens, nor a breeze stirred the sails which

hung idly from the yards, and the sun seemed gifted with the power of dazzling by its brightness without scorching by its ardor. It was such a day as a poet would fancy, or as Thomson would have pictured in his Castle of Indolence, when a state of dreamy quiescence lulls every faculty. In the western horizon was a dark indistinct outline, resting like a cloud on the ocean, and the groups who gaily promenaded the deck, or stood silently gazing on the unruffled surface of the sea, appeared to act and to feel as though they had at length reached a harbor of rest. Many a fragile form, and many a face of beauty was to be seen there, but their unreserved communication with the men who crowded the decks, their flippant sallies and loud laughter betokened that want of modesty, and that winning softness which captivates rather than subdues the heart. Exceptions there were, but the vacant look and the embrowned cheek showed that they were of a lower grade of humanity. But there was one gentle and beautiful being, who stood apart from the rest, gazing on the land with an air of melancholy abstraction, as tho' the shores of the Old Dominion had awakened in her bosom, feelings of intense and painful interest. Gentle and beautiful she was indeed, and although poorly clad, and ill protected from the inclemency of the weather consequent on a passage across the Atlantic, there was an air of grace in every movement, and a bewitching expression in her beaming eye which called forth admiration, and she seemed like a beautiful violet, modestly peeping its head from the coarse herbage with which it finds itself surrounded.

Then why was she here amidst that rude throng of felons and hirelings who promenaded the deck of the Anne, anxious to catch the first glimpse of their future home? Was she also one of that wretched company of females, whom poverty had reduced to the necessity of transporting themselves to another clime, to be set up like slaves in the market and sold to the highest bidder? She was, indeed; but who that marked that suffused cheek and bashful maiden glance,

would not say that she was a child of misfortune rather than of guilt? Far distant was the home of her childhood, the friends of other days, and the 'proud old fane of England,' and the lordly hall of her fathers, and the churchyard where her mother was sleeping amidst the silent dead. Often had she fancied as she gazed on some beaming star at even, that it was the blessed spirit of her mother, looking down from the ethereal vault to console and comfort the spirit of her heart-stricken and grief-worn child. Homeless and friendless, destined to be the partner for life of some sordid wretch or unfeeling master, bitter were the thoughts that filled her soul, and dried up the fountain of every joy. She was compelled to sit and hear the coarse remarks which the traffickers in human flesh were making around her, but they fell upon her unheeded, for a deeper and more bitter grief had frozen up every faculty.

'When shall we reach Jamestown, Captain?' said a thin meagre-looking personage, the very personification of Avarice and Famine.

'Perhaps to-morrow—perhaps in a month,' said the unmoved master.—'All depends upon the wind, master Shepard, and this calm bids fair to last through eternity.'

'Was the tobacco market good at your last advices?'

'Capital, my boy, and will make sad havoc in my cargo—though I am not sorry to get rid of the she-cattle, and devil take me if such another ever walks the planks of the Anne.'

'A fine lot, though, you must allow, Captain; but there is my jewel,' said the monster, pointing to the shrinking form of Sophin Amway—'worth twenty hogsheads to any man that fancies such frippery.'

'A trim built, neat little craft, I grant,' said the rough, but honest seaman. 'But see! you have made her eyes water with your cursed lingo, you land-shark. Avast there my girl, no crying now. Must obey orders, you know,' and he kindly took her by the hand, and led her passively away, while Shepard turned on his heel with a sneer and walked off.

Schooled as she had been in adversity, this last bitter taunt, so in unison with her own feelings, had imparted a keener anguish to her sufferings, and she could only express her gratitude by a look. To hear the voice, and receive the services of kindness, was what she had been latterly so unaccustomed to, that it quite overpowered her. Friendless I have said she was, and so she would be considered in the eyes of the world, but there was one who watched over her safety, and guarded her footsteps, like a guardian genius. Little accustomed was he to the society of the refined, or the smiles of beauty, for the storm, the combat, and the wreck had been the scenes in which he had passed his life; but he possessed a goodness of heart and a generosity and nobleness of soul, which the most daring adventures could not alter or banish. The quiet meekness, and soul searching agony which spoke in every look and action of the gentle creature with whom he sailed, had awakened his interest, and when subsequently, by virtue of his station as mate of the Anne, he contrived to administer numerous little attentions to her comfort her sweet tones and gentle looks of gratitude had quite subdued him. Yet she knew it not, and though she was grateful, in her soul's sincerity, to the frank and manly sailor, Richard Hartley was to her as the rest of the world. She knew not the deep devotion with which he regarded her, nor that hers was the image which occupied his waking thoughts and haunted his dreams, nor that for her he assumed every post of peril attendant on a long and boisterous voyage. He had only addressed her when necessity required, and his duties had prevented more than a casual intercourse. They were reaching the termination of the voyage, there probably to part for ever, and his feelings were wrought up to a state of intense excitement, and he would have felled the supercargo to the deck, when he heard his unseeling speech, but the kind action, of the master prevented it; and when they met, he only wrung his hand in silence and rushed madly away.

'What the deuce possesses Dick Hartley now?' said Captain Turner: 'he has almost dislocated my wrist. He must be beside himself but I'll watch him.'

The sun had set—eveling had closed in upon them, and the passengers had retired. There were none on the deck, save Hartley and the man at the helm. The former paced up and down, and a thousand wild thoughts came rushing over him—in which it is almost needless to say Sophia Amway was uppermost. The starlight was resplendant, and the silence was so perfect and unbroken, that he almost started at his own faint shadow. Suddenly a light form emerged from below and stole toward the spot where he was

standing, riveted in breathless attention and concealed behind a mast. She reached the side of the vessel without regarding him, and kneeled, while his heart beat audibly, for he could not mistake the form of Sophia. She seemed to be engaged for a moment in earnest prayer, for her hands were clasped, and her lips moved. Then she arose and was about to precipitate herself into the sea, when he rushed forward and caught her in his arms.

'Rash, infatuated girl! what were you about to do?'

'Oh! if you are a man, release me. Let me go,' shrieked the struggling Sophia. 'There let me find a grave—there let me seek the rest which the world has denied me, and where care nor sorrow can ever disturb me more. I beg; I entreat you let me go.'

'Never!' was the reply; 'the stain of blood would for ever rest on my soul.'

'Oh God! have mercy on me!' sobbed the agonized girl and fainted.

Hartley was alarmed, but his presence of mind did not forsake him.—He gently bore her forward, and rubbed her temples and hands till animation was restored—and she looked up into his face and burst into tears.

'Cruel and unkind!' said she 'but for you, I should not have awakened to the grief which harrows up the soul. You know not the misery to which you have reserved me, nor the heart-broken wretchedness which your misplaced humanity has caused. Oh that death would relieve me!—a poor, forsaken, friendless outcast!'

'This is madness—calm yourself and live—live to be happy; for while Dick Hartley walks a plank you shall never want a friend.'

'A thousand thanks, generous man, for the kind treatment of the homeless orphan—but happy she cannot be—life is to her a burden. Oh! let me die.'

'Shiver my timbers if I do!' said he bluntly. 'What should I do if you were gone to the sharks? I love you with all my soul, and if you will but look kindly on a poor sailor, you shall not be desolate, while there is a spar afloat or a shot in the locker.'

'Alas! sir,' sobbed the blushing maiden, concealing her face with her hands, 'you know not what you ask.—I should cast a gloom over all your future life, and blight every prospect, for I am the child of misfortune, and sorrow and sadness follow in my footsteps. No! No! it may not be—I can never be happy again.'

'Well then, good bye, and God bless you; poor Dick Hartley can never be happy either—but first promise me you will never again attempt your life.'

'I promise it. May Heaven bless you for what you have done and what you intended to do. Thanks are all I have to bestow.'

She vanished from his sight, and Hartley

was about to call the second watch, when his eye fell upon the good-humored countenance of Capt. Turner, who had been an unobserved spectator of the scene.

'No harm done, I hope,' said the honest tar; but you are the best fellow that ever weathered a gale, or stood at the helm. Don't give up the chase Dick, but keep your colors flying, and you will make prize of that little schooner. But turn in my boy, turn in and keep cheerily.'

It is time to throw some light upon the history of Sophia Amway, and we seize upon the occasion, while the gallant and generous mate is in his sleepless hammock.

Sprung from an ancient and wealthy house; the station which her father held in his native land had been no inconsiderable one, and his influence at Court, was weighty and powerful. He had, in early life, embraced the profession of arms, rather from inclination than necessity, and his gallantry and courage had won for him a high rank.

Engaged in foreign service, he spent but few of his days beneath his household roof, and his lovely little daughter always looked upon him rather as a stranger whom she regarded with awe, than an affectionate father; for though by nature of a generous and confiding disposition, yet the calamities and reverses of war had steeled his heart, and caused his naturally open countenance to assume a gloomy and forbidding aspect. Yet to his wife he was kind and affectionate, and every attention was paid to her happiness, and the life of Sophia, beneath the parental roof, was 'like a fairy tale.' She had received an education far superior to the times, and was skilled in every feminine accomplishment. But this happiness was of short duration. Her mother had gradually drooped during the long absence of her husband, and though he hastened to her when informed of her illness, yet that interview was in truth the cause of her death. The pasillanimous James, who prided himself on his skill in detecting plots, had discovered a conspiracy in which General Amway was accused as an accomplice, and, though his absence should have removed every suspicion, yet he was arrested on the first night of his arrival and hastened away to the tower. The arrest was made in the presence of Mrs. Amway, and it was too much for her enfeebled frame to bear. She sank into a long swoon, which ended in a lethargy, from which she never awoke. The wretched and distracted girl thus deprived of both her parents, was in a state of mind bordering on frenzy.—She moved about mechanically, and grief seemed to have absorbed every faculty. She followed her mother's remains to the grave, and looked and acted like a passive spectator of the scene of pageantry, rather than a heart-stricken

mourner ; and it was only when they led her away from the church yard that she stared wildly around, and in a low and heart-broken tone, sobbed out, 'Oh my mother !'

When the day of trial came, the prison in which Gen. Amway had been confined was found empty, and the sentinel who guarded the door was missing. Diligent search was made, but he could not be found, and he was outlawed and a price set upon his head. Months had rolled by, and the gentle and crushed spirit of Sophia had not awakened to a full sense of her misery. She only knew that her sole earthly friend was no more, and the hall of her fathers was to her a desert.

She was one day aroused by the entrance into the court yard of a cavalcade, headed by a tall, slim looking man, attended by a boy, whose dark features and black locks, denoted a Spanish origin, and to whom he paid the most strict attention. He announced himself as Edward Amway, the younger brother of her father, and introduced the spirited and wayward boy as his son. Many years before he had been destined for the church, but juvenile indiscretions—to call them by no harsher name—had compelled him to leave England, and he entered the naval service, since which, he had led a wandering and restless life, and dark stories were told of his deeds in the Southern seas. He spoke in words of kindness to his niece, and offered to assume the direction of her affairs. The necessary papers were prepared, by which he was chosen her guardian, and she affixed her signature without knowing or caring what she did. He installed himself in the house and assumed the complete control of the estate ; and though he treated his amiable ward with apparent kindness, yet in secret he was plotting her destruction, and she was compelled to submit to every species of insult from the ill-tempered, haughty and vindictive boy, Julian. She only stood between her unnatural uncle and the possession of his brother's broad lands, and he at length formed the fiendish purpose of taking her life. Long did he brood over the means of its accomplishment, till at length he conceived the design of transporting her to the Colonies, thinking that in the state of her health, she would not survive the fatigues of the voyage. She was accordingly carried to London, there deprived of every thing she possessed, and clothed in a lowly garb, she was seized in the streets, as if by force, and conveyed on board the Anne. Capt. Turner was ignorant of the means by which she had been brought on board, supposing her coming to be voluntary ; and equally ignorant of her history and gentle breeding, treated her like the other protegees of the infamous Shepard, the agent of the more infamous Amway ; and, but for

the attentions and protection of the generous Hartley, she would have perished. Such was the sad story of Sophia Amway—such the causes which urged her to attempt suicide, and to rid herself of a life which had been clouded with sorrow.

Morning at length dawned : a breeze sprung up, the ship moved steadily on, and was soon speeding her course up the river. Greeted by the shouts of the earlier emigrants and surrounded by the oppulent traders, they the next day entered Jamestown, and on the following the grand mart was to be held. In the mean time, the unfortunate victims of cupidity and distressing poverty were exhibited like slaves in the Eastern market. Many were taken at private sale, at a low price, and all were compelled to stand in a situation at which female modesty and timidity shrinks fearfully away, exposed to the gaze of every eye. We do not mean to be understood by the term, 'sale,' that there was a literal traffic in human beings, but it amounted to the same thing, for the purchaser paid their passage and expenses of the voyage at unequal rates, according to personal beauty, and then led them away, willing or unwilling. But oh, what must have been the insupportable agony of Sophia Amway on that fearful day ! She cast around one long and anxious gaze, as if seeking some one among the bystanders, but he was not there. Hartley, like the rest of the world, had deserted her, and she was now shut out from hope.—There she sat as motionless as the low bench which formed her seat, her hands clasped, her eyes sunk to the earth, and a deadly, unearthly paleness overspread her cheek, save a faint glow which shame had called forth. She looked beautiful as an angel, and the heart which would not have relented at the sight of her attitude and posture of despair, must have been akin to a tiger's. Many and repeated were the offers made to the miscreant who had her in charge ; but when he named his price, they shook their heads and walked away to make some more prudent selection. But many persevered ; and it was finally announced that she was to be awarded to the highest bidder on the morrow.

Two young officers were walking arm in arm, near where the wretched girl was standing, and they regarded her with looks of the deepest interest.

'Major, what say you for entering the lists for that sweet girl ?—Upon my soul, I never saw such beautiful hair and melting radiant eyes in my life.'

'My fortune, Henry, lies in my sword, or gladly would I have become her protector. Would that I had been commanding officer of this post, I would have pulled that tall skeleton's nose, and kicked him out of the Colony.'

'I never knew till now the curses of poverty—for I am equally destitute of yellow-boys and the nauseous weed. I am getting in love up to the ears, and feel half disposed to pledge my own beloved person to obtain her, and trust to fortune for a release.'

'You talk rightly, Harry, of that poor thing. Probably she is now mourning the loss of some sweetheart. But a thought strikes me, and I will hasten to put it into execution. Old Leigh wants a housekeeper, and if we can induce him to obtain her, she will at least be relieved from the fangs of that monster.'

'Amen ! to that, with all my heart. Let us go, Major, for this sight has made me heart-sick.'

Other scenes were enacting, partaking both of the sad and the ridiculous. Here a poor girl was weeping bitterly, by the side of a tall, dark looking man, her future lord, while her little sister was left to be the subject of sneers and idle remark. Here a blooming lass was led away in triumph, by a little withered specimen of humanity, who was making himself agreeable with all his might.

Night at length set in, and put an end to the scene. One thought alone sustained Sophia during that dreadful evening. It could not be that Hartley, who had been so disinterestedly her friend, who was of such a frank and generous nature, and whose many deeds of kindness came rushing on her memory, had forsaken her. He would come and claim her as his own, and in him she thought she could confide.—Through his means she might reach the shores of England once more, and then she would throw herself at the feet of the King, and pray for justice on her vile persecutor.

But the morrow came, and still he was absent. Oh, how cold the world seemed to her—deserted by all, befriended by none, a forlorn outcast.—The sale commenced early, but little occurred worthy of notice amid the barter of cloths, furniture, &c. till a bustle was heard, and Sophia entered, like a lamb decked for the sacrifice, arrayed in white for the occasion, and the supercargo announced that whosoever was willing to pay twenty-hogsheads of tobacco for her passage money and expenses, should have her to wife, 'Twenty-hogsheads,' were shouted by a dozen voices. 'Twenty-one,' said young Smith, the rich planter.—'Twenty-two !' bawled a fierce looking whiskered fellow of monstrous size.—'Twenty-three !' said another, and then there was a long pause. The last bidder looked triumphantly at his victim, like a hawk about to pounce upon a dove. At that moment a grave, gentlemanly looking man advanced and stood in the circle, arm in arm with Major Dudley. John Leigh was a merchant of reputation, not only on account of his

extensive dealings, but he was noted for his probity and uprightness; and although his residence in the colony had been but short, he had already been chosen a member of the Council. None knew whence he came, and although courteous and affable to all, yet he had never been seen to smile, and his fine features, on which time had stamped his signet, sage, wore an aspect of settled melancholy. No sooner had he seen Sophia than his eye lit up—an unwonted energy seemed to animate him; and, without regarding the Major, he shook him off, and shouted in a stentorian voice, 'Twenty five hogsheads!—Twenty five bid, gentlemen, no more purchasers? One—two—three—she is yours, Mister Leigh?'

'Thirty is bid!' shouted a manly voice near the door, and Hartley rushed in, and confronted the party with a stern look.

'You are too late sir,' said Leigh, in his blandest accent, 'this poor orphan is henceforth under my protection'—and he advanced to raise the inanimate form of Sophia, who had sunk down in a state of insensibility at the sight of Hartley.

'Hands off! old gentleman, hands off. I tell you she is mine. See how fearfully she looks upon you. She knows who has been her friend through fair weather and foul, and now that I have brought her into port, you claim my prize. She is mine by every right, and I claim her as mine. Here your starveling shark, take your tobacco—it is at the door. Say my girl, will you strike your colors to that prankish old gentleman.'

'Away! rude man!' said Leigh, sternly; 'I seek to be her protector and friend, not her husband. Make way, good people—come my child let us go.'

'Oh! I cannot! I cannot!' shrieked the alarmed girl.

'And you shall not!' shouted Hartley. 'Here messmates bear a hand.'

'Ship ahoy!' roared a hoarse voice, 'that is right, Dick, secure the girl.—Jack Turner never deserted a messmate, and never will.'

'Captain Turner!' exclaimed Leigh in amazement.

'General Amway!' rejoined Turner in a like tone.

'My father! Oh, my father! sobbed Sophia, 'protect your poor, deserted child.'

Hartley shrank back with instinctive delicacy, to permit the father to clasp his long lost child to his bosom, while Captain Turner seized on the General's hand and shook it as though it had been a marlinspike.

Many were the wonders that were circulated in Jamestown on that day, and rumor as usual told a thousand stories, each as destitute of truth as possible. First it was reported that the pirate Amway had been among them, and had been betrayed into the

hands of the Governor by an old confederate—then, that there had been a desperate affray between Hartley and Leigh, alias Amway; and lastly, that Sophia had run away from home with the handsome young sailor and been arrested at Jamestown.

But the morrow unraveled the mystery. Gen. Amway delivered himself into the hands of the Governor, and stated that after having escaped from the tower with the sentinel, through the assistance of Capt. Turner, he had heard of the death of both his wife and daughter, and careless whether he went, he had directed his steps toward the new world. Here he had converted his money into merchandise, and become a successful trader, and but awaited the proper time to prove his innocence, and cast off the name he had assumed, which had been that of Mrs. Amway's father. The necessary documents had been forwarded to his King, and he awaited an answer with confidence. Sir Thomas Dale, the Governor, did not think himself authorized to confine his prisoner, and dismissed him on his parole of honor.

Poor Hartley, on the discovery of Sophia's father, had retreated to his vessel, and no entreaties could induce him to leave it. 'A poor sailor like me,' he said, 'cannot aspire to the hand of General Amway's daughter; and to go on shore and be exposed to the sneers of the land-lubbers, is what I cannot bear.'

And Sophia—was she now happy? Happy she was indeed in the assurance of an affectionate and kind parent's love, happy in having at length found a home and a shelter for her aching head; but the truth came flashing across her mind—and she could not resist it. She loved Hartley; loved him for his manly virtues, for his noble daring in her behalf, and because he in turn had loved her for herself alone. She appreciated the delicacy which chained him to the decks of the Anne, and her resolution was formed. She imparted to her father the tale and enforced it with all the eloquence of a grateful spirit. It had its effect. Hartley was invited to the house, and his respectful demeanor and open and frank manners made a favorable impression on the heart of the father.—Disregarding all paltry considerations of rank, he viewed him only as the preserver of his daughter's life, and the guardian of her honor; and when Hartley asked his consent to make her his wife, he readily yielded. The nuptials were hastened in consequence of the contemplated departure of the Anne, but previous to that time an event occurred which filled the colony with rejoicing. It was the arrival of a ship, bearing the glad tidings of the honorable acquittal of General Amway, and an epistle from the weak, but kind-hearted monarch, written in his own hand, apologizing for the past, and offering to

restore him to his former rank—'Let by-gones be by-gones' said the letter. The whole mystery had been developed, and the hand of the guilty brother was visible. He had been engaged in a conspiracy against the life of the King, but had the address to cast the whole weight of suspicion on his innocent and unoffending brother. But his doating fondness led him to share the secret with his son, and that wretched boy, for whom he had periled all, in a wild fit of passion, had betrayed his father.—Edward Amway had expiated his crimes on the scaffold, and the passionate Julian, stung with remorse and the reproaches of his own conscience had fled—and Shepard was the same day missed from the Colony.

There was a gay wedding party present at the marriage of Richard Hartley and Sophia Amway, and none were more gay or paid greater attention to the beautiful bride, than the gallant Maj. Dudley, and his enthusiastic companion, Capt. Henry Cunningham. Capt. Turner was also there, full of life and spirits and tales of marvelous adventure by sea and land; and when, towards the close of the evening, he told the story of General Amway's escape, plentifully interlarded with sea phrases—the building shook to its center with applause.

In a few days after, the Anne sailed for England with as merry a crew and as happy passengers as ever crossed the ocean, among the latter being Gen. Amway, Hartley, and Sophia.—On their arrival, he lost no time in presenting himself at Court, where he was most graciously received, and an offer made to restore him to his late rank, but he declined, and contented himself with the honor of Knighthood for past services. Finding Hartley still longed for the 'bounding sea,' he procured him a commission in the Navy, where, story saith, his professional skill, undaunted courage, and nobleness of soul, advanced him to a high rank—and it is reported that he was Captain of the flag-ship of Admiral Blake, during the great action with Van Tromp.

So ends our story—and if it has served to illustrate the evil consequence of criminal Ambition and Avarice, the writer will be most happy; and more happy will he be, should it farther exhibit, that there are in the Chronicles of the New World, ample material for the 'Romance of American History.'

J. L. L.

Penn-Yann, Dec. 16, 1834.

. THE ascent to greatness, however steep and dangerous, may entertain an active spirit with the consciousness and exercise of its own powers; but the possession of a throne could never yet afford a lasting satisfaction to an ambitious mind.

TRAVELLING SKETCHES.

From the New-York Mirror.

London.

BREAKFAST with Barry Cornwall—luxury of the followers of the modern muse—beauty of the Dramatic Sketches gains Cornwall a wife—Hazlitt's extraordinary taste for the picturesque in women—Coleridge's opinion of Cornwall.

BREAKFASTED with Mr. Procter, (known better as Barry Cornwall.) I gave a partial description of this most delightful of poets in a former letter. In the dazzling circle of rank and talent with which he was surrounded at Lady Blessington's, however, it was difficult to see so shrinkingly modest a man to advantage, and with the exception of the keen gray eye, living with thought and feeling, I should hardly have recognised him at home for the same person.

Mr. Procter is a barrister; and his 'whereabout' is more like that of a lord chancellor than a poet proper. With the address he had given me at parting, I drove to a large house in Bedford-square; and, not accustomed to find the children of the Muses waited on by servants in livery, I made up my mind as I walked up the broad staircase, that I was blundering upon some Mr. Procter of the exchange, whose respect for his poetical namesake, I hoped would smooth my apology for the intrusion. Buried in a deep morocco chair, in a large library, notwithstanding, I found the poet himself—choice old pictures, filling every nook between the book-shelves, tables covered with novels and annals, rolls of prints, busts and drawings in all the corners; and, more important for the nonce, a breakfast table at the poet's elbow, spicily set forth, not with flowers or ambrosia, the canonical food of rhymers, but with cold ham and ducks, hot rolls and butter, coffee-pot and tea-urn—as sensible a breakfast, in short, as the most poetical of men could desire.

Procter is indebted to his poetry for a very charming wife, the daughter of Basil Montagu; well-known as a collector of choice literature, and the friend and patron of literary men. The exquisite beauty of the Dramatic Sketches interested this lovely woman in his favor before she knew him, and far from worldly-wise as an attachment so grounded would seem, I never saw two people with a more habitual air of happiness. I thought of his touching song,

'How many summers, love,
Hast thou been mine?'

and looked at them with an irrepressible feeling of envy. A beautiful girl, of eight or nine years, the 'golden-tressed Adelaide,' delicate, gentle and pensive, as if she was born on the lip of Castaly, and knew she was a poet's child completed the picture of happiness.

The conversation ran upon various authors,

whom Procter had known intimately. Hazlitt, Charles Lamb, Keats, Shelley and others; and of all he gave me interesting particulars, which I could not well repeat in a public letter. The account of Hazlitt's death-bed, which appeared in one of the magazines, he said was wholly untrue. This extraordinary writer was the most reckless of men in money matters, but he had a host of admiring friends who knew his character, and were always ready to assist him. He was a great admirer of the picturesque in women. He was one evening at the theatre with Procter, and pointed out to him an Amazonian female, strangely dressed in black velvet and lace, but with no beauty that would please an ordinary eye. 'Look at her!' said Hazlitt, 'isn't she fine?—isn't she magnificent? Did you ever see any thing more Titianesque?'*

After breakfast, Procter took me into a small closet adjoining his library, in which he usually writes. There was just room in it for a desk and two chairs, and around were piled in true poetical confusion, his favorite books, miniature likenesses of authors, manuscripts, and all the interesting lumber of a true poet's corner. From a drawer, very much thrust out of the way, he drew a volume of his own, into which he proceeded to write my name—a collection of songs, published since I have been in Europe, which I had never seen. I seized upon a worn copy of the Dramatic Sketches, which I found crossed and interlined in every direction. 'Don't look at them,' said Procter, 'they are wretched things, which should never have been printed, or at least without a world of correction. You see how I have mended them; and, some day, perhaps, I will publish a corrected edition, since I cannot get them back.' He took the book from my hand, and opened to 'The Broken Heart,' certainly the most highly-finished and exquisite piece of pathos in the language, and read it to me with his alterations. It was to 'gild refined gold and paint the lily.' I would recommend to the lovers of Barry Cornwall, to keep their original copy, beautifully as he has polished his lines anew.

On a blank leaf of the same copy of the Dramatic Sketches, I found some indistinct writing in pencil. 'Oh! don't read that,' said Procter, 'the book was given me some years ago by a friend at whose house Coleridge had been staying, for the sake of the criticisms that great man did me the honor to write at the end.' I insisted on reading

* The following story has been told me by another gentleman. Hazlitt was married to an amiable woman, and divorced, after a few years, at his own request. He left London, and returned with another wife. The first thing he did was to send to his first wife to borrow five pounds! She had not so much in the world, but she sent to a friend, (the gentleman who told me the story,) borrowed it, and sent it to him! It seems to me there is a whole drama in this single fact.

them, however, and his wife calling him out presently, I succeeded in copying them in his absence. He seemed a little annoyed, but on my promising to make no use of them in England, he allowed me to retain them. They are as follows:

'Barry Cornwall is a poet, *me saltem judice*, and in that sense of the word in which I apply it to Charles Lamb and W. Wordsworth. There are poems of great merit, the authors of which I should not yet feel impelled so to designate.'

'The fruits of these poems are no less things of hope than the beauties. Both are just what they ought to be. i. e. new.'

'If B. C. be faithful to his genius, it in due time will warn him that as poetry is the identity of all other knowledge, so a poet cannot be a great poet, but as being likewise and inclusively an historian and a naturalist in the light as well as the life of philosophy. All other men's worlds are in his chaos.'

'Hints:—Not to permit delicacy and exquisiteness to seduce into effeminacy.'

'Not to permit beauties by repetition to become mannerism.'

'To be jealous of fragmentary composition as epicureanism of genius—apple pie made all of quinces.'

'Item. That Dramatic poetry must be poetry hid in thought and passion, not thought or passion hid in the dregs of poetry.'

'Lastly to be economic and withholding in similes, figures, etc. They will all find their place sooner or later, each in the luminary of a sphere of its own. There can be no galaxy in poetry, because it is language, ergo successive, ergo every smallest star must be seen singly.'

'There are not five metrists in the kingdom whose works are known by me, to whom I could have held myself allowed to speak so plainly; but B. C. is a man of genius, and it depends on himself (*competence protecting him from growing and distracting cares*) to become a rightful poet—i. e. a great man.'

'Oh, for such a man, worldly prudence is transfigured into the high spiritual duty. How generous is self-interest in him whose true self is all that is good and hopeful in all ages as far as the language of Spenser, Shakespeare and Milton is the mother tongue.'

'A map of the road to Paradise drawn in Purgatory on the confines of Hell, by S. T. C. July 30, 1819.'

I took my leave of this true poet after half a day passed in his company, with the impression that he makes upon every one—of a man whose sincerity and kind-heartedness were the most prominent traits in his character. Simple in his language and feelings, a fond father, an affectionate husband, a business-man of the closest habits of industry—one reads his strange imaginations and passionate, high-wrought, and even sublimated poetry, and is in doubt at which most to wonder—the man as he is, or the poet as we know him in his books.

N. P. W.

MISCELLANY.

From the New-York Mirror

Hope and Memory.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

A LITTLE babe lay in its cradle, and Hope came and kissed it. When its nurse gave it a cake, Hope promised it another to-morrow; and when its young sister brought a flower, over which it clapped its hands and crowed, Hope told of brighter ones which it should gather for itself.

The babe grew to a child, and another friend came and kissed it.—Her name was Memory. She said, ‘Look behind thee, and tell me what thou seest.’ The child answered, ‘I see a little book.’ And Memory said, ‘I will teach thee how to get honey from the book, and that shall be sweet to thee when thou art old.’

The child became a youth. Once when he went to his bed, Hope and Memory stood by the pillow. Hope sang a melodious song, and said, ‘Follow me, and every morning thou shalt wake with a smile as sweet as the lay I sung thee.’

But Memory said, ‘Hope, is there any need that we should contend? He shall be mine as well as thine.—And we will be to him as sisters all his life long.’

So he kissed Hope and Memory, and was beloved of them both.—While he slept peacefully, they sat silent by his side, weaving rainbow tissue into dreams. When he woke they came with the lark to bid him good morning and he gave a hand to each.

He became a man. Every day Hope guided him to his labor, and every night he supped with Memory, at the table of Knowledge.

But at length Age found him, and turned his temples gray. To his eye, the world seemed altered.—Memory sat by his elbow-chair, like an old and tried friend. He looked at her seriously, and said, ‘Hast thou not lost something that I entrusted to thee?’

And she answered, ‘I fear so; for the lock of my casket is worn.—Sometimes I am weary, and sleep, and then Time purloins my key.—But gems thou didst give me when life was new—I can account for all. See how bright they are.’

While they thus sadly conversed, Hope put forth a wing that she had worn folded under her garment, and tried its strength in a heavenward flight.

The old man lay down to die, and when his soul left the body, the angels took it, and Memory walked with it through the open gate of heaven, but hope lay down at its threshold, and gently expired, as a rose giveth out its last odors. Her parting sigh was like the music of a seraph’s harp. She breathed it into the bosom of a glorious form, and said,

‘Immortal Happiness! I bring thee a soul that I have led through the world. It is now thine, Jesus hath redeemed it.’

Honesty.

AN ORIGINAL ANECDOTE.—We were passing by one of the numerous fruit stands in Broadway, N. Y. when my friend was induced to stop at the sight of a small basket of unusually fine looking oranges. ‘What shall I give for this, good woman,’ said he, addressing the aged and emaciated owner. ‘Only a sixpence sir,’ she replied, handing

him the selected orange, which was indeed beautiful. We passed on, but were soon startled by some one calling after us hurriedly to stop.—It was the fruit woman. ‘Here,’ cried she, almost out of breath with her haste to overtake us. ‘I was mistaken in the price of the orange; it should only have been four cents?’ and she extended her withered hand containing the other two.—I was instantly reminded of Smollet’s story of the beggar, who returned him the guinea, supposing it to have been through a mistake. But I could not help saying to myself, ‘*a greater than that is here.*’—The comparatively large sum of a guinea, might well alarm the principles of an upright mind but the conscience that could be scrupulous to the amount of a paltry PENNY! Oh, if I ever wished for wealth it was at that moment, that I might suitably reward the impoverished looking creature who had thus faithfully adhered to our Savior’s golden rule. ‘*Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them.*’—Bradford Argus.

The Approaching Comet.

THE splendid comet, whose visit has been predicted by astronomers for a great number of years, is expected to make its appearance between the months of May and August of the present season. Lieut. Morrison of the English navy has published an interesting account of this comet. He says ‘it will afford a degree of light equal to a full moon, that its tail will extend over 40 degrees; and when the head of the comet reaches the meridian, its tail will sweep the horizon!’ It may afford a great degree of light to us of the earth, but that its tail will ‘sweep the horizon,’ we agree with the editor of the Boston Whig, is rather doubtful. Mr. Morrison contends that the electric attractive powers of the comet will have very serious effects upon our atmosphere; in producing inundations, earthquakes, storms, tempests, volcanic eruptions, and epidemic diseases; in support of the theory he refers to the different appearances of this comet for the last six hundred years, showing that in the comet years, these phenomena prevailed to a great extent. He predicts that the summer of 1835 will be remarkable for intense heat, which may be expected to destroy the harvest in some parts of the world, that it will be noted for volcanoes, and earthquakes, and other similar phenomena. The end of 1835, or early in 1836, may be expected to be remarkable for some one or more extensive earthquakes. The winters of 1836 or 1837, will bring such a frost as has not been equalled for at least 20 years. The parts of the earth which he anticipates will suffer most, are those situated to the North of Asia and some parts of the South hemisphere,

such as China.—Those parts of the earth in the vicinity of volcanoes are always subject to earthquakes, because the frequent internal changes which the combustion creates, must necessarily produce a derangement of electricity. And if, while the comet is near the earth, overcharged with electricity, there be any cavity of the earth deficient of that fluid it will rush into the earth at that spot. That this comet will make its appearance during the present year, no one can doubt, but that it will produce any uncommon result is not at all probable. Many stories will doubtless be circulated respecting it, many weak minded persons will be frightened at it, and many printers will *make money* by it. Of one thing, however, we may all rest assured—the Creator of the universe is not such a bungling workman as to suffer one part of the planetary system to get loose and knock the other part to pieces.—*New-York Sun.*

From the New-York Observer.

Birth Place and Residence of Dr. Watts.

Southampton, Eng. June 14, 1833.

You must remember Dr. Watts’ beautiful Hymn, as every one accustomed to his inimitable and all but inspired psalmody must;

‘There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign.’

And when I tell you, that I am now penning these lines from the very spot and sitting at the window which looks out where he looked, where the

‘Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green,’

which so awoke his thought of heaven, and helped him to sing the Christian’s triumph in the Jordan of death, you will not perhaps think it unworthy, that I should allude to this interesting circumstance. Southampton is the birth-place of this sweet singer of our modern christianized Israel; and the house in which I am a guest is the spot where he wrote the hymn above mentioned. The town lies on a swell between the forks of the Test and Itchen, the latter of which is ‘the swelling flood,’ celebrated in the song, one mile or less from my present position, and beyond which is seen from this place the ‘land of pure delight,’

‘Where everlasting spring abides,
And never withering flowers.’

So, at least, it might seem. It is indeed a fair and beautiful type of that paradise which the poet sung. It rises from the margin of the flood, and swells into a boundless prospect, all mantled in the richest verdure of summer, checkered with forest growth, and fruitful fields under the highest cultivation, and gardens and villas, and every adornment which the hand of man, in a series of ages, could create on such susceptible grounds.

Our poet's imagination, so spiritual and heavenly, leaped from the enchanting scenes, to the fields and gardens of the upper world. As he looked down upon these waters now before me, and then before him, he thought of the final passage of the christian :

'Death, like a narrow sea divides
This heavenly land of ours.'

And are these indeed the circumstances which suggested these lines, that have been such a help to the devotions of so many believers in Christ, and which for ages to come are likely to breathe from the dying lips of those

'Who see the Canaan which they love
With unclouded eyes !'

A Hat Overboard.

THE United States Gazette contains an excellent story, in which the following anecdote is related :

A sailor went aloft in a gale, and in a few moments afterwards was seen in the water—by great exertions was rescued. The captain, delighted with the success of his manœuvres, and with the happy attempt of saving the life of one of his crew, sent for Jobic to come ast.

Jobic, streaming with the water which he had drank, from the bottom of which he had so recently come, presented himself before the captain with his glazed leather hat in his hand.

'How did it happen my poor fellow, that you fell overboard ?'

'May it please your honor,' said Jobic, 'I did not fall overboard—I jumped off the yard on purpose.'

'How is that? are you drunk ?'

'Beg your pardon, Captain; but the fact is, my hat, which cost me nine francs, fell overboard—it was my last—and as I knew that a boat would not be put off to save that, I threw myself from the yard into the sea, that we might both be saved together, and here it is in my hand just as you see it.'

The Difficulties of an Editor.

An editor cannot step without treading on somebody's toes. If he expresses his opinion fearlessly and frankly, he is arrogant and presumptuous; if he states facts without comments, he dares not avow his sentiments. If he conscientiously refuses to advocate the claims of an individual or cause, he is accused of personal hostility.

... jackanapes who measures off words into v... as w...rk does tape—by the yard—hand... a parcel of stuff that jingles like a handful of rusty nails and a gimblet: and if the editor is not fool enough to print the nonsense—'Stop my paper, I won't patronize a man that's no better judge of poetry,' as if it really were a loss to be regretted, the profits being so

enormous, and after paying four pence half-penny for a sheet of paper before it is printed on, together with the expenses attending collecting and printing the contents of a newspaper, certainly a monstrous revenue exists out of the seven-pence, after these must-be-paid expenses are liquidated. One murmurs because his paper is too literary—another because it is not literary enough. One grumbles because the advertisements engross too much room—another complains that the paper is too large, he can't find time to read it all. One wants the type so small, that a microscope would be indispensable in every family—another threatens to discontinue the paper unless the letters are half an inch long. One old lady actually offered to give an additional price for a paper that should be printed with such types as are used for hand-bills. In fact, every subscriber has a plan of his own for conducting a journal, and the labor of Sisyphus was recreation when compared with that of an editor who undertakes to *please all*.—*English paper.*

WHAT IS HE WORTH?—Is a question not unsrequently propounded and not very easily answered. We were amused a few days since, when that interrogatory was put to a colored gentleman by a magistrate in this district who was about to take bail for an assault and battery, committed by an ebony *bruiser*, upon one of his companions. 'Are you worth \$100,' said he to the would be bondsman, 'after the payment of all your debts and responsibilities?' 'Yes,' was the reply. 'Now squire,' said the beattee, 'he not worth one cent—he got no property.' 'What is your property,' said the Justice, 'have you any real estate?' 'No, sir.' 'Any personal?' 'O yes, squire.' 'Well, what are you worth?' 'Why, I worth \$500.' 'Where or how are you worth \$500?' 'Why I guess I worth that much in Charleston or Georgia—Aint that personal property, squire?'

RATHER TART.—A lady who presumed to make some observations, while a physician was recommending her husband to a better world, was told by the doctor that if some women were to be admitted there, their tongues would make a paradise a purgatory. And if some physicians, replied the lady, were to be admitted there, they would make it a desert.

THERE is a species of retort so far superior to the common run of answers, that it may be very properly styled 'sublime.' Of this kind is the following :

Frederick the Great, King of Prussia, asked Sir Robert Sutton, at a review of his tall grenadiers, if he thought an equal number of Englishmen could beat them.

'Sir,' replied Sir Robert, 'I do not venture to assert that; but I believe half the number would try.'

The Rural Repository.

SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1835.

THE ROCHESTER GEM.—This valuable periodical, though we have neglected to notice it of late, is still published at Rochester, N. Y., having outlived the many ephemeral productions that, like Jonah's gourd, have sprung up and withered in a day, since it commenced its course in the field of literature. It has now just completed the first half of the *seventh* volume, and, with an increasing patronage, is still likely to hold on its way rejoicing.

THE SOUTHERN ROSE BUD.—The first number of the fourth volume of this most interesting little journal for juvenile readers, will be issued on the fifth of Sept. at Two Dollars per annum, enlarged and improved. Its title in its improved state will be 'The Southern Rose,' and though intended chiefly for children, we have no doubt it will be found, as heretofore, a source of both amusement and instruction to those of riper years.

To Correspondents.

The communications of 'V.' and 'Rural Bard' are received and will appear in our next number. The essay entitled 'The Duties of Married Females' on 'Instability,' and all those forwarded by 'A. T.' are respectfully declined.

Has 'E. H. C.' forgotten us? We hope not.

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

B. V. W. New Paltz, N. Y. \$5.00; N. H. Furnace Village, Ct. \$1.00; P. M. Whitney's Valley, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Cazenovia N. Y. \$5.00; H. R. Upper Red Hook, N. Y. \$1.00; E. B. Canandaigua, N. Y. \$0.81; C. S. Jaffray, N. H. \$1.00; H. G. Glen's Falls, N. Y. \$4.00; J. C. Port Jervis, N. Y. \$1.00; S. A. A. Washington Hollow, N. Y. \$1.00; S. W. Loudon Center, N. H. \$0.81; W. B. H. Coeymans, N. Y. \$1.00; F. L. Galves, N. Y. \$1.00; A. J. W. Linden, N. Y. \$1.00; I. W. East Rush, N. Y. \$1.00; P. W. South Dover, N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. Guilford, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. New London, Ct. \$5.00; M. D. Busti, N. Y. \$1.25; G. B. W. South Easton, N. Y. \$0.90; R. J. Cazenovia, N. Y. \$1.00; I. L. Eagle Harbor, N. Y. \$1.00; O. T. West Stockbridge, Ma. \$1.00; A. R. T. Brumswyck, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Fredonia, N. Y. \$2.00; C. H. N. Montezuma, N. Y. \$0.81; L. R. D. Dubuge's Mines, M. T. \$10.00; P. M. Manchester, N. Y. \$3.00; G. A. P. Columbia, S. C. \$1.00; A. N. S. Albany, N. Y. \$2.00; H. S. Otis, Ms. \$0.90; G. A. Port Kent, N. Y. \$0.81; H. C. W. Auburn, N. Y. \$0.81; P. M. Otto, N. Y. \$2.00; P. M. Falls Village, Ct. \$1.00; P. M. Spencer, Ms. \$2.00; N. M. Westminster, Vt. \$1.00; S. W. Shelburne, Ms. \$1.00; P. M. Marlboro, Ms. \$5.00; R. R. Parma, N. Y. \$1.00; H. W. H. Shirley Village, Ms. \$1.00; H. S. Darien, N. Y. \$5.00; J. H. Jr. Hartaville, N. Y. \$5.00; A. R. Potsdam, N. Y. \$1.00; H. B. Erieville, N. Y. \$0.62; S. G. Harford, N. Y. \$0.87; P. L. S. Lyander, N. Y. \$3.00; P. M. Davenport, N. Y. \$2.00; E. A. Allen's Hill, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Motiville, N. Y. \$2.00; E. G. R. Caldwell, N. Y. \$1.00; S. R. Bethlehem, Ct. \$5.00; P. M. Branchport, N. Y. \$2.00; P. M. Cornsle, N. H. \$1.00; J. K. E. Crawfordsville, Ia. \$1.00; W. M. Sheldon, Vt. \$1.00.

MARRIED,

On the 2d inst. by the Rev. J. Robards, Mr. William E. Bowman, to Miss Sarah W. Van, all of this city.

At Athene, on the 28th ult. by the Rev. Isaac Pardee, Mr. Robert H. Frazier, to Miss Jane Walte.

On the 16th ult. at Lakeville, Livingston County, N. Y. by Elder Ira Justin, Mr. Charles Smith to Miss Charlotte Snyder, all of that place.

DIED,

In this city, on the 28th ult. Rachel Simons, in the 69th year of her age.

On the 1st inst. William J. son of Francis and Sophia Wright, in the 1st year of his age.

On the 1st inst. John L. Hallenbeck, in the 75th year of his age.

At Stockport, on the 29th ult. Miss Maria Acker, daughter of Abraham Acker, aged 26 years.

At Coeymans, on the 22d inst. Tobias Waitermire, of Ghent, in the 39th year of his age.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

Hope.

*But let us hope, to doubt is to rebel;
Let us exult in Hope, that all shall yet be well.*

BEATTIE.

Hope, bright enchantress of the restless wing,
The ever-smiling and all-promising,
The lamp, the ignis fatuus of Life,
Pursued in doubt and fear, through toil and strife,
Star-like far-streaming over life's dark sea,
Alluring on, and on, perpetually,
Has shone in every place where man has trod,
Toiled, suffered, bled, or died, or bowed the knee to God.

Where howling winds sweep o'er Siberian snows,
Or where the suffocating Siroc blows,
Or where the breath of eve in rich perfume
Comes faint o'er Indian vales in flowery bloom,
Or where at morn the streaming sunbeams play
On Chinese temples, or where bursts the day,
All glowing, on the far Pacific isles,
Amid the glittering waves, there Hope serenely smiles.

The star of Hope enlightens every clime,
Intensely burning since the birth of Time,
And smiles and promises eternal play,
Like coruscations, in each dazzling ray,
Dispensing happiness, dispersing gloom,
Bright'ning our pathway onward to the tomb,
Shining on every rank, in every stage,
From childhood's happy years, to silver-haired old age.
Schaghticoke, 1835.

J. S. F.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

Woman.

The following original Lines were addressed by a young lady to a young gentleman, who, on being requested to write in her album, had instead designed the human heart, and subdivided it by various passions, the most prominent of which were, Dress, Vanity, Frivolity and Scandal.

And who art thou, can thus portray
The female heart?
I pity thee, unhappy youth,
Whoe'er thou art—
For thee no pleasant memories paint
Domestic bowers,
No tender mother could have watched
Thy childhood hours.—
Oh! no, thou never couldst regret
Her sacred love,
Her midnight watch, her ceaseless care,
All praise above.—
No gentle sister can have raised
Her trusting eyes,
Fraught with love and care that says
'Tis thee I prize,—
Alas! it never has been thine,
In life to tend
The gaze of love, which wins the smile
Of dearer friend.
Of Woman thou hast only known
The weaker part;
Else thou couldst never thus have drawn
The female heart.
Have Love and Friendship such small share
In woman's heart?
Have Fortitude, and Hope and Truth,
No little part?
Have heavenly Charity and Faith
No resting place?

Alas! poor youth, if these are lost,
Heaven help thy race!
Is woman vain? 'tis man that lights
The spark of sin,
To praise the gilded case, nor care
For gems within.—
Farewell! forgiveness kindly prompts
The fervent prayer,
That even thy life may yet be blessed
By Woman's care.

From the Sacred Offering.

The Boy's Last Request.

HALF raised upon the dying couch, his hand
Drooped on his mother's bosom, like a bud
Which, broken from its parent stock, adheres
By some attenuate fibre. His thin hand
From 'neath the downy pillow drew a book,
And slowly pressed it to his bloodless lips.
'Mother, dear Mother, see your birth-day gift
Fresh and unsoiled. Yet have I kept your word,
And ere I slept each night, and every morn,
Did read its pages, with my simple prayer,
Until this sickness came.'

He paused; for breath
Came scantily, and with a toilsome strife;
'Brother or sister have I none, or else
I'd lay this Bible on their heart, and say
Come read it on my grave, among the flowers.
So you who gave must take it back again,
And love it for my sake.'

'My Son! My Son!'
Whispered the mourner in that tender tone,
Which woman in her sternest agony
Commands to soothe the pang of those she loves:
'The soul! the soul! to whose charge yield you that?'
'To God who gave it!'—So that gentle soul,
With a slight shudder, and a seraph smile,
Left the pale clay, for its Creator's arms.

The Land of the Blest.

BY MRS. ABBEY.

'DEAR father, I ask for my mother in vain,
Has she sought some far country, her health to regain,
Has she left our cold climate of frost and of snow,
For some warm sunny land where the soft breezes blow?'
'Yea, yes, gentle boy, thy loved mother has gone
To a climate where sorrow and pain are unknown:
Her spirit is strengthened, her frame is at rest,
There is health, there is peace, in the Land of the Blest.'

'Is that land, my dear father, more lovely than ours,
Are the rivers more clear, and more blooming the flowers,
Does summer shine over it all the year long,
Is it cheered by the glad sounds of music and song?'
'Yes, the flowers are deepoiled not by winter or night,
The well-springs of life are exhaustless and bright,
And by exquisite voices sweet hymns are addressed
To the Lord who reigns over the Land of the Blest.'

'Yet that land to my mother will lonely appear,
She shrank from the glance of a stranger while here,
From her foreign companions I know she will flee,
And sigh, dearest father, for you and for me.'
'My darling, thy mother rejoicest to gaze
On the long severed friends of her earliest days,
Her parents have there found a mansion of rest,
And they welcome their child to the Land of the Blest.'

'How I long to partake of such meetings of bliss!
That land must be surely more happy than this;
On you, my kind father, the journey depends,
Let us go to my mother, her kindred, and friends.'
'Not on me, love; I trust I may reach that bright clime,
But in patience I stay till the Lord's chosen time,
And must strive, while awaiting his gracious behest,
To guide thy young steps to the Land of the Blest.'

'Thou must toil through a world full of dangers, my boy,
Thy peace it may blight, and thy virtue destroy,
Nor wilt thou, alas! be withheld from its snares
By a mother's kind counsels, a mother's fond prayers.
Yet fear not—the God whose direction we crave,
Is mighty to strengthen, to shield, and to save, ~
And his hand may yet lead thee, a glorified guest,
To the home of thy mother, the Land of the Blest.'

Is he Rich?

He is rich in wit, he is rich in worth,
And rich in the blood of an honest birth;
He is rich in his country's heart and fame,
And rich in the thoughts that high souls claim:
He is rich in the books of olden time,
And rich in the air of a freeman's clime;
He needs no stars to shine on his breast,
For the crimson drops of his father's crest
Fall, nobler gems, on the battle field,
Where the haughty foeman was taught to yield,
Then ask me no more, 'Is he rich in gold?'
His riches were bought—but can ne'er be sold.

PROSPECTUS

OF THE

RURAL REPOSITORY,

Twelfth Volume, (Third New Series.)
DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SUCH AS MORAL AND
SENTIMENTAL TALES, ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS,
BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, AMUSING
MISCELLANY, HUMOROUS AND HISTORICAL
ANECDOTES, SUMMARY, POETRY, &c.

On Saturday the 13th of June 1835, will be issued the first number of a new volume of the **RURAL REPOSITORY**. On issuing proposals for the Twelfth volume (Third New Series) of the Repository, the Publisher tendered his most sincere acknowledgements to all Contributors, Agents and Subscribers, for the liberal support which they have afforded him from the commencement of his publication. New assurances on the part of the publisher of a periodical which has stood the test of years, would seem superfluous, he will therefore only say, that it will be conducted on a similar plan and published in the same form as heretofore, and that no pains or expense, shall be spared to promote their gratification by its further improvement in typographical execution and original and selected matter.

CONDITIONS.

THE RURAL REPOSITORY will be published every other Saturday in the Quarto form, and will contain twenty-six numbers of eight pages each, with a title page and index to the volume, making in the whole 208 pages. It will be printed in handsome style, on Medium paper of a superior quality, with new type; making, at the end of the year, a neat and tasteful volume, containing matter equal to one thousand duodecimo pages, which will be both amusing and instructive in future years.

TERMS.—The Twelfth volume, (Third New Series) will commence on the 13th of June next, at the low rate of **One Dollar per annum in advance, or One Dollar & Fifty Cents at the expiration of three months from the time of subscribing.** Any person, who will remit us Five Dollars, free of postage, shall receive six copies, and any person, who will remit us Ten Dollars, free of postage, shall receive twelve copies and one copy of either of the previous volumes. **No subscriptions received for less than one year.**

Names of Subscribers with the amount of subscriptions to be sent by the 13th of June or as soon after as convenient, to the publisher, **WILLIAM B. STODDARD, Hudson, Columbia Co. N. Y. 1835.**

EDITORS, who wish to exchange, are respectfully requested to give the above a few insertions, or at least a notice, and receive Subscriptions.

Book & Job Printing,

Of all descriptions, neatly executed, with ink of different colors, on new and handsome type, at the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms, at this office.

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All orders and Communications must be post paid to receive attention.

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VOL. XII.—[III. NEW SERIES.]

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1835.

NO. 4.

SIBLING TALES.

From the Lady's Book.

The Young Fisherman of the Palisades.

A HISTORICAL TALE.

BY NATHAN C. BROOKS, A. M.

IT was in the month of May that an European tourist accompanied by his son, a lad of fifteen, and a few friends, left the city of New-York, and ascended the Hudson in a pinnace of a few tons burthen. Their boat was provided with arms and ammunition, to repel the *external* attacks of wolves and Indians, and a large supply of hams, bread, wine, and the little et ceteras of a good table, to guard against the *internal* aggressions of hunger: while the array of gigs and angles, and the nets with which the deck was carpeted, gave evidence of extensive preparations for the invasion of the crystalline territories of the finny tribes.

Lest my readers may be waiting for the opinions of our traveler to resolve the doubt whether the scenery of the Hudson may be compared with the classic regions of the old world—its highlands with the romantic hills of Scotia, and whether its majestic stream, at one time leaping with voice of thunder down the precipice, now rushing with unbridled course, like the foaming war-horse, and again flowing in mild tenor with smooth surface, into whose mirror the fawn comes down to gaze, or in mazy windings, encircling in its gentle embraces the rugged forms of the pine-clad hills, surpass the grandeur of the ‘ever memorable Rhine,’ it may be well to inform them that the event of which we are speaking, took place at a time when the descriptions of European tourists were entitled to as little credit as at present, being then as much exaggerated in extolling a country which belonged to them, as they are now in undervaluing what belongs to us. There is (especially to an Englishman) such a marked distinction between *news* and *truths*, that I may be particular—I will premise that our tourist, James Monteith, was an Irish gentleman of family and fortune, who, familiar with

the beauties of European scenery, had been attracted to the new world by the desire of contemplating the august features of Nature in the solitudes of her lakes and forests.

It was in the year 1770, when the settlements of New-York were yet spare; ere the towering forest had disappeared before the axe—while the march of civilization had pruned its luxuriance without injuring its beauty; and here and there, amid thick foliage, curled up to heaven the smoke of a cottage, like incense from the altar of a heathen grove. The thoughts, the sensations crowding upon the brain, were new and strange—the small cultivated field, the humble cabin, with a village here and there, composed of a few houses, in the dim distance blending with the horizon, forcibly brought to mind, the primitive state of society, when the wanderers of Eden in the untrdden wilderness sought alike for habitation and for sustenance. Their passage up the river was delightful. The scenery, like a *panorama*, presented an ever-varying picture to the imagination; and hunting, fishing, with an occasional visit to the houses on the shores, afforded at once amusement and social pleasure. The Palisades were a source of peculiar delight to our traveler, not alone for the beauty and regularity of the rocks as they stood towering upwards from the water several hundred feet, fluted and polished by the hand of Nature as if destined to be the pillars of Creation’s temple, but because he found them the counterpart of the great natural curiosity of his own beloved island, alike grand and magnificent in form; and, wrapped in dreamy imagination, he seemed to be gazing upon the ‘Giant’s Causeway,’ where the hundred-handed brothers had piled their rocky battlements, for storming the citadel of the skies. Nor is it strange that he should dwell with unsatisfied eye upon the scene that presented itself, for to the wanderer, every sight, every face, every thought, with which the idea of home is associated, quickens the pulse with a livelier glow, and awakens sensations the most tender and intense; even a shrub or tree exciting recollections of the home he has left, he hails

with transports as he would the features of a familiar friend. Nor were these feelings confined to the breast of Mr. Monteith. Morton, his son, though a boy of wayward disposition, and cold and stolid in his feelings even to moroseness, appeared to receive a flow of spirits and good humor altogether foreign to him, and descended largely upon the scenery, entering into a contest with his father respecting the comparative beauty of the Palisades and Causeway. He stoutly insisted that the former had the pre-eminence, and, as was generally the case, was permitted by his good-natured father to have the *most* and *last* of the argument, if not the best. As they proceeded up the river, they came to a place where the rocks were less regular, and descended down to the water’s edge in ledges, forming steps at intervals of about four or five feet. Here they found a lad fishing. He was apparently about fifteen years of age, with a clear brown complexion, regular features, dark piercing eyes, black hair, of which a ringlet or two peered through the rents of an old worn out hat, and wanted in the wind; and he stood upon a pedestal of a broken rock, with a gracefulness of form and attitude that would have done honor to a young Apollo, his vision calmly resting upon the buoy of his angle as it floated on the mirror-surface of the tide. There was an universal expression of admiration among the members of the party with the exception of young Monteith, who thinking any praise bestowed upon another derogatory to himself, asked his father, ‘if that dirty, red-looking boy upon the rock, was not a savage—savages were red.’

Mr. Monteith now ordered the boat to be brought to land, that he might obtain some of the vines and wild flowers that clustered about the tops of the Palisades, but, above all, some of the shamrocks that were in blossom there; and while he had taken out his purse to send the oarsmen for refreshment, to a neat little farm-house, at a distance, Morton clambered up the rocks, and approaching the young fisherman, hallooed to him, ‘Ho! savage! How many fish have you caught?’ The boy turned round and looked at him

earnestly though mildly, as if he would say, why would you injure my feelings? but made no reply. Deriving confidence from his first essay, with language and tone more provoking, he again addressed himself to the boy, 'Say, wild man of the rock, do you eat your fish boiled or raw, with scales on or without?' The young stranger turned again and looked upon his insulter without speaking; yet his cheek a little flushed with anger, his lips slightly compressed together, and the fire flashing from the dark lashes of his indignant eye, proved that his calmness and forbearance cost him considerable effort.

Morton quailed under his glance, and was for a time silent, until the fisherman averted his head from him, and regarded his angle with the same interest as before. Perceiving this, his spleen and ill-nature roused his fallen courage, and he again addressed the unoffending stranger—'I say, Indian! You knight of the ragged cap! what language do you speak? Has your tongue a smack of the Mohawk, Choctaw, or Cherokee?'—Longer endurance was impossible; the boy wheeled round, and with the rapidity of thought returned, 'My tongue, Mr. Impudence, has nothing of the Irish brogue, and my language nothing of the impertinence of the fool. Can young Paddy say as much?' Such repartee Morton was as little prepared to hear as to bear, he caught up a stone and sent it at the head of the boy, who evaded the blow.—'Aye, do, just throw another at me, fellow, and I will send you headlong into the river, till your anger is cooled again,' said the youth, as Morton was stooping for another stone: but his eagerness to grasp a piece of rock near him, and his anger exceeding his prudence, his footing slipped, he lost his balance, and was hurled head foremost precipitately down the craggy ledges of the rocks, that ploughed furrows in his forehead and cheeks as he descended. Mr. Monteith had heard what was passing, and was hastening to check his son's abuse, when he saw him fall. The young fisherman entirely forgot the indignities offered him, and flew down the rude steps of the rocks to the relief of the sufferer, who in a state bordering upon insensibility, had been arrested in his fall, by his head striking against a tree, growing out of a fissure in the stone. On seeing the stranger, whom he supposed to have followed him for the sake of punishing his insolence, he raised his hands and uttered an ejaculation for mercy. But the youth took him kindly by the hand, and, lifting him up, wiped the blood from his face and temples, and then attempted taking him on his back up the rocky ascent. Mr. Monteith, with others from the boat, soon came up, and Morton was carried thither, and his wounds and bruises washed and bandaged. It was resolved now to return

to New-York, after this accident, and Mr. Monteith, who was alike struck with the beauty, intelligence, and manliness of the young fisherman, offered him a guinea, which he modestly declined, as his father was averse to his receiving presents of money from any one. He then purchased a few strings of fish from him, for which he paid him handsomely, and entered the boat, after having apologized for the rudeness of his son, and encouraging him to act always with the mildness and dignity which he had evinced on that day. The light boat had proceeded but a short distance, when the young stranger shouted to them to return, and held up something in his hand which he appeared to have found. The boat soon reached the rock, and this youth of manly nature and incorruptible integrity, produced a purse which he had found, filled with gold. It was the property of Mr. Monteith, who, in the hurry and confusion consequent upon his son's accident, had dropped it upon the ground. His surprise did not surpass his joy, on finding in the conference which ensued, that the young stranger, in whose favor the events of the day had justly excited a deep interest, was the only son of the Reverend Marmaduke Browne, of Newport, in Rhode Island, his early friend and associate. Young Arthur was on a visit to his uncle, who had lately removed to New-York, and passed his time alternately in fishing and hunting along the Hudson. As the time allotted for his visit was about expiring, he returned with the boat to the city, and thence home to his father under the care of Mr. Monteith.

I will not here describe the hearty greeting that took place between these old friends, thus unexpectedly brought together, nor the joy which Mr. Browne experienced in again seeing his child at his paternal hearth, nor the honest pride which actuated his breast when he heard honorable mention made of his manliness and incorruptible integrity; neither will I speak of the thousand inquiries made respecting the 'old country,' or remarks upon the 'new,' as it would be a task to weary the tongue of garrulity itself. In no bosom does social feeling burn with livelier glow than in the breast of an Irishman—under no roof are the rites of hospitality more religiously observed. Days—weeks glided by, and reciprocal kindness brightened every link in the chain of early friendship. Their pleasure also was heightened by observing the affectionate feeling that existed between their sons—Arthur forgetting, Morton redeeming the past.

Arthur Browne had enjoyed the advantages of the school established by Dean Berkely in Newport, and was distinguished by his talents, industry, and a strong desire of improving his mind in some European university. His

morals, which his father had watched over with particular care, were pure, and his whole character and conduct at once dignified and honorable. Mr. Monteith conceived a strong and generous attachment to the son of his friend, and was anxious that his mind, evidently of a high order should have an opportunity of expanding commensurate with its powers. He therefore proposed to his father that young Arthur should accompany him to Ireland, and be entered at the University of Dublin with his son, being furthermore solicitous that Morton should have a companion one, whose diligence might excite him to emulous application, and whose morals might exercise a salutary influence in restraining him from the dissipation usual among the young men of the University.

His earnest solicitations prevailed, and he returned to Ireland with his son and his interesting protegee. They were admitted into college as members of the same class, were provided for alike, had the same wardrobe, the same funds, and studied and slept in the same room—they were brothers in every respect excepting disposition and morals. The pursuits and conduct of the two at College were such as might be excepted from their former habits. While Arthur, from the pure springs of classic literature, drew manly thought, and refined sentiment that enriched the mind, while they elevated and ennobled the heart, Morton gave himself up to a round of coarse pleasures, at once debasing and demoralizing; and while the one had treasured up in the store-house of memory the jeweled thoughts of the ancient philosophers and poets, the other was studious to preserve the recollections only of the obscenities of Catullus or Ovid, or the praises of wine and wassailing as sung by Flaccus. Abandoning himself to idleness and dissipation he spent his days with such students as would join in private parties in each other's rooms, drinking and gaming. As it was impossible for Arthur to study in a room where he was made the perpetual jest of the young bacchanals, for not joining in their amusements, he often remonstrated with him, respecting the impropriety of his conduct, but it only appeared to excite dislike, without serving to reclaim him. As he sat one evening in his study, the loud tramp of feet was heard, and the laugh of the young *bacchantes* as they ascended the steps. The passage was dark and they evidently found their way with difficulty along—they approached the door, and the voice of Morton was heard in stentorian loudness, singing Horace's ode to Bacchus—

'Quo, me, Bacche, rapis tui
Plenum?'

Suddenly a foot tripped, and down they came with the noise of thunder, the head of one striking against the door of the study and

knocking it violently open. ‘Who is there?’ cried Arthur, as he took up the candle, to see what was the nature of the sudden uproar. ‘Who but Bacchus and his lion,’ said Morton, as he endeavored to rise from the spot where he had fallen, with the biped who was carrying him, scarcely less intoxicated than himself. ‘I should rather judge,’ said Arthur, with the sarcasm peculiar to him, ‘that it was Silenus and his ass.’ This aroused the sensibilities of Bacchus and his lion, and gave rise to much acrimonious expression, in which Arthur was informed by Morton that it little became a beggar who was clothed and educated by the bounty of his father, to speak of his equal rights to the room which they occupied. There was more in this than the elevated spirit of Arthur could endure. It had been to him a matter of humiliation to receive his education gratuitously, at a time when he supposed himself and Morton the only persons conscious of it—but now to be the recipient of charity which was vulgarized, and even cast into his teeth, was galling beyond endurance. He accordingly prepared to quit the university, and addressed a letter to Morton’s father, in which, after thanking him for the generous interest taken in his welfare, he informed him that circumstances rendered it impossible for him to be longer in the reception of favors which exposed him to contumely, and that he had come to the resolution of returning to his father. A short time before his intended embarkment, he received a letter from Morton, which tended to give full evidence that the writer was destitute of every generous feeling. Arthur had attracted considerable notice among his fellow students as a writer of sonnets and small poems, which had obtained for him among the young men the title of poet laureate to the university. This had, in no small degree, excited the envy and ill-nature of his illiberal companion, and as a last thrust at the unoffending youth, he had copied into his letter the execrations of Horace against the poet ‘Mævius, about to sail.’ It is not to be supposed that this ungentlemanly and wanton insult would have its intended effect—to give poignancy to an indignity it must be merited, and must be offered by one whose general character has in it something elevated and noble; otherwise it rebounds upon the head of him who offered it.

At this time a letter received from America, bore to Arthur the melancholy intelligence of his father’s decease. He was thus thrown entirely upon the world—without a friend or relation with the exception of his father’s brother. He still was intent upon returning to his country, and having met with a ship about to sail, he called upon the professors to thank them for the kindness they had shown him during his stay at the university,

and to take leave of them preparatory to his bidding adieu to an institution hallowed by many considerations, none of which was more affecting than its having been the *alma mater* of his lately deceased father.

The mental powers of young Browne and his exemplary conduct and diligence had attracted the particular notice of the faculty, and they were unwilling to lose a student the splendor of whose intellect promised at no distant day to reflect the highest honor upon the place of his education. Unable to induce him to remain under the patronage of Mr. Monteith, although that gentleman had disavowed the acts of his son, and conjured him by the remembrance of the friendship that existed between him and his father, to remain under his protection at the university, they persuaded him to enter as a sizer, during the residue of the time necessary for his obtaining a degree. Notwithstanding this was humiliating in the extreme, it was still less irksome to receive public charity than private benefit, embittered by a continual reference to the obligations he was under; he therefore consented to remain, and was accordingly admitted to the sizers’ commons. Though the board to which he sat down was furnished in a great measure from the first table of the more lordly students, that fare was good, and his companions being on a level with himself, his feelings were not at table subjected to the contumely and superciliousness of those who with no other excellence than that which they supposed riches and rank necessarily conferred upon them, thought themselves justifiable in looking down with contempt upon those whose station in life did not come up to their standard of birth and fortune.

In this manner Arthur passed three years. Confining himself to his room, he applied himself with unwearied attention to study, and was seldom seen except at recitations and prayers. Thus holding little intercourse with the students, his delicately sensitive feelings were seldom exposed to the sneers of purse-proud arrogance; and if at any time aught was said or done to remind him of his dependency, his mind conscious of its own rectitude and powers, looked forward to futurity when his deserts would be known and appreciated, and he look down upon the heartless pigmy nothings that surrounded him, as much as they now looked down upon him. For let it not be supposed that modest merit is unconscious of its own excellence, or incapable of estimating its own intellectual powers; there is in true genius a spirit like that felt by the Pythoness, which stimulates every faculty of soul and body, and with the living oracles of unerring prophecy, proclaims the glowing future.

‘Tis this anticipation of futurity—this twilight of the coming day of honor that

enlivens the darkness of the sickly artist’s room: ‘tis this that breathes strength and inspiration when the sinking energies of nature fail the exhausted student, as his pale, bloodless fingers turn the ancient page by the midnight taper, while for reversionary immortality he sacrifices present health and present repose.

Having remained the requisite time at the university, he had the satisfaction of bringing his collegiate studies to a happy termination, by passing with the greatest credit to himself, the examination preparatory to the conferring of the Baccalaureate’s degree, while Morton and others who had trifled in unworthy and immoral pursuits, the time that should have been allotted to study, were not only denied the honors of the university for the present, but were referred back to classes whose graduation could not take place for a year or more.

It was the second day of the commencement. The theatre of the university was crowded with the beauty and fashion of Dublin. The stage was appropriately decorated with wreaths and coronals of bay and holly, and with the provost, officers, and faculty of the university in their fine college dresses, and the young graduates in gowns, presented a most interesting spectacle. To the graduates this day was a triumphal entree into life from the toils of a laborious literary campaign, and as if inspirited by the smiling faces of their friends, the young *debutants* acquitted themselves in a manner highly creditable to themselves and the professors, and long and loud were the plaudits that rung from pit, box, and gallery. The ordinary *theses* had all been delivered, but before the final conferring of the degrees, there remained to be decided a contest for a golden medal, offered by the university. The competitors were three, and from the very respectable productions of those who had declined competing for the prize, the expectations of the auditory were raised to the highest pitch.

[Concluded in our next.]

COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

Happiness equally attainable by all:

In the midst of a life variegated by the misfortunes incident to mortality, the day of prosperity is scarce at hand before an unpropitious hour announces a season of adversity; and man, elated with the high joys of happy life, shrinks from the object of his former pursuit and yields to the unsteady hand of fortune. Although the prudent and the skillful oftentimes fail to acquire the object of their pursuit and sometimes even yield to a despondency of future joys, yet dare we say

that the means of rendering life happy are not at the disposal of every hand, prepared alike for the rustic in the sunny glade and the prince in the court of regal honor. The peasant in the narrow circle in which his lot is cast may raise the delights of life equal to those of him who moves in the chariot of glory and is attended by applauding multitudes. Life is equally dear to him who possesses only the narrow walls of a cottage, and to him whose eye cannot reach the bounds of his possessions.

The peculiar condition of mind in which alone happiness accompanies the possessor is equally attainable by all mankind. This state of mind is justly styled contentment, without which the man of genius may ride in imagination through the broad arch of heaven, hold converse with the planets and even journey to the suns of other worlds; he may perforate the earth or make his abode in the depths of the sea; but in no place can he find the happy enjoyment of life where this does not accompany him.

The man whose eye is dazzled with the splendor of wealth, or he whose heart is fixed on the pursuit of some favorite object, will exert his strength in vain, and give his labor to the winds, unless he has within him a spirit of contentment. He who is crowned with the honors of this world, and knows not contentment, spends his life in misery far greater than he who lives in poverty and dies unknown, but through life enjoys his blissful quietude. May we not then say that a particular condition of life gives one man no preference above another in the attainment of happiness, that it is subservient to the will of man and equally attainable by persons of every rank and fortune.

We see the evidence carried still farther. Sickness and death pervade every grade of society—no man, whatever his wealth or distinction, is exempt from the evils incident to mortality. Nay, more—the extreme frugality of the poor man directly contributes to his health of body and cheerfulness of mind, while the abundance of the rich surfeits the appetite, deadens his mental energy and prostrates his bodily power. The miseries of entire destitution have made us look upon the condition of poverty with a kind of dread that at once reminds us of suffering and woe. But he who looks into the hovel with its ragged inmates will often find that even there, there is less of misery felt than in the chambers of the great, where the exterior garb of opulence or of rank meets our eyes with its fascinating power. In the enjoyment of food the poor man sits at his scanty board with a better zest than he possesses whose table is heaped with the most costly dainties.

The man in a humble condition of life would indeed be unhappy if he compared his

situation with that of a prince or nobleman. But this is not the case. How well adapted to the order and harmony of society is that law which confines the spirit of emulation to its own just bounds! The servant does not compare himself with his master, the farmer with the mechanic, the merchant with the scholar; but each feels a satisfaction in comparing himself with others of the same condition and like profession. Did not this principle pervade every circle of society, jealousy and envy would at once distract all social order and the machine that now moves with so much harmony in all its parts would become deranged and ungovernable.

The finer feelings of the heart are not enjoyed exclusively by any one class or order of society. The peasant in his cottage knows the joys of social life, he loves not less tenderly for being poor, nor is he less beloved by her who is the companion of his cares and the object of his tender regard. All mankind are subject to the same feelings and sensibilities, all are exposed to hope and fear, love and hatred, joy and sorrow, friendship and enmity—and as the happiness of life flows from these sources, who can say that this or that man is excluded from it.

Why then should the poor man repine and bring upon himself a misery which nature has not inflicted; he may sigh in discontent because he is not as rich as a neighbor or friend; with this same discontent, after having gratified his first wishes he may look at the palace of a king with an eye of envy; and having obtained this, sigh for more, until he has at his disposal the whole world, and then sigh with tears because he has found a restraint to his ambition, and finally die in misery.

The characters of man which are displayed most conspicuously are commonly by those that have striven for power and domination. But such alas! are only happy in the battlefield with some new title or larger conquest, and as such days are few, the remainder of their lives, like the sluggish stream, becomes the more sickening by its own inactivity. The events that have transpired in the history of nations give us a full picture of the human character, some colors of which are bright with the glorious deeds of virtue and patriotism, while others are dark with acts of cruelty and blood. He whose ambition is bounded by the welfare of his country, and with this incentive only braves danger and death, is rewarded with a double enjoyment—the honor bestowed upon him by his country, and the consciousness of having done well which dwells within his own bosom. But he whose ambition is excited by a love of arbitrary power, and whose only aim is self gratification, lives ever after in the disquietude of his own conscience with the execrations of mankind thundering upon his head. Nay! all the

thousands who from age to age read his name in the annals of history, curse him again and again and his name descends to posterity accumulating its load of guilt as time hands it down from one generation to another.

If we open the pages of romance or poetry we shall find the scenes of domestic bliss laid not in high but in humble life. In describing a happy man the poet does not invest him with great wealth, power, or knowledge; but places him in the mediocrity of society, regarding this state the most favorable to happiness; nor does he make it to consist in equipage and state but in the exercise of the refined feelings of our nature, connected with simplicity of style in his mode of life.

After passing in review the different grades of human life we have an opportunity of laying before ourselves the characteristic features incident to all; all are excited by the same object, possess the same resources and are looking forward to the same end. But alas! how many come short of their purpose! While they heedlessly embark on the stream of life and are carried down by the current of time, they even cling to the delusive hope of regaining their former station till another breeze of disappointment adds fresh speed to their downward course and quickly bears them on to the regions of despair. But how different those who make life happy by continued advances in the attainment of virtue and gain for themselves the highest degree of felicity in this world with the full assurance of a happy futurity. V.

BIOGRAPHY.

From the London Athenaeum.

Mrs. Hemans.

FELICIA DOROTHEA BROWNE was born in Liverpool, in a small quaint-looking house in S. Anne Street, now standing, old fashioned and desolate, in the midst of the newer buildings by which it is surrounded.—Her father was a native of Ireland, her mother a German lady—a Miss Wagner—but descended from, or connected with, some Venetian family, a circumstance which she would playfully mention, as accounting for the strong tinge of romance and poetry which pervaded her character from her earliest childhood. Our abstaining from any attempt minutely to trace her history, requires no apology—it is enough to say, then when she was very young, her family removed from Liverpool to the neighborhood of St. Asaph, in North Wales; that she married at a very early age,—that her married life, after the birth of her five sons, was clouded by the estrangement of her husband—that, on the death of her mother, with whom she had resided, she broke up her establishment in

Wales, and removed to Wavertree, in the neighborhood of Liverpool—from whence, after a residence of about three years, she again removed to Dublin,—her last resting place.

But though respect for the memory of the dead, and delicacy towards the living, enjoin us to be brief in alluding to the events of her life, we may speak freely and at length of the history of her mind, and the circumstances of her literary career, in the course of which she deserved and acquired a European reputation as the first of our poetesses living, and still before the public. Few have written so well as Mrs. Hemans; few have entwined the genuine fresh thoughts and impressions of their own minds, so intimately with their poetical fancies, as she did; few have undergone more arduous and reverential preparation for the service of song; for, from childhood, her thirst for knowledge was extreme, and her reading great and varied. Those who, while admitting the high toned beauty of her poetry, accused it of monotony of style and subject (they could not deny to it the praise of originality, seeing that it founded a school of imitators in England, and yet a larger in America) little knew to what historical research she had applied herself—how far and wide she had sought for food with which to fill her eager mind. It is true that she only used a part of the mass of information which she had collected—for she never wrote on calculation, but from the strong impulse of the moment, and it was her nature intimately to take home to herself, and appropriate only

what was high-hearted, imaginative and refined;—but the writer of this hasty notice has seen manuscript collections of extracts made in the course of these youthful studies, sufficient of themselves to justify his assertion; if her poems (like those of every genuine poet) did not contain a still better record of the progress of her mind. Her knowledge of classic literature may be distinctly traced in her ‘Sceptic,’ her ‘Modern Greece,’ and a hundred later lyrics based upon what Bulwer so happily calls ‘the Graceful Superstition.’ Her study and admiration of the works of ancient Greek and Roman art, strengthened into an abiding love of the beautiful, which breathes both in the sentiment and structure of every line she wrote (for there are few of our poets more faultlessly musical in their versification); and when, subsequently, she opened for herself the treasures of Spanish and German legend and literature, how thoroughly she had imbued herself with their spirit may be seen in her ‘Seige of Valencia,’ in her glorious and chivalresque ‘Songs of the Cid,’ and in her ‘Lays of Many Lands,’ the idea of which was suggested by Herder’s ‘Stimmen der Völker in Liedern.’

But though her mind was enriched by her wide acquaintance with the poetical and historical literature of other countries, it possessed a strong and decidedly marked character of its own, which colored all her productions—a character which, though anything but feeble or sentimental, was essentially feminine. An eloquent modern critic (Mrs. Jamieson) has rightly said, ‘that Mrs. Hemans’ poems could not have been written by a man; their love is without selfishness, their passion without a stain of this world’s coarseness, their high heroism (and to illustrate this assertion we would mention ‘Clotilda, the Lady of Provence,’ and the Switzer’s Wife,) unsullied by any grosser alloy of mean ambition. Her religion, too, is essentially womanly, fervent clinging to belief, and ‘hoping on, hoping ever,’ in spite of the peculiar trials appointed to her sex, so exquisitely described in the ‘Evening Prayer in a Girl’s School:’

—
Silent tears to weep,
And patient smiles to wear through suffering’s hour,
And sunless riches from affection’s deep
To pour on broken reeds—a wasted shower!
And to make idols, and to find them clay,
To bewail that worship—

If such was the mind of her works, the manner in which she wrought out her conceptions was equally individual and excellent. Her imagination was rich, chaste, and glowing; those who saw only its published fruits, little guessed at the extent of its variety. But it is possible that we may recur to the subject again, and this is not a time for deliberate and cold criticism.

It is difficult to enumerate the titles of her principal works. Her first childish efforts were published when she was only thirteen, and we can only speak of her subsequent poems—‘Wallace,’ ‘Dartmoor,’ ‘The Restoration of the works of Art to Italy,’ and ‘Dramatic Scenes,’ from memory. These were, probably, written in the happiest period of her life, when her mind was rapidly developing itself, and its progress was aided by judicious and intelligent counsellors, among whom may be mentioned Bishop Heber. A favorable notice of one of these poems will be found in Lord Byron’s Letters, and the fame of her opening talent had reached Shelley, who addressed a very singular correspondence to her. With respect to the world in general, her name began to be known by the publication of her ‘Welsh Melodies,’ of her ‘Seige of Valencia,’ and the scattered lyrics which appeared in the New Monthly Magazine, then under the direction of Campbell. She had previously contributed a series of prose papers on Foreign Literature, to Constable’s Edinburgh Magazine, which, with little exception, are the only specimens of that style of writing ever attempted by her. To the ‘Seige of Valencia,’ succeeded rapidly, her

‘Forest Sanctuary,’ her ‘Records of Woman,’ (the most successful of her works,) her ‘Songs of the affections,’ (containing perhaps, her finest poem, ‘The Spirit’s Return.’) her ‘National Lyrics and Songs for Music,’ (most of which have been set to music by her sister, and become popular,) and her ‘Scenes and Hymns of Life.’ We have no need to speak critically on any of these; the progress of mind and change of manner which they register have already been adverted to in our columns. Nor need we do more than repeat our conviction that she had not as yet reached the full strength of her powers. A few words with respect to their direction in later days, may be worthily extracted from a letter of hers, which lies before us. She had been urged by a friend to undertake a prose work, and a series of ‘Artistic Novels,’ something after the manner of Tieck, and Goethe’s *Kunst-Romanen*, as likely to be congenial to her own tastes and habits of mind, and to prove most acceptable to the public.

‘I have now,’ she says, ‘passed through the feverish and somewhat visionary state of mind often connected with the passionate study of art in early life; deep affections and deep sorrows seem to have solemnized my whole being, and I now feel as if bound to higher and holier tasks, which, though I may occasionally lay aside, I could not long wander from without some sense of dereliction. I hope it is not self-delusion, but I cannot help sometimes feeling as if it were my true task to enlarge the sphere of sacred poetry, and extend its influence. When you receive my volume of ‘Scenes and Hymns,’ you will see what I mean by enlarging its sphere, though my plan as yet is very imperfectly developed.’

Besides the works here enumerated, we should mention her tragedy ‘The Vespers of Palmero,’ which, though containing many fine thoughts and magnificent bursts of poetry, was hardly fitted for the stage, and the songs which she contributed to Colonel Hedges’ ‘Peninsular Melodies.’ And we cannot but once more call the attention of our readers to her last lyric, ‘Despondency and Aspiration,’ published in Blackwood’s Magazine for this month; it is the song of the swan—its sweetest and its last!

In private life Mrs. Hemans had attached to herself many sincere and steadfast friends. She was remarkable for shrinking from the vulgar honors of哄哄, with all the quiet delicacy of a gentlewoman; and at a time when she was courted by offers of friendship and service, and homages sent to her from every corner of Great Britain and America, to an extent which it is necessary to have seen to believe, she was never so happy as when she could draw her own small circle

round her, and, secure in the honest sympathy of its members, give full scope to the powers of conversation which were rarely exerted in general society, and their existence, therefore, hardly suspected. It will surprise many to be told, that she might, at any moment, have gained herself a brilliant reputation as a wit, for her use of illustration and language was as happy and quaint, as her fancy was quick and excursive, but she was, wisely for her own peace of mind, anxious rather to conceal, than to display her talent. It was this sensitiveness of mind which prevented her ever visiting London after her name had become celebrated; and, in fact, she was not seldom reproached by her zealous friends for undervaluing, and refusing to enjoy the honors which were the deserved reward of her high talents, and for shutting herself up, as it were, in a corner, when she ought to have taken her place in the world of society as a leading star. The few who knew her, will long remember her eager, child-like affection, and the sincere kindness with which, while she threw herself fully and frankly on their good offices, she adopted their interests as her own for the time being.

One or two traits may be further added to this imperfect sketch, though, as some further reminiscences of our friend may possibly be attempted by the writer of this notice, many things which remain to be said will be deferred to a more fitting time.—It may be told, that when young she was remarkable for personal attractions; that her talents for music and drawing (merely another form of the spirit which was the living principle of her life,) were of no common order. Her health had for many years been precarious and delicate; the illness of which she died was long and complicated, but, from the first, its close was foreseen; and we know from those in close connexion with her, that her spirit was placid and resolved, and that she looked forward to the approach of the last struggle without a fear.—It is consolatory to add, that her dying moments were cheered by the kind offices of zealous and faithful friends: for herself, her departure from this world could only be a happy exchange. There is no fear of her being forgotten; we shall long think of her—

Kindly and gently, but as of one
For whom 'tis well to be fled and gone;
As of a bird from a chain unbound,
As of a wanderer whose home is found;—
So let it be!

AN EXTRA ORDINARY.—An avaricious person who kept a very scanty table, dining one Saturday with his son at an ordinary in Cambridge, whispered in his ear, 'Tom, you must eat for to-day and to-morrow.' 'O yes,' retorted the half starved lad, 'But I hasn't eaten for yesterday and the day before yet, father.'

MISCELLANY.

Woman's Love.

SHE was a beautiful girl, when I first saw her.—She was standing up at the side of her lover at the marriage altar. She was slightly pale—yet ever and anon, as the ceremony proceeded, a faint tinge of crimson crossed her beautiful cheek, like the reflection of a sunset cloud upon the clear waters, of a quiet lake. Her lover, as he clasped her delicate hand within his own, gazed on her for a moment with unmixed admiration, and the warm and eloquent blood shadowing at intervals his manly forehead, and 'melting into beauty on his lip.'

And they gave themselves to one another in the presence of heaven, and every heart blessed them as they went their way rejoicing in their love.

Years passed on, and again I saw those lovers.—They were seated together where the light of a summer sunset stole through the half closed and crimson curtains, lending a richer tint to the delicate carpeting, and the exquisite embellishments of the rich and gorgeous apartments. Time had slightly changed them in outward appearance. The girlish buoyancy of the latter had indeed given place to the grace of perfect womanhood, and her lip was somewhat paler, and a faint line of care was slightly perceptible upon her brow. Her husband's brow too was marked somewhat more deeply than his age might warrant; anxiety, ambition, and pride had grown over it and left their traces upon it, a silver hue was mingled with the dark of his hair, which had become thin around his temples almost to baldness. He was reclining on his splendid ottoman with his face half hidden by his hand as if he feared that the deep and troubled thoughts which oppressed him were visible upon his features.

'Edward, you are ill to night'—said his wife in a low, sweet, half inquiring voice, as she laid her hands upon his own.

The husband roused himself from his attitude slowly, a slight frown knit his brow. 'I am not ill,' he said, somewhat abruptly, and folded his arms upon his bosom, as if he wished no interruption of his bitter thoughts.

Indifference from those we love is terrible to the sensitive bosom. It is as if the sun of heaven refused its wonted cheerfulness, and glared down upon us with a cold, dim and forbidding glance. It is dreadful to feel that the only being of our love refuses to ask our sympathy—that he broods over feelings which he scorns or fears to reveal—dreadful to watch the convulsive features and the gloomy brow—the indefinable shadows of hidden emotions—the involuntary sigh of sorrows in which we are forbidden to participate, and whose character we cannot know.

The wife essayed once more. 'Edward,' she said slowly, mildly and affectionately, 'the time has been when you were willing to confide your secret joys and sorrows to one, who has never, I trust, betrayed your confidence. Why, then, my dear Edward is this cruel reserve. You are troubled and yet refuse to tell me the cause.'

Something of returning tenderness softened for an instant the cold severity of the husband's features, but it passed away, and a bitter smile was his only reply.

Time passed on, and the twain were separated from each other. The husband sat gloomy and alone in the damp cell of a dungeon. He had followed ambition as his God, and he had failed in his high career. He had mingled with men whom his heart loathed, he had sought out the fierce and wronged spirits of his land, and had breathed into them the madness of revenge. He had drawn his sword against his country—he had fanned rebellion to a flame, when it had been quenched in human blood. He had fallen—miserably fallen—and was doomed to die the death of a traitor.

The door of the dungeon opened and a light form entered and threw herself into his arms. The softened light of sunset fell upon the pale brow and wasted cheek of his once beautiful wife.

'Edward—my dear Edward,' she said, 'I have come to save you, I have reached you after a thousand difficulties, and I thank God, my purpose is nearly executed.'

Misfortune had softened the proud heart of manhood, and as the husband pressed his pale wife to his bosom, a tear trembled on his eyelash. 'I have not deserved this kindness,' he murmured in the choked tones of convulsive agony.

'Edward,' said his wife in an earnest but faint and low voice, which indicated extreme and fearful debility, 'we have not a moment to lose. By an exchange of garments you will be enabled to pass out unnoticed. Haste, or we may be too late.—Fear nothing for me. I am a woman and they will not injure me for my efforts in behalf of a husband dearer than life itself.'

'But Margaret,' said the husband you look sadly ill. You cannot breathe the air of this dreadful cell.'

'Oh, speak not of me, my dearest Edward' said the devoted woman. 'I can endure every thing for your sake. Haste—Edward haste and all will be well' and she aided with a trembling hand to disguise the proud form of her husband in a female garb.

'Farewell, my love, my preserver,'—whispered the husband in the ear of his disguised wife, as the officer sternly reminded the supposed lady, that the time allotted for her visit had expired. 'Farewell we shall

meet again ;' responded his wife—and the husband passed out unsuspected, and escaped the enemies of his life.

They did meet again—that wife and husband—but only as the dead may meet—in the awful communings of another world. Affection had borne up her exhausted spirit until the last great purpose of her exertions was accomplished in the safety of her husband—and when the bell tolled on the morrow, and the prisoner's cell was opened, the guards found, wrapped in the habiliments of their destined victim, the pale but still beautiful corpse of the devoted WIFE.

ANECDOTE OF THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA.—During one of his visits to Baden, the Emperor Francis was walking through the streets, as was his custom, like a private gentleman, and accompanied only by one or two persons of his household. He saw a funeral approaching; it was that of a beggar, whom poverty had so bereaved of friends, that no one followed his remains to their last resting place. This melancholy spectacle produced a profound impression on the Emperor's feelings. Turning to the persons who accompanied him, he said, ' Since this poor creature has no friend to see him interred, we will perform that sad office, and follow his remains to the grave.' He walked behind the coffin, his attendants followed, and every one who passed, seeing the Emperor in the funeral train, successively ranged themselves in the procession. On arriving at the burial place, the Emperor uncovered, and offered up a pious prayer for the soul of the poor beggar. The history of the heroic ages presents few traits more sublime than this.

PENN'S COTTAGE.—The first house built in Philadelphia after the arrival of William Penn's colony, is still standing; and if we had our own way on the subject, it should be permitted to stand as long as one brick would lie upon another. The antiquities of a country are always a valuable and interesting part of the public property, and as we are not yet old enough to be able to boast of any very ancient edifices, that is no reason why we should not enable our posterity to have some to exhibit, after we are gone.

But let us hope, to doubt is to rebel;
Let us exult in hope, that all shall yet be well.

'JOHNNY, where's my razor?' bawled an Eastern shoreman, as he stood before the looking glass, duly prepared for the operation of shaving.

'Why, daddy, I've just done opening oysters with it.'

'Well, tarnation take the boy, run and rub it on a brick bat; and, by gosh, if you ever do the like again, if you shan't grind it.'

A YOUNG lady being addressed by a gentleman much older than herself, observed to him, the only objection she had to a union with him, was the probability of his dying before her, and leaving her to feel the sorrows of widowhood. To which he made the following ingenious and delicate complimentary reply :—'Blessed is the man that has a virtuous wife for the number of his days shall be doubled.'

'WHAT'S the matter?' said a stranger, to a crowd that had surrounded a black fellow, for the purpose of carrying him on board of a whaling ship, 'Matter—matter enough' exclaimed the delinquent, 'pressing a poor negro to get oil.'

The Rural Repository.

SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1835.

Mrs. HEMANS.—Another light has gone out—another brilliant star has disappeared from the literary firmament; thus, one after another the talented and the beautiful pass away and 'the places that knew them shall know them no more forever.' She too is gone!—the daughter of the muses—the child of song—she in whose praise every lip was vocal, every tongue was eloquent—she too has yielded to the grim tyrant before whose sceptre all must bow, whose mandate all must obey. No more shall the grand and picturesque in nature—the beautiful and sublime in character, and above all the sweet and enduring affections of the human heart be portrayed—so faithfully, so vividly portrayed, by the glowing pen of Mrs. Hemans! The hand that directed its various movements, whether in the field of fancy or in the higher walks of literature, while it poured forth and embodied, as it were, the splendid emanations of her highly gifted mind—the lofty aspirations of a heart overflowing with love to her fellow creatures, with love and devotion to her God, is now mouldering in the dust, mingling with its native element. The noble and the ignoble, the gifted and the dull, alike must die—

'How loved, how valued once avails them not!'

'Poets themselves must fall like those they've sung,
Deaf the praised ear and mute the tuneful tongue!'

'Passing away' is written on all below the skies, and she too, whose muse has so sweetly sung the fleeting nature of all sublunary things, she too has passed away! The fairy lute is broken—the magic harp unstrung, and the freed spirit of the enchantress, who was wont to breathe into them the notes of inspiration, has burst its clayey tenement, worn out by disease and affliction, and soared aloft to meet its Maker and its God—to wake to sweeter strains a heavenly lyre—to tune to higher notes 'the golden harp' in fairer worlds on high.

POSTAGE.—We would remind all whom it may concern that all letters addressed to us must be *post paid* to receive attention. We are often called upon to pay 25 cents postage for a letter containing merely an order for one volume of our paper, and if the numbers are regularly sent according to order, in process of time we may pay 50 cents more for another letter enclosing one dollar, leaving us 25 cents for the volume. We therefore say, once for all, such letters will receive no attention. When a

remittance is large, that is five dollars or over, and one half of the postage is paid, the per cent to be deducted from it is trifling and we do not complain, but when it is small, as in most cases, we shall expect it to come to us free of postage.

ED. Will our agents and others who feel interested in the prosperity of this periodical, reflect that our volume has just commenced and that consequently 'now is the accepted time' for obtaining subscribers. We acknowledge with pleasure that many have exerted themselves to the extent of our expectations, and we feel ourselves much indebted for their endeavors in our behalf; but we think in some quarters, more might still be done for our benefit without injuring our friends. Will they, remembering the old maxim—'Make hay while the sun shines,' oblige us by endeavoring further to extend the circulation of the Repository in their respective vicinities.

Letters Containing Remittances, Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

P. M. Fletcher, Vt. \$1.00; C. M. Troy, N. Y. \$1.00; D. B. L. Newark, N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. Racquet River, N. Y. \$2.00; R. T. Decatur, N. Y. \$1.00; S. B. S. Waterford, N. Y. \$1.00; A. M. K. Rondout, N. Y. \$5.00; D. S. Wellborough, Pa. \$1.00; H. B. Brattleboro, Vt. \$6.00; H. G. Glen's Falls, N. Y. \$1.00; P. W. C. Eagle Harbor, N. Y. \$1.00; D. E. T. Bern, N. Y. \$0.80; P. M. New York Mills, N. Y. \$1.00; E. S. W. New Britain, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Manheim Center, N. Y. \$2.00; L. R. Manneville, N. Y. \$1.00; E. T. Shushan, N. Y. \$1.00; J. F. L. Eatontown, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Wailes, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. South Trenton, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Magnolia, N. Y. \$1.00; W. R. T. Norwalk, Ct. \$1.00; J. R. M. Otto, N. Y. \$1.00; J. J. S. Ticonderoga, N. Y. \$3.00; E. P. R. New Hartford, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. South Hingham, Ms. \$1.00; J. S. H. Schron Lake, N. Y. \$1.00; P. R. Rhinebeck, N. Y. \$1.00; O. S. T. Lebanon, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Prospect Village, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Cannonsville, N. Y. \$2.00; P. M. Gushee, N. Y. \$2.00; D. G. Manchester, Vt. \$1.00; C. W. Hyde Park, Pa. \$1.00; P. M. Townshend, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Ferrington, N. Y. \$3.00; J. M. B. Fayetteville, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Weasex, N. Y. \$1.00; H. J. T. New York, \$1.00; P. M. McLean, N. Y. \$3.00.

SUMMARY.

A piano forte manufacturer in Boston, has a tooth, weighing one hundred and seventy-seven pounds. It is nine feet long, and once belonged to an elephant.

Spain has not a single line of battle ship in Europe fit to go to sea, and Admiral Laborde's squadron at the Havanna, is said to have tumbled to pieces.

The quantity of coal delivered from the pits of Great Britain is said to exceed thirty millions of tons annually, to be worth ten millions sterling, and to afford employment to 50,000 people.

A rich and nutritious soup may be made from carrots, by simply adding a little alkali—common pearl ash will answer—to them when boiling.

The widow of the celebrated Captain Cook, died at Clapham, on the 13th May, in the 94th year of her age, the 55th of her widowhood, and the 42d subsequent to the death of the only child that remained to her of six.

A rich Russian has recently placed in the Bank of St. Petersburg, the sum of one hundred thousand roubles, to be given, with the interest accumulating upon it to the year 1839, to the author of the best history of the Emperor Alexander.

LUCIFER MATCHES.—Take two parts (by weight) of the sulphuret of antimony, and one part of the chlorate of Potash. Grind them both to a powder, and make them into paste with a solution of glue. Common brimstone matches are to be dipped into it, and when dry they will inflame by being drawn through a folded piece of sand paper.

MARRIED,

At Albany, on the 9th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Sprague, Mr. John Bennett, to Miss Ann Tuttle, both of Athens.

At New-York, on the 15th inst. by the Rev. Doctor De Witt, Mr. Cornelius M. Gaul, formerly of this city, to Miss Eliza, youngest daughter of Benjamin Romaine, Esq. of the former place.

DEAD,

In this city, on the 7th inst. Elizabeth, daughter of Philip and Elizabeth Burger, aged 6 months.

On the 20th inst. Mrs. Elizabeth Deliverge, in the 47th year of her age.

At New-Libanon, on the 12th inst. George Frederick, son of Elam Tillett, Esq. in the 19th year of his age.

In Chatham, Columbia County, on the 7th inst. in the fifty-fourth year of her age, after an illness of fourteen days, which terminated in a consumption, Mrs. Nabby, wife of Sylvester Cady, and daughter of Capt. Simon Adams, late of Columbia, Herkimer Co. formerly from New Marlborough, Mass.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

Home.

To kindred and friends I have now bid adieu,
And far from my home I my journey pursue,
To rove among strangers--the country explore,
And gather instruction from pages of lore.

But though far away from my dear native home,
In regions remote--among strangers I roam,
Still often I think of the home of my birth,
For O! 'tis the spot the most hallowed on earth.

Oh home! thou dear fountain of pleasure and bliss.
I ne'er from my mind thee a moment dismiss;
For 'twas there that I spent the gay morning of life,
A stranger to sorrows, affliction, and strife.

How sweet 'tis to muse on the scenes of my childhood--
The upland, the valley, and deep, 'tangled wild-wood'
Where often I've sported in 'life's morning year,'
With the friends of my youth, that my bosom held dear.

The season of childhood how thoughtless I spent!
Void of cares and of sorrows--in ease and content:
Ah! little I knew of the perils so ripe,
When first I embarked on the ocean of life.

And now on the ocean of life I am sailing,
Where troubles and perils are daily prevailing,
But soon I to regions above shall ascend,
And then will my troubles all be at an end.

RURAL BARD.

The Dream of Life.

BY F. A. P. BARNARD.

'TWAS but a bubble--yet 'twas bright,
And gaily danced along the stream
Of life's wild torrent in the light
Of sunbeams sparkling--like a dream
Of heaven's own bliss, for loveliness--
For fleetness, like a passing thought;
And ever of such hopes as these
The tissue of my life is wrought,
For I have dreamed of pleasures when
The sun of young existence smiled
Upon my wayward path and then
Her promised sweets my heart beguiled;
But when I came those sweets to sip
They turned to gall upon my lip.

And I have dreamed of Friendship too:
For friendship I had thought was made
To be man's solace in the shade,
And glad him in the light; and so
I madly thought to find a friend
Whose soul with mine would sweetly blend,
And as two placid streams unite,
And roll their waters in one bright
And tranquil current to the sea,
So might our happy spirits be
Borne onward to eternity--
But he betrayed me; and with pain
I woke--to sleep and dream again.

And then I dreamed of Love; and all
The clustered visions of the past
Seemed airy nothing to that last
Bright dream. It threw a magical
Enchantment on existence--cast
A glory on my path so bright
I seemed to breathe and feel its light;
But now that blissful dream is o'er,
And I have waked to dream no more.

Beyond each distant glimmering star
That twinkles in the arch above,
There is a world of truth and love
Which earth's vile passions never mar;
Oh! could I snatch the eagle's plumes,
And soar to that bright world away,
Which God's own holy light illumines
With glories of eternal day,
How gladly every lingering tie
That binds me down to earth I'd sever
And leave, for that blest home on high,
This hollow hearted world for ever.

The Winds.

BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

We come, we come! and we feel our might,
As we're hastening on in our boundless flight,
And over the mountains and over the deep,
Our broad invisible pinions sweep.
Like the spirit of Liberty, wild and free,
And ye look on our works, and own 'tis we;
Ye call us the Winds, but can ye tell
Whither we go, or where we dwell?

Ye mark, as we vary our forms of power;
And fell the forest, or fan the flower,
When the hare-bell moves, and the rush is bent,
When the tower's o'erthrown, and the oak is rent,
As we waft the bark o'er the slumbering wave,
Or hurry its crew to a watery grave;
And ye say it is we! but can ye trace
The wandering Winds to their secret place?

And whether our breath be loud and high,
Or come in a soft and balmy sigh,
Our threatenings fill the soul with fear,
Our gentle whisperings woo the ear
With music serial, still 'tis we;
And ye list, and ye look, but what do you see?
Can ye hush one sound of your voice to peace,
Or waken one note when our numbers cease?

Our dwelling is in the Almighty's hand;
We come and we go at his command,
Though joy or sorrow is in our track,
His will is our guide, and we look not back!
And if in our wrath ye would turn away,
Or win us in gentlest airs to play,
Then lift up your hearts to him who binds
Or frees at his will the obedient Winds.

On the Loss of a Child in Infancy.

'They only can be said to possess a child for ever, who have lost one in infancy.'

Our beauteous child we laid amidst the silence of the dead,
We heaped the earth and spread the turf above the cherub head;
We turned again to sunny life, to other ties as dear,
And the world has thought us comforted when we have dried the tear.

And time has rolled his onward tide, and in his ample range,
Has poured along the happiest paths, vicissitudes and change.
The flexible forms of infancy their earliest leaves have shed,
And the tall and stately forest trees are waving in their stead.

We guide not now our children's steps, as we were wont before.
For they have sprung to warrior men, they lean on us no more,
We gaze upon the lofty brow, and time and thought have cast
A shade through which we seek in vain the memory of the past.

And do we mourn the utter change which mocks our memory here?

Oh no! 'tis but the answered wish of many a secret prayer.

Center of all our dearest hopes, we live but in their fame, But our love, as to a little child, how can it be the same?

We still have one, an only one, secure in sacred trust, It is the lone and lovely one, that's sleeping in the dust: We fold it in our arms again; we see it by our side, In the helplessness of innocence, which sin has never tried.

All earthly trust, all mortal years, however light they fly, But darken on the glowing cheek and dim the eagle eye; But thee, our bright, unwithering flower, our spirits' hoarded store, We keep through every chance and change, the same forever more.

PROSPECTUS

OF THE

RURAL REPOSITORY,

Twelfth Volume, (Third New Series.)
DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, AMUSING MISCELLANEOUS, HUMOROUS AND HISTORICAL ANECDOTES, SUMMARY, POETRY, &c.

On Saturday the 13th of June 1835, will be issued the first number of a new volume of the RURAL REPOSITORY.

On issuing proposals for the Twelfth Volume (Third New Series) of the Repository, the Publisher tendered his most sincere acknowledgements to all Contributors, Agents and Subscribers, for the liberal support which they have afforded him from the commencement of his publication. New assurances on the part of the publisher of a periodical which has stood the test of years, would seem superfluous, he will therefore only say, that it will be conducted on a similar plan and published in the same form as heretofore, and that no pains or expense, shall be spared to promote their gratification by its further improvement in typographical execution and original and selected matter.

CONDITIONS.

THE RURAL REPOSITORY will be published every other Saturday in the Quarto form, and will contain twenty-six numbers of eight pages each, with a title page and index to the volume, making in the whole 208 pages. It will be printed in handsome style, on Medium paper of a superior quality, with new type; making, at the end of the year, a neat and tasteful volume, containing matter equal to one thousand duodecimo pages, which will be both amusing and instructive in future years.

TERMS.—The Twelfth volume, (Third New Series) will commence on the 13th of June next, at the low rate of One Dollar per annum in advance, or One Dollar & Fifty Cents at the expiration of three months from the time of subscribing. Any person, who will remit us Five Dollars, free of postage, shall receive six copies, and any person, who will remit us Ten Dollars, free of postage, shall receive twelve copies and one copy of either of the previous volumes. *No subscriptions received for less than one year.*

Names of Subscribers with the amount of subscriptions to be sent by the 13th of June or as soon after as convenient, to the publisher, WILLIAM B. STODDARD, Hudson, Columbia Co. N. Y. 1835.

EDITORS, who wish to exchange, are respectfully requested to give the above a few insertions, or at least a notice, and receive Subscriptions.

Notice.

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VOL. XII.—[III. NEW SERIES.]

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1835.

NO. 5.

SERIES OF TALES.

From the Lady's Book.

The Young Fisherman of the Palisades.

[Concluded.]

THE music of the orchestra ceased—then died away in light echoes, and all was still. There was an interval of a few moments of breathless suspense, and every eye was directed to the group of students. At length one arose. He was tall and handsome; and his countenance and bearing indicated at once intelligence and confidence in his abilities. His presence was greeted with loud cheers, and the smiles that were interchanged by many of the spectators, proved that he was not only known to many, but a favorite with them. He spoke, and his accent and pronunciation discovered his English origin. His eloquence was strong and forcible, characterised alike by dignity of thought, and powerful utterance. His attitude was noble and commanding, his gestures appropriate. Every eye was riveted upon him—many were the smiles that encouraged him, and the young Englishman concluded amid the deafening acclamations of the delighted auditors. When he had taken his seat there was a murmur of applause that pervaded the assembly. The professors looked in each others faces, uttered a few sentences, and bowed. There was something very significant and ominous of good to the speaker in that inclination of the head. The music of the orchestra again rose and died away, and there reigned the same stillness as before. The interest was even heightened, and every one was eager to see who would next enter the literary arena. A young man arose. He was the pride of Dublin, his native city, and the reiterated cheerings that greeted him attested his popularity. His voice was full and sonorous—his periods turned with all the power and elegance of rhetorical art—and his gestures energetic though chaste, revealed through the folds of his flowing gown, the manly proportions of limbs that would have appeared with advantage under the *longa toga* of Cicero.

himself. His eloquence was of that irresistible kind, which, like a torrent, bears every thing before it. Each eye brightened—each face beamed as he proceeded, rising at every period, in height and brilliancy like the ascending rocket, till his oratory collecting all its force into a mighty effort, broke forth in conclusion, with loud detonation in one grand burst of brightness. The effect was electrical. Applause like thunder proclaimed his triumph as he sat down, and many a kerchief and scarf waved a recognition from friends. His victory was to be read in the features of the audience—and in the smiles and gracious nods of the provost and professors.

There was yet another speaker to be heard—but the interest had in a great measure subsided: no one could be expected to equal the late brilliant display of talent, and the many friends of the young Irishman, secure in their success, were rather revolving in their minds the glowing sentences of their favorite, than thinking of the rival who was to succeed him. The music had ceased, and there was a pause—a long, and anxious pause—for delay created anxiety. Moments passed. The people sat on the couches as so many statues. Still no one arose. The professors looked upon the band of students. The eyes of the assemblage as of one man followed their glance, to single out from among the group, the last competitor. After an interval, a motion was noticed among the students, and a young man was seen rising. He was pale and thin, one of those emaciated devotees who offer up the oil of life at the shrine of science, and his dark, glossy hair gave a more sombre and death-like hue to his bloodless countenance. He wore not the collegiate gown, but was habited in a dress of dark gray, seemingly of coarse texture, and much worn. He rose under evident embarrassment, and was not received with the same plaudits that encouraged his predecessors: for there was something so novel and unexpected in his appearance and dress that the spectators were struck with astonishment. He at length raised his brow to the gazing multitude, and a flush diffused itself over his

features as he essayed to speak. His voice at first was low and tremulous, and seemed to struggle in his breast for utterance, but soon swelled out into a fullness and sweetness of sound that rivaled the melody of a fine-toned organ. The commencement of his oration was beautiful; but it was the inanimate beauty of a statue. The nice and delicate management of the members were there—the harmony—the proportion—but life was wanting—that spirit which gives effect to the whole mass, and without which it is nothing. His gestures also were stiff and constrained—more like the involuntary motions of an *automaton*, than the light movements of animated existence. The true Promethean fire came down at length from heaven, and the statue was animated—it lived—it breathed, and all around felt the spell of its influence. His gestures were then the very impulse—the embodied essence of the grand sentiments that he uttered.

His eloquence was not of that kind which boasted of pre-eminence in any one species of excellence, it embraced in a harmonious whole all that is rarest and best of the different kinds happily blended into one, like the mingled colors that form the light of day; and as his subject was one which afforded scope for the display of versatility of talent, he charmed his audience at one time with the sweetness of his diction, again elevated them with the sublime, awed them with the grand and terrible, transported them with the beautiful creations of fancy, or amazed them with the opulence of his figures and the boldness of his imagery. There were no plaudits as he came to the periods and pauses of his oration, nor clapping of hands—no waving of scarfs—the body was passive, motionless, while the active mind, in all its intensity, caught every sentence—every word every breath that was uttered. Acquiring confidence as he proceeded, the spirit of his address infused itself into his person; from his eyes gleamed a supernatural brightness—a god-like beauty played around his lips, and the muscles of his slightly-fashioned limbs swelled out in full proportions, till it

might be supposed that the soul of the speaker had burst its barriers and was gliding around the form it had animated. The interest of his oration was not only maintained—it was increased—every succeeding clause riveted the attention more, and the professors and auditors sat with brows upraised in wonder and astonishment, and lips parted in attention the most painful and intense.

After he had held the minds of the assembly in a trance for nearly two hours, he drew to a close in all the transcendent power of his unrivaled eloquence—rushed from the stage and burst into tears. Intense interest had suspended their breathing—a loud inhalation followed his conclusion—there was a death-like stillness—the people sat motionless—spell-bound with admiration, and silently looking into each other's faces. A moment passed, and applause followed like the fall of an avalanche, which was redoubled again, and again, and again, till the very theatre seemed coming down beneath the thunder of their plaudits.

The provost arose and with his hand repressed the noise—a few words passed between the professors—the young Englishman and Irishman gave each a hand to the last speaker, and led him upon the stage, while the secretary rose from his seat, and read from a paper which he held in his hand. ‘To Arthur Browne, a young American some time a sizer of Trinity College, Dublin, the provost and professors award the gold medal for superior excellence in Elocution.’

As the young American stood supported by his two competitors, the provost put a chaplet of evergreens upon his head and attached to the breast of his coat the massive medal which he had so nobly won. There was something very interesting in seeing this representative of one country honored by the representatives of two others. The people knew not which to admire most, the talents of the young sizer, the generosity of his two rivals, or the candor of the judges who awarded the premium, and long and reiterated applause testified their satisfaction.

True genius is of no sex, nor age, nor country. Its brightness, like that of the sun is common to all—all feel its genial light and heat and acknowledge the spell of its influence. Numbers crowded around the young foreigner, and many and warm were the congratulations he received. One person, above all the rest, appeared gratified at the success of the young sizer. Notwithstanding the crowd was immense, and the burden of a young lady on his arm, he pressed to the place where he stood, as he wrung in fervent congratulation the hand of the youth, the tears, stood in his eyes. It was the amiable Monteith and his daughter. His heart was unutterably full as he witnessed the triumph of his former pro-

tegee—the noble-hearted son of his deceased friend. Angeline Monteith possessed nothing of the hauteur and moroseness of her brother, but all her father's cheerfulness and goodness of heart. She felt in the exercises of the day all that interest which they were calculated to excite in feelings naturally warm and enthusiastic. Years had passed since she had seen Arthur at Lauderdale, her father's seat, a lively and interesting youth. In the meantime she had attained to womanhood and the perfection of mental and corporeal graces. Her beauty and gracefulness made a very lively impression upon the heart of the young collegian, and his brilliant triumph awakened emotions in the breast of Angeline Monteith equally tender and intense.

Without money to prosecute the study of any profession, Arthur engaged himself as an usher in Trinity College, and during his leisure hours applied himself diligently to the study of law. While he was thus, through sedulous application, laying the foundation of future greatness, and advancing in the path of honor, young Monteith, who had entered the university with him, under circumstances that afforded every facility for distinguishing himself, was not only permitting the spring time of his life to glide away without improvement, but was giving loose reign to youthful appetites and passions, that would hurry him into inevitable ruin. Shortly after he lost his inestimable father and was thus left without control—a ship on the sea of life without a rudder, amid storms and tempest. At this time Arthur addressed to Morton an affectionate letter of condolence, indited in the kindest terms, making reference to the friendship of their departed parents and expressing a hope that the past might be forgotten and their former intercourse be renewed; but the churl, with feelings alike unsoftened by time or affliction, returned his letter in a blank envelope.

One grateful heart however appreciated the kind attention. Angeline was lively sensible of the respect which was shown to the memory of her deceased father, and felt emotions corresponding therewith for him who offered it. His increased salary enabled young Browne to accomplish a favorite object—the paying over to the university the full amount of board and professors' fees, during the time he had received the bounty of his sizership. He also transmitted to Morton Monteith as executor of his father's last will and testament, the sum total which his father had paid to the university on his account, with interest added, which was duly received and receipted for. He thus discharged what the losiness of mind would not let him consider in the light of a gratuity, but as a loan to be repaid with interest.

Lauderdale, the seat of the late Mr.

Monteith, was about twenty miles from Dublin. Morton divided his time between this residence and the metropolis, sharing with those, wild and dissolute like himself, the dissipation both of town and country. Angeline, who was thus either left to solitude, or thrown into company whose morals were but little suited to the refinement of female delicacy, left her paternal hall, and went to reside in Dublin with a maternal aunt. While here, she frequently saw the young American—admired the splendor of his genius—the nobleness of his mind, and was charmed with the liveliness of his fancy. Their tempers were congenial, their preference mutual—friendship ripened into affection, and they were married. In a prudential point of view it was not such a match as Angeline might have aspired to. Her property and station gave her claims to a husband more wealthy and elevated in life; but she preferred merit to riches, and domestic happiness to public splendor, for which she had a sufficient guarantee in his amiable and affectionate disposition. Morton was indignant at his sister's infamy, as he termed it, and wrote an insulting letter to Arthur, in which he informed him that not one pound of his father's money should pass as a dowry into the hands of a beggar. Arthur returned for reply, that his income was amply sufficient for the support of a family; that although he did not need the money which had been bequeathed to his wife, he knew the rapacity of the hand in which it was lodged, better than to permit it to remain long where it was; that he had never begged of him nor any one else; and that he doubted not the time would come, when pride would have its fall, and crime its punishment, and he be glad to solicit charity at the hands of those whom he had treated with unmerited contumely. A suit was forthwith instituted for the recovery of Angeline's fortune, and after all the obstacles had been thrown in the way which artifice and dishonesty could suggest, it was finally recovered.

Time passed on, and merit and application had their reward. Arthur Browne was a graduate at law, and besides his duties in college, exercised the vicar-generalship of Kildare, and practised in the courts as an eminent barrister, being retained as counsel in most of the principal cases. His good fortune increased. About this time the King's professor of Greek in Trinity College died, having bequeathed to him an immense fortune, and recommended him as a successor to the chair of his professorship. His request was complied with, as it was a selection which would have been made without such recommendation, and he was accordingly installed in his office with all due formality.

Shortly after this he was elected a director

of the bank of Ireland, also lecturer on civil law in the university; and to crown the whole, for his superior abilities and eloquence, he was elected representative of the university in the house of Commons, where his influence was exerted to protect the rights of the subject against the encroachments of power and oppression in a manner alike creditable to the head and the heart.

As we have been endeavoring to sketch out for our readers, something like a historical parallel, we shall stop to inquire what were the employments—what the standing of Morton, while his early associate advanced in reputation, reaping laurels from the distinction with which he filled so many important offices, and from the success with which he plead the cause of justice and freedom in the councils of his adopted country.

Pleasure was his only pursuit, sensual, degrading pleasure—the pleasure of the chase—the brothel—the revelry of the wine-cup, and the dark, damning pollution of the gambling-house. From this his standing may be inferred. His base conduct had alienated all the respect and affection inspired by the recollection of his father's worth rather than his own merit; and the only estimation in which he was held was that of a ‘good fellow,’ among the dissolute, whose sympathies he would enjoy, until his reckless dissipation and lavishness should squander his estate.

The syren song of luxury may for a time lull conscience to sleep, the fumes of vice obscure the light of truth, and the mind under the enchantment of sensuality, roll on in its darkling course of crime without reference to its pristine honor, or a consciousness of the destruction which it is rapidly approaching; but at length the song will cease to charm, the light of truth flash across the soul, like the midnight lightning, revealing its darkness; the spell of enchantment be broken, and awaking conscience in all the pungency of bitter yet unavailing regret; in retrospect the darkening ruins of hopes, property, honor, virtue, health, and fame, strewed along the sere and blighted path of passion.

Morton Monteith was alone, with countenance pale and thoughtful. He sat in the recess of a window, resting his arm upon the ledge, and supporting his forehead with his hand. Despair was legibly traced on every lineament, and ever and anon a groan issued from his inmost bosom. From the window at which he was sitting, the grounds of Lauderdale and greater part of the estate were visible. These were the scenes of his youth—his happy youth. All the tender associations of early life were awakened, and the idea of parting from them for ever was painfully afflicting—especially when crime had created the necessity. His eye fell upon

the distant vault that contained his parents' remains. It was surrounded by willows, and their long pendent branches seemed to curtain it, as a holy spot, from intrusion. His thoughts were with the mother of his infancy, and his indulgent father, and he felt how cruel it was to barter the soil which contained their bones, nay, the bones themselves, to an unfeeling stranger, abandoning them even to the sacrilegious plough. All their kindness—all his ingratitude—all his profligacy and unworthiness passed in dark array through his mind; his breast heaved and the large drops, like rain, rolled down his cheeks. Gaming and extravagance had reduced him to poverty, and he only waited to receive from his patrimony about to be sold, what might remain after foreclosing a mortgage which he had given upon it, before he would bid adieu for ever to the land of his nativity, and hasten to the continent, a fugitive from justice and the violated laws of his country. For some time previous, he had forged a note upon a merchant of Dublin, for a large amount, which was discounted in the bank, the time of which was about expiring; so that his detection was certain and inevitable. The following day Lauderdale with all its appurtenances was sold, and all that remained to its former opulent proprietor was a few pounds, with which he hastened to depart from a country endeared to him by so many ties, and hasten a self-exiled wanderer into an unknown land.

It was late in the evening of a day in Autumn that a cabriolet containing a gentleman and servant was seen whirling along in the road that leads to Dundalk, a sea-port on the Irish sea. A heavy trunk bound behind indicated that they were travelers, and the appearance of the horse, covered as he was with sweat and foam, gave some idea of the distance and rapidity of their journey. The servant held the reins, and as the whip smacked and the vehicle rolled along upon the level road, bore himself proudly, and seemed entirely taken up with the fine manner in which he discharged the duties of his important office; but his master appeared less at ease. A wild and haggard expression at times excited his pale and melancholy features, restlessness and anxiety appeared in his motions, he turned his eye back upon the road as if looking for some one, and chiding the driver for their slowness of speed, relapsed again into gloom. At length two horsemen appeared at a distance riding at full gallop. The gentleman in the cabriolet turned pale. He seized the reins in his hands, and applied the whip to the back and loins of the poor jaded horse, as if life itself depended upon his speed. The noble animal exerting all his powers darted forward, and the carriage proceeded with a velocity that far surpassed their former course. The

horsemen appeared to urge their coursers to redoubled swiftness—they were evidently in pursuit, and were gaining upon the cabriolet.

The suspense was awful. The sweat poured like rain from the sides and fetlocks of their horse, yet still the generous animal, urged by the driver's lash, and by the prickings of his master's knife in the back, hurried them along with accelerated velocity. The horsemen appeared to be gaining upon them every moment, and hope began to desert the two travelers as their animal faltered and Dundalk was still two miles distant. The darkness which now drew on favored them, and the cabriolet struck into a private way, while their pursuers following the main road were soon lost to view. The carriage soon stopped at one of the most obscure inns in Dundalk, but no sooner had the spirited animal reached the destined place, than he fell down in his harness dead. His owner shook his head—his forebodings were melancholy, and leaving his servant to take care of his baggage, rushed into the inn, and desired to be shown to bed.

Scarcely had he lain down when the landlord came into his room, and informed him that two gentlemen were below who wished to see him. He desired him to inform them that he would presently be down. He arose and dressed himself and examined the height of the room. A leap from the window would have endangered life, and there was no other way of escape. He was undecided what to do, when he heard the sound of feet approaching his chamber. As the door opened he sunk back exhausted into a chair, retaining sufficient consciousness to notice that two strangers entered the room, one of whom held in his hand a paper, the other a candle. Recovering himself a little he said to the men who had entered the room so unceremoniously, ‘I am your prisoner; you need not read your warrant; for God's sake do not injure me, I will go with you.’

‘ You need not fear injury at the hands of Arthur Browne, though you have merited it. In the distant wilds of America we first met, and injury and insult were the greeting you gave me. Nor was your treatment kinder while I was under the protection of your father at college; I was made to feel the obligation of every mouthful I ate. What has been your conduct since? Have you not aimed at lessening my influence and adding insult to insult? Yet, for the sake of your deceased father, and your inestimable sister, my wife, I freely forgive you all the injuries you have done me. The Giver of all good has prospered me beyond my most sanguine expectations. The ‘beggar’ has not yet expended a pound of your sister's dowry—principal or interest. Here is the deed of Lauderdale purchased with it—the note also

forged by you, which my connexion with the bank has enabled me to lift without the fraud becoming known, and I here tender you a check for the balance as cheerfully, as you surrendered it reluctantly. Return with us to the estate of your father, and the embraces of your sister, and profiting by the experience of the past, be guided by prudence and virtue for the future.'

The generous speaker ceased, and Morton Monteith and Arthur Browne were locked in each other's embraces.

In conclusion, I would remind my readers that the principal incidents here are real, and inculcate the divine command, 'Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them who despitefully use you and persecute you.'

TRAVELING SKETCHES.

From the New-York Mirror.

London.

An evening at Lady Blessington's—anecdotes of Moore, the poet—Taylor, the Pianist—politics—election of speaker—prices of books.

I AM obliged to 'gazette' Lady Blessington rather more than I should wish, and more than may seem delicate to those who do not know the central position she occupies in the circle of talent in London. Her soirees and dinner-parties, however, are literally the single and only assemblages of men of genius, without reference to party—the only attempt at a republic of letters in the world of this great, envious and gifted metropolis. The pictures of literary life, in which my countrymen would be most interested, therefore, are found within a very small compass, presuming them to prefer the brighter side of an eminent character, and presuming them, (is it a presumption?) not to possess that appetite for degrading the author to the man by an anatomy of his secret personal failings, which is lamentably common in England. Having premised thus much, I go on with my letter.

I drove to Lady Blessington's an evening or two since, with the usual certainty of finding her at home, as there was no opera, and the equal certainty of finding a circle of agreeable and eminent men about her. She met me with the information, that Moore was in town, and an invitation to dine with her whenever she should be able to prevail upon 'the little Bacchus' to give her a day. D'Israeli, the younger, was there, and Dr. Beattie, the king's physician, (and author, unacknowledged, of 'The Heliotrope,') and one or two fashionable young noblemen.

Moore was naturally the first topic. He had appeared at the opera the night before, after a year's ruralizing at 'Slopperton cottage,' as fresh and young and witty as he ever was known in his youth—(for Moore must be sixty at least,) Lady B. said the only

difference she could see in his appearance was the loss of his curls, which once justified singularly his title of Bacchus, flowing about his head in thin, glossy, elastic tendrils, unlike any other hair she had ever seen, and comparable to nothing but the rings of the vine. He is now quite bald, and the change is very striking. D'Israeli regretted that he should have been met, exactly on his return to London, with the savage but clever article in Fraser's Magazine on his plagiarisms. 'Give yourself no trouble about that,' said Lady B. 'for you may be sure he will never see it. Moore guards against the sight and knowledge of criticism as people take precautions against the plague. He reads few periodicals, and but one newspaper. If a letter comes to him from a suspicious quarter, he burns it unopened. If a friend mentions a criticism to him at the club, he never forgives him; and, so well is this understood among his friends, that he might live in London a year, and all the magazines might dissect him, and he would probably never hear of it. In the country he lives on the estate of Lord Lansdowne, his patron and best friend, with half a dozen other noblemen within a dinner-drive; and he passes his life in this exclusive circle, like a bee in amber, perfectly preserved from everything that could blow rudely upon him. He takes the world *en philosophie*, and is determined to descend to his grave perfectly ignorant if such things as critics exist.' Somebody said this was weak, and D'Israeli thought it was wise, and made a splendid defence of his opinion, as usual, and I agreed with D'Israeli. Moore deserves a medal, as the happiest author of his day, to possess the power.

A remark was made in rather a satirical tone upon Moore's worldliness and passion for rank. 'He was sure,' it was said, 'to have four or five invitations to dine on the same day, and he tormented himself with the idea that he had not accepted perhaps the most exclusive. He would get off from an engagement with a countess to dine with a marchioness, and from a marchioness to accept the later invitation of a duchess; and as he cared little for the society of men, and would sing and be delightful only for the applause of women, it mattered little whether one circle was more talented than another. Beauty was one of his passions, but rank and fashion were all the rest.' This rather left-handed portrait was confessed by all to be just. Lady B. herself making no comment upon it. She gave, as an offset, however, some particulars of Moore's difficulties from his West Indian appointment, which left a balance to his credit.

'Moore went to Jamaica with a profitable appointment. The climate disagreed with him, and he returned home, leaving the busi-

ness in the hands of a confidential clerk, who embezzled eight thousand pounds in the course of a few months and absconded. Moore's politics had made him obnoxious to the government, and he was called to account with unusual severity; while Theodore Hook, who had been recalled at this very time from some foreign appointment for a deficit of twenty thousand pounds in his accounts, was never molested, being of the ruling party. Moore's misfortune awakened a great sympathy among his friends. Lord Lansdowne was the first to offer his aid. He wrote to Moore, that for many years he had been in the habit of laying aside from his income eight thousand pounds, for the encouragement of the arts and literature, and that he should feel that it was well disposed of for that year if Moore would accept it, to free him from his difficulties. It was offered in the most delicate and noble manner, but Moore declined it. The members of 'White's' (mostly noblemen) called a meeting, and (not knowing the amount of the deficit) subscribed in one morning twenty-five thousand pounds, and wrote to the poet that they would cover the sum, whatever it might be. This was declined. Longman and Murray then offered to pay it, and wait for their remuneration from his works. He declined even this, and went to Passey with his family, where he economized and worked hard till it was canceled.'

This was certainly a story most creditable to the poet, and it was told with an eloquent enthusiasm that did the heart of the beautiful narrator infinite credit. I have given only the skeleton of it. Lady Blessington went on to mention another circumstance very honorable to Moore, of which I had never before heard. 'At one time two different counties of Ireland sent committees to him, to offer him a seat in parliament; and as, he depended on his writings for a subsistence, offering him at the same time twelve hundred pounds a year while he continued to represent them. Moore was deeply touched with it, and said no circumstance of his life had ever gratified him so much. He admitted that the honor they proposed him had been his most cherished ambition, but the necessity of receiving a pecuniary support at the same time was an insuperable obstacle. He could never enter parliament with his hands tied, and his opinions and speech fettered, as they would be irresistibly in such circumstances.' This does not sound like 'jump-up-and-kiss-me Tom Moore,' as the Irish ladies call him; but her ladyship vouched for the truth of it. It was worthy of an old Roman.

By what transition I know not, the conversation turned on Platonism, and D'Israeli, (who seemed to have remembered the shelf on which Vivian Grey was to find 'the latter Platonists' in his father's library, 'flared up,'

as a dandy would say, immediately. His wild, black eyes glistened, and his nervous lips quivered and poured out eloquence; and a German professor, who had entered late, and the Russian charge d'affaires, who had entered later, and a whole ottoman-full of noble exquisites, listened with wonder. He gave us an account of Taylor, almost the last of the celebrated Platonists, who worshiped Jupiter in a back parlor in London a few years ago with undoubted sincerity. He had an altar and a brazen figure of the Thunderer, and performed his devotions as regularly as the most pious *sacerdos* of the ancients. In his old age he was turned out of the lodgings he had occupied for a great number of years, and went to a friend in much distress to complain of the injustice. He had 'only attempted to worship his gods according to the dictates of his conscience.' 'Did you pay your bills?' asked the friend. 'Certainly.' 'Then what is the reason?' 'His landlady had taken offence at his sacrificing a bull to Jupiter in his back parlor!'

The story sounded very Vivian-Grey-ish, and everybody laughed at it as a very good invention; but D'Israeli quoted his father as his authority, and it may appear in the Curiosities of Literature—where, however, it will never be so well told as by the extraordinary creature from whom we had heard it.

February 22d, 1835.—The excitement in London about the choice of a speaker is something startling. It took place yesterday, and the party are thunderstruck at the non-election of Sir Manners Sutton. This is a terrible blow to them, for it was a defeat at the outset; and if they failed in a question where they had the immense personal popularity of the late speaker to assist them, what will they do on general questions? The house of commons was surrounded all day with an excited mob. Lady — told me last night that she drove down toward evening, to ascertain the result, (Sir C. M. Sutton is her brother-in-law,) and the crowd surrounded her carriage, recognizing her as the sister of the tory speaker, and threatened to tear the coronet from the pannels. 'We'll soon put an end to your coronets,' said a rascal in the mob. The tories were so confident of success that Sir Robert Peel gave out cards a week ago for a soiree to meet speaker Sutton, on the night of the election. There is a general report in town that the whigs will impeach the duke of Wellington! This looks like a revolution, does it not? It is very certain that the duke and Sir Robert Peel have advised the king to dissolve parliament again, if there is any difficulty in getting on with the government. The duke was dining with Lord Aberdeen

the other day, when some one at table ventured to wonder at his accepting a subordinate office in the cabinet he had himself formed. 'If I could serve his majesty better,' said the patrician soldier, 'I would ride as king's messenger to-morrow!' He certainly is a remarkable old fellow.

Perhaps, however literary news would interest you more. Bulwer is publishing in a volume his papers from the New Monthly. I met him an hour ago in Regent-street, looking, what is called in London, '*uncommon seedy!*' He is either the worst or the best dressed man in London, according to the time of day or night you see him. D'Israeli, the author of Vivian Grey, drives about in an open carriage, with Lady S——, looking more melancholy than usual. The absent baronet, whose place he fills, is about bringing an action against him, which will finish his career, unless he can coin the damages in his brain. Mrs. Hemans is dying of consumption in Ireland. I have been passing a week at a country house, where Miss Jane Porter, Miss Pardoe, and Count Krazinsky, (author of the Court of Sigismund,) are domiciled for the present. Miss Porter is quite one of her own heroines, grown old—a still handsome and noble wreck of beauty. Miss Pardoe is nineteen, fair-haired, sentimental, and has the smallest feet and is the best waltzer I ever saw, but she is not otherwise pretty. The Polish count is writing the life of his grandmother, whom I should think he strongly resembled in person.

He is an excellent fellow, for all that. I dined last week with Joanna Baillie, at Hampstead—the most charming old lady I ever saw. To-day I dine with Longman to meet Tom Moore, who is living *incog.* near this Nestor of publishers at Hampstead. Moore is sagging hard on his history of Ireland. I shall give you the particulars of all these things in my letters hereafter.

Poor Elia—my old favorite—is dead. I consider it one of the most fortunate things that ever happened to me to have seen him. I think I sent you in one of my letters an account of my breakfasting in company with Charles Lamb and his sister, ('Bridget Elia,') in the Temple. The exquisite papers on his life and letters in the Atheneum, are by Barry Cornwall.

Lady Blessington's new book makes a great noise. Living as she does twelve hours out of the twenty-four in the midst of the most brilliant and mind-exhausting circle in London, I only wonder how she found the time. Yet it was written in six weeks. Her novels sell for a hundred pounds more than any other author's, except Bulwer. Do you know the *real* prices paid now for books? Bulwer gets fifteen hundred pounds—Lady B. four hundred, Honorable Mrs. Nor-

ton two hundred and fifty, Lady Charlotte Bury two hundred, Grattan three hundred, and most others below this. Captain Marryatt's gross trash sells immensely about Wapping and Portsmouth, and brings him five or six hundred the book—but that can scarce be called literature. D'Israeli cannot sell a book *at all*, I hear! Is not that odd? I would give more for one of his novels than for forty of the common *saleable* things about town.

The authoress of the powerful book called Two Old Men's Tales, is an old Unitarian lady, a Mrs. Marsh. She declares she will never write another book. The other was a glorious one, though!

I had a letter from Fay yesterday, requesting me to engage lodgings for him in London—so I suppose he is coming over. He was well and in high force.

MISCELLANY

False Friendship.

A FRAGMENT.

'My dear friend, you are heartily welcome to town, (said a spruce dressed citizen, as he helped his country friend to alight from the stage) pray come home with me; I expect you will make my house your own while you stay in town; there is nothing in my power I will not do to make it agreeable to you. I have depended upon your company—my whole house is at your service.'

This overacted complaisance made me suspect his sincerity, or that he had some sinister point in view and I followed him home.

'I am greatly obliged to you, (said the country gentleman) the invitation you have given me is very acceptable; I have lost the estate I have been so long at law about, for want of sufficient evidence: and when I have paid the costs, I shall not have more than two hundred pounds left, with which I mean to purchase an annuity; therefore I shall make your house my home till I can settle my affairs.'

'It may be some time before you can settle your estate to your satisfaction,' replied the citizen, his features contracting into cold civility; and I expect a gentleman to take my first floor in about a week: I am very sorry I cannot accommodate you longer.'

'My dear Mr. Woollet!' cries the wife, hastily entering, 'I am vastly glad to see you.'

'Mr. Woollet has lost his lawsuit, my dear,' said the husband.

The smile of welcome instantly changed into a look of amazement; she had advanced to give him her hand; but, on his attempting to salute her, she withdrew her cheek, exclaiming, 'I am sorry for the disappointment;' and began to make the tea.

He drank two dishes of tea, and then asked his friend to lend him two guineas. He had it not in the house. Trade was very precarious; and again mentioned his expected lodger, and recommended a mean room to his friend, at half a crown per week, in an obscure lane in the city.

Oh! self interest! how dost thou deaden every virtue, lead to hypocrisy and vice, and make us what we should be ashamed to own, mean, avaricious, and unfeeling. Would I change the feeling heart for all the interested views this world affords? Oh no! Give me sensibility to feel another's woe, and I shall then feel as I ought, my own happiness.

'It is vexatious,' said Mr. Woollet, as he arose from breakfast, 'that I cannot stay here, as I have no ready money to procure a lodging.' No answer was made.

'Can't I have a room on your second floor, Mr. Saveall?'.

'Really, sir, they are all occupied.'

'I do not know what to do; I must beg you to lend me half a guinea till next week.'

'I cannot, upon my word, sir.'

Mr. Woollet summoned up a look of expressive contempt, and fixing his eyes upon his false friend, cried, 'He who can refuse a half guinea to my necessities, shall never share in my prosperity. Know, selfish man, I have gained my cause, and am at this moment master of eight thousand pounds per annum.' Then turning from them, hastily left the house.

I stood for a moment to view their confusion; they spoke not a word, but giving each other the keenest looks of reproach, separated in sullen silence.

A good Story.

A SCOTCH Major, who had been so successful as to fight several duels with repeated success, and who, on account of his extreme desire for quarreling, when a little intoxicated, and for his boasted courage, was detested and despised by his brother officers, came one evening into a large company. There happened to be present a Yankee, an officer in the same regiment, which was then stationed at Montreal. This Yankee related, among other things, the failure of a certain expedition, in which he had the misfortune to be wounded. That was because you were a rascally set of cowards observed the supercilious Major. You are a d——d liar, said the Yankee. The company started. The Scotchman looked down upon him with as much contempt as Goliath did upon David, and immediately asked, are you a man to meet me? Yes, replied the Yankee, at any time and where you please, only with this provision, that we fight without seconds. Well then, to-morrow morning at 5 o'clock. Agreed. The company present endeavored to dissuade

the Yankee, telling him the Major had every advantage where he had none, and that he had better compromise matters, or he would have cause to repent his rashness; but he still persisted. The next morning the Yankee repaired to the place somewhat before the appointed hour, armed with a large musket; shortly after the Major made his appearance with a brace of pistols and his sword. Before he had advanced far, the Yankee in an austere tone, bid him stop, or he would blow his brains out. Upon which the Major, struck with amazement at this unexpected stratagem, reluctantly obeyed, but expostulated with him upon the injustice of such an ungentlemanly proceeding. The Yankee was implacable, determined to punish him for the abuse he had received. Lay down your sword and pistol, says he, (still presenting his musket) and to the right about face! march! The poor Major was again under the necessity of obeying; and uttering a volley of curses against his stars, passively submitted. The Yankee then quietly took possession of his arms: It is base, it is cowardly, said the Major, thus to deprive me of all defence. No, replied his fellow combatant, I will deal honorably with you, there take my musket, throwing it to him, and defend yourself. He, quite incensed, seized the musket with a mixture of exultation and precipitate vengeance, and rushing forward, demanded his arms or he would blow him to h——l. Blow away said the Yankee. Provoked at such insolence, in a fit of phrenzy, he drew the trigger. But alas! the musket had not been charged. The glory of the braggadocio was so sullied, and his feelings so mortally wounded by this indignity, that he sold his commission in the regiment, and left the place.

Washington.

AT the period of Washington's Presidency, during which the government was located in Philadelphia, there was a watch maker named Stillas, who occupied the house at the west corner of Front and Chesnut streets, and kept one of the first regulators in the city. The President resided on the south corner of Market street, a few doors below Sixth, which was then quite at the west end of the town. The General used every now and then to take a walk down Market to Front street to Stillas' corner, to set his watch. Our informant who was then a boy, lived in the neighborhood of that corner, which was then as now, a stand for draymen, who were exceedingly noisy and turbulent. No sooner, however, did Washington approach than every man of them rose up, took off his hat, and stood uncovered in perfect silence, while the watch was getting set, which having completed, the General invariably took off his hat, and made

a respectful bow to the draymen, before proceeding on his walk, and leaving them all, no doubt, uttering in their hearts, 'there's a real gentleman for you.' It was his universal custom to return the salutation of every one that bowed to him, however humble in station, or whether white or black, on the principle that no one should be more polite than himself; and by a strict observance of that simple ceremony, he made a deep and lasting impression upon the people, without impairing in the slightest degree the claims to respect to which he was entitled from his station and his exalted virtues.

Consolation.

WHEN Gen. Green of R. I. was independent of all parties, he had a capital knack of soothing the disappointment of beaten candidates, and on such occasions used to tell a favorite story in a style of inimitable humor, which reconciled every body to the loss of office. We can give merely the outline. A field slave in the south, to whom meat is a rare blessing, one day found in his trap a plump rabbit. He took him out alive, held him under his arm: patted him, and began to speculate on his qualities. 'O how berry fat! the fattest I ebber did see! Let us see how I cook him. I roast him, no he be so fat lose all the grese. I fry him, Ay, he be so berry fat he fry himself; golly, how fat he be! No I wont fry him I stew him.' The thought of the savory stew made the negro forget himself and in spreading out the feast in his imagination, his arm relaxed, when off hopped the rabbit, and squatting at a goodly distance, he eyed his late owner with great composure. The negro knew there was an end to the matter, and summoning all his philosophy, he thus addressed the rabbit, shaking his fist at him all the time: 'You long-eared, white-whiskered, red-eyed son of a——, you no so berry fat after all noder!'—*Boat. Free Press.*

Dreaming Rich.

AN indolent scheming man, not a hundred miles from this place, lately applied to a rich capitalist for the loan of a considerable sum of money. He had a remarkable dream which had disclosed to him a scheme for making an immense fortune. All he wanted was the requisite sum to put the plan in execution; and this he wanted to borrow with the promise of a sure return and liberal interest. He was inquired of, what security he could give? 'O, there could be no doubt but that his plan would succeed and he was willing to give his note, and there could be no manner of risk in letting him have the money.' 'Young man,' said the capitalist 'I cannot furnish you the money on the terms you propose, but I will loan you something

without interest, which though generally freely proffered, if genuine, is of much value and is not gained without time and sacrifice; it is advice acquired by experience: 'When a young man myself, I often had golden dreams, but soon found them as evanescent and unsubstantial as the morning mist; and found that I could not grow rich in bed and asleep, but, that riches were to be acquired by industry, frugality, and being wide awake. If you desire to be rich, (which by the way, beyond a certain extent I would not recommend, for it is only piling a load of care and anxiety upon one's own back) it must ordinarily be accomplished by the manner and method I have stated:—the exceptions are so rare as hardly to be allowed in the computation of the human chances. Pursue then some stated business, and by industry, frugality and economy you may rationally expect to accumulate; and whatever is acquired in this way will possess solidity and durability; but do not indulge in the delusion of dreaming rich.—*Salem Obs.*

Charity.

AMONG the graces that adorn the christian character, that of charity has ever been deemed the brightest, the purest, the best. It is a gem of the first water; no cloud can obscure it—no rude hand sully its purity. Its sister graces dwindle away in its presence, and in the hour of expiring nature, it remains the only solitary companion of the departed one, that sustains unmoved the shock of death. Indeed, it may be termed in an eminent degree, the most distinguished characteristic of christianity, the Alpha and Omega of a religious truth. And when the lips of truth first uttered some of its first counsels, *charity* was the theme, the subject upon which was lavished divine eloquence. And wherever this heaven-born spirit has found its way, there it has diffused the breath of Paradise, shedding around the blessing of Providence, and proclaiming a jubilee to the sons and daughters of misfortune.

The Contest of the Eyes.

THE sparkling jet black eyes had long disputed the palm with those of blue. Graver subjects ne'er concerned the fair, for they now prepare to plead in open court. So to end this long rivalry of eyes, Venus was chosen to adjudge the prize. Each assumes her place in the solemn court and in turn pleads her cause with native eloquence citing from the ample code of cupid's laws as she unfolds her doubtful case. The graces sat, as fair reporters of the anxious suit, with looks mute and sedate. After the speeches had closed, a breathless pause succeeds, while Venus with a hasty glance surveys the haughty dames—ponders o'er the cumbrous

deeds and in the balance weighs their rival claims.—At length their referee, the graceful queen, thus mildly spoke her politic decree.

'In the festive hour *black eyes* *dazzle* most, but the gentle *blue* exert a *milder* power. *Black* eyes proudly vanquish and ravage at their will, but the soft *blue* still retain their conquest. The fickle *black* would range o'er a thousand hearts, *blue* are more tender and less prone to change: the *black* control my darts—the *blue* my flame: black picture wit, but *blue* can paint the soul.'

Anecdote of Richard III.

IN the town of Leicester, England, the house is still shown where Richard III passed the night before the battle of Bosworth; and there is a story of him, still preserved in the corporation records, which illustrates the caution and darkness of that prince's character. It was his custom to carry, among the baggage of his camp, a cumbersome wooden bed, which he pretended was the only bed he could sleep in. Here he contrived a secret receptacle for his treasure, which lay concealed under a weight of timber. After the fatal day on which Richard fell, the Earl of Richmond entered Leicester with his victorious troops; the friends of Richard were pillaged, but the bed was neglected by every plunderer, as useless lumber. The owner of the house afterwards discovering the hoard, became suddenly rich, without any visible cause. He bought lands, and at length arrived at the dignity of being mayor of Leicester. Many years afterwards, his widow, who had been left in great affluence, was murdered for her wealth by her servant maid, who had been privy to the affair; and at the trial of this woman and her accomplices the whole transaction came to light.

EDUCATION.—The manual labor system of education must eventually receive the support of the American people. A good physical education is the best part of the education of the son or daughter of an American. The dyspeptic student of the old school, and one who has received a good physical education, may be compared to two plants—one of which has been growing in the shade, and the other exposed to the invigorating and genial rays of the sun.

A NEVER-CHANGING FASHION.—There is one fashion, which, unlike most others, never changes. It is that of writing prefaces to books. A book seldom makes its appearance in the world, without having from one to a dozen of its pages appropriated to a preface. All prefaces, however, have their objects.—First—to tell the reader that there is a great vacuum in the literary world, which the book exactly fills; and, second, the advantages

that are likely to result to mankind from the circulation of said book. This latter is quite as necessary in some cases, as it was for the painter to write underneath the picture of a horse he had painted, the words, 'This is a Horse.' The fact would be quite as undiscoverable in the one case as in the other.

A HOAX.—The materials of the old frame house at James' slip, in which the man is said to have been murdered, was yesterday sold by the proprietor's agent for a few dollars, and the purchaser wishing to get it pulled down cheaply, raised a little riot, on his own account, and excited some seamen to pull down the house in order to avenge the death of poor Sheridan. The seamen, 'nothing loth' soon collected in a considerable number, tore the house to the ground, and then gave three cheers and made off lest the Police should catch them. The man who purchased it then carried off the materials, not a little pleased at having got so much work done for nothing.—*N. Y. Journal of Commerce.*

Letters Containing Remittances, Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

J. W. S. H. South Deerfield, Ms. \$3.00; J. S. Nunda Valley, N. Y. \$0.81; W. R. South Orange, Ms. \$0.87; P. M. Elmira, N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. Collins, N. Y. \$5.00; M. Sterling, Ms. \$2.00; M. L. Erieville, N. Y. \$1.00; E. Redhook, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. New Milford, Ct. \$1.00; P. M. Worthington, Ms. \$1.00; P. M. York, N. Y. \$2.00; C. B. P. Perry Center, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Nineveh, N. Y. \$2.00; W. D. S. Fluvanna, N. Y. \$5.00; S. P. South Dover, N. Y. \$3.00; J. B. W. Cohocton, N. Y. \$0.62; S. P. West Stockbridge, Ms. \$1.00; P. M. Wilmington, O. \$5.00; P. M. Brockets Bridge, N. Y. \$2.00; T. W. B. Vandeuvene, Ms. \$0.80; A. J. M. Cheshire, Ms. \$0.90; T. R. Darien Center, N. Y. \$1.00; S. B. East Hampton, Ms. \$1.00; S. M. W. Benton, N. Y. \$1.00; E. G. East Otis, Ms. \$1.00; G. E. P. Marathon, N. Y. \$1.00; M. R. V. D. West Beckel, Ms. \$1.00; P. M. Stokes, N. Y. \$1.00; L. D. S. Canandaigua, N. Y. \$0.81; F. M. H. Glastenbury, Ct. \$1.00; W. A. C. Monroe, Ct. \$5.00; R. K. G. Desmond, M. T. \$0.75; E. J. North Amherst, Ms. \$1.00; P. M. West Groton, N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. Philipseport, N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. Moriah, N. Y. \$2.00.

SUMMARY.

A RECEIPT FOR CURING CORNS.—Dip a small tuft of corn in laud or whale oil, apply it to the corn, and wrap a bandage round it, repeat this five, six or eight days, and the corn becomes soft, and is easily removed.

By the Mexican law if a person kill another in a duel he becomes responsible for the debts of the deceased. Probably no code of laws could have established a more equitable decision.

CURE FOR THE WHOOPING COUGH.—Take one fourth of a pint of sweet olive oil, the same quantity of common leeks—cut them fine, and simmer them moderately, two or three hours; and honey sufficient to make it palatable; half a table spoonful a portion for an adult. If taken four or five times it will, in a few days, remove this distressing disorder.

MARRIED,

In this city, on the 21st ult. by the Rev. Mr. Dana, of Marblehead, Mass. Mr. Richard P. Dana, of Boston, to Miss Juliette H. Starr, daughter of the late Ephraim Starr, Esq. of Albany.

At Ghent on the 9th ult. by the Rev. J. Berger, Mr. Adam Hemmery, to Miss Hannah Kisselbergh, both of that place.

At Chatham, on the 14th ult. by the same, Mr. Dennis S. Gushie, of Windham, Ct. to Miss Julia L. Hull, of Hardwick, Mass.

DIED,

In this city, on the 2d inst. Mr. Rodger W. Adsit, in the 58th year of his age.

On the 4th inst. John M. son of the Rev. William Whittaker, aged 8 weeks.

At Claverack, on the 17th ult. Mr. Joseph Poucher, aged 68 years and 4 months.

At Columbiaville, on the 18th ult. Elizabeth, wife of Samuel Smith, aged 60 years.

In Columbus, Mississippi, on the 13th of July, Francis Byron, infant son of P. B. Barker, formerly of Stockport.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

Mrs. Hemans.

BY E. H. CHAPLN.

PEAL forth a dirge, and chant your saddest hymn!
Aye, peal a dirge in sorrow and in weeping,
Let notes of grief blend with the requiem,
Like rush of winds o'er lonely waters sweeping.
Deep notes of grief, we mourn the hallowed dead,
The bonds of angel-intellect death-riven;
The pale clay left:—the star-like spirit fled
From its cold shrine, on wings of song to heaven.

Here was the power to stir the fount of woes,
Or light the heart-depths with her sunny gleamings;
Calling up bright-winged visions, such as those
That glide in beauty through our glorious dreamings.
Those spells have ceased. Hushed are the magic words.
We wait for them, but find no answering token.
Naught bat a tuneless lyre, with shattered chords,
And garlands in the dust untwined and broken!

Oh who will sing like her of household-bands?
Of fond affection's links where Love hath wreathed
them?
Of hearth and hall?—‘The lays of many lands?’
The songs of olden-time as Valor breathed them?
While through her chantings flows the glad blue stream,
By sacred fane and dark old elm-tree glancing;—
Or flashes forth, ‘mid victor-strains, the gleam
Of gorgeous banner-folds and white plumes dancing.

Discouraging woman's love, with woman's power,
Unwearied vigils by the sick-bed keeping,
Nerving e'en man's proud heart in trial's hour,
Watching by garaged hopes and bright brows sleeping,
Or bending, when life's feeble wings are furled,
The last pale mourner o'er the blighted blossom,
She knew, ‘in all this cold and hollow world,’
There is no love-fount like a mother's bosom!

Departed genius asks no laurel-wreath,
Though willing fingers often may entwine it;—
It wants not adulation's empty breath:
In its own works will memory enshrine it.
Should living hand assay her harp, ‘twould fail;
It needs the sun-light of her glance, ere waking,
Whose mortal form was but the shadowy veil
Through which earth-mingled sounds of heaven were
breaking.

We will not weep then, for she roams the land,
‘The better land,’ by death-blight never tainted
She treads a fairer shore, a brighter strand,
Than e'en her glorious fancy dreamed or painted.
For sake of worldly fame, to worldly ills,
And sin and wo, her pure heart had no clinging,
So, she hath gone where Heaven's eternal hills
With echoed strains from golden lyres are ringing.

Change is not there, and from the white-robed throng,
The palm-crowned and the radiant, nought can sever;
No notes of earth blend with her seraph song,
She wanders by the glad bright streams forever.
Yet peal a dirge, ‘tis for the hallowed dead,
The bonds of angel-intellect death-riven!—
But weep not, for the star-like spirit's fled,
From its cold shrine, on triumph wings to heaven!

For the Rural Repository.

Limes

Copied from an Album kept at Table Rock.

I STOOD upon Niagara's dizzy heights—
I gazed upon her fearful depths—
I listened to her wondrous melody
That never tires, but still rolls on
Deep echoing to the praise of God.

Fearfully, behind her flowing drapery,
Entranced I leaned! heard terrific sounds
Thundering around, while awe and reverence
Filled my soul, as thus I stood;
A yawning gulph below, slippery path beneath,
And the high frowning precipice quivering
In the upper air, bade me “beware,”
Nor linger near the curtain of the tomb.
God of all wondrous works thou art!
And I acknowledge thee!

From the Philadelphian.

The Bar Maid.

I SAW a lovely girl—it was at church—
Who knelt before her Maker in the beauty
Of maiden meekness. As she lifted up
Her calm blue eyes in confidence to heaven,
And her sweet lips were parted in low prayer;
I thought that never had been seen on earth
Such likeness unto angels. Presently
She approached the supper of the crucified,
With diffidence and in humility of step:
Revealing lowliness of heart. And there,
As she partook the symbols of His death,
With trembling, touched the blest memorials—
Her dark eyes swam with tears of penitence,
And holy hope, and joy that passeth words.
Woman, I said, though ever beautiful,
And every where attractive, unto me
Thou art truly lovely when devotion lends
Its halo to thy charms.

The Sabbath day

Again I saw her—‘twas the same—she stood
Beneath her father's roof. From the high altar
She had hastened to her home for other service.
It was a room unseemly to the sight,
Ranged round with cups and flasks, on which was seen
The name of Alcohol. The place was filled
With vulgar men. The thoughtless youth was there;
Just learning his sad lesson. Aged heads
Clustering and ripening for the grave were there:
And there the filthy debauchee. Strange oaths
And laughter rude I heard. The jest obscene
Went round: and some were reeling in their drink,
And she—yes, she that beauteous one, that sweet
Young blossom, stood amid that tainted crew,
As 'twere a pure bright spirit, suddenly
Brought in its skyey freshness to the damned.
She stood behind the bar:—her lily hand
Poured out the nauseous draught and mixed and reached
The poison to those outcasts. With a leer,
That withered up, methought, her virgin charms,
Those bad men gazed on her, and laughed and drank;
And still they drank, and still she filled the cup
And gave it them, and heard their brutal talk,
And song of Hell.

Her sire is counted one

Of the pillars of the church; he duly prays;
Gives alms, and deems himself a journeyer
To heaven; and he his daughter places there
A daily oblation, acceptable
Unto the Moloch Rum: and unrebuked,
For money offers up his innocent child,
And she, obedient thus is sacrificed.

W. B. T.

From the Christian Messenger.

We Loved.

We met, we loved. A sunset gleam was straying,
‘Mid the dim graves where, strangers, first we met,
And autumn winds upon their wild harps playing
And yellow leaves with tears of evening wet.
We met, we loved. Oh grief hath power to waken,
With its dark weeds, a tenderness which ne'er
Decays with Time, and we were all forsaken—
The last lone watchers o'er a household bier.

We loved, as orphan sisters, who have broken
Full oft the bread of bitterness and wo;
As isolated beings, who have spoken
A farewell to the world of pride and show.

We loved with that devotedness, which buries
All thoughts of others in Oblivion's sea—
With that endearing confidence which parries
The shafts of malice and adversity.

We loved. Through every season, one deep feeling,
One joy, one grief, one prayer, one pulse was ours;
Whether stern Winter's voice were o'er us pealing
Or gentle sunshine gilding April showers.
Night ever found us at God's altar bending;
Morn saw our hands, e'en as our hearts entwined
Our soaring spirits, as our voices, blending,
In that sweet union Earth can ne'er unbind

We loved. A tree of silken hair is lying
Within my hand, more precious than the light;
She too^t it from her angel-brow while dying,
And faintly smiled upon the token bright.
Oh blessed sister! when dark Earth releaseth
Her trusting heart, so long, so sternly proved,
Will not the eye, which kindred spirit seeketh,
Say in one deep and thrilling glance—we LOVED?

J. H. K.

Enigmas.

Why is the letter e like a tailor?—Because it makes cloths into clothes.

Why is a Locomotive Engine like the lading of a vessel? Because it makes a car-g-o.

HEALTH SECURED,

BY THE USE OF

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The Hygeian Medicine is composed of the purest vegetable substances in nature, without the least particle of mineral or mercurial matter, which is uncongenial, and therefore destructive to the human system, being admitted into his admixture. It purges the blood, gives tone and elasticity to the nerves, equalizes the circulation, and renews healthy action through the entire range of the system.

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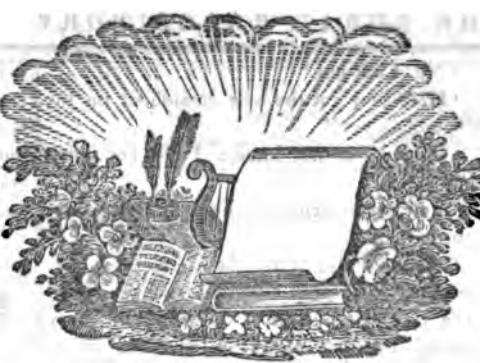
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VOL. XII.—[III. NEW SERIES.]

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1835.

NO. 6.

SELECT TALES.

From the Ladies Companion.

The Thunder Storm.

A TALE.

'WHAT a dreary spot!' exclaimed Edward Graham, as he gazed around him—'Nature, when she threw her spring robe over Vermont, seems to have forgotten this place.' But Graham was wrong—Nature had once rendered this forest as beautiful as any in that fertile state; but the hand of man had been there, and now a once extensive range of noble hemlock and pine trees, presented to the eye, melancholy groups of tall blackened trunks, leafless and branchless. It was in truth a dismal scene, and solitude and desolation dwelt around; here and there, indeed, a few wild flowers reared their brilliant heads from amid the universal gloom, like fire-flies in the darkness of night. The scene however, was diversified occasionally, by large tracts in which the trees, severed six feet from the ground, presented at a distance, the appearance of an army; the snow's depth in winter, not admitting the farmer to cut them closer.

The only beings our young traveler met with, in this lonely region, were a few hardy farmers employed in cutting logs, or driving their wagons of bark to the bark mills; and occasionally a drove of horses, destined for the markets of Albany, or perchance New-York. Anxious to quit so cheerless a scene, Edward urged his horse, and soon left it behind him. The view which now greeted him was beautiful in the extreme. The hill he had ascended was one of those which covered all that part of the state, over which nature had thrown a rich mantle of evergreen. Those patches of rusty red which marred the beauty of the green hills, indicated the spots where man, with the aid of fire, was clearing himself a place to gain a 'habitation and a name.' But the traces of man were not read only in destructive characters in this woodland retreat, for many a pretty village was seen peeping out from the green valleys,

which, with the glittering stream, rustic bridge, saw-mill, and church, formed a lovely and interesting point in the landscape; while with the Verd Mountains on one side, and a distant glimmer through the trees, of the blue waves of Champlain on the other, young Graham felt fully compensated for the dreary scene he had passed through.

As Edward gazed around, he was surprised at hearing, in this wild place, the music of gay and happy female voices near him. With the curiosity natural to one of his years, he left his gig, walked silently through the trees, and soon came to a large field, over which were groups of young girls, gathering strawberries. The fence which bounded this field, was formed of immense roots, laid side by side, and forming a screen, through which he gazed unseen. Near him was a group, in the midst of which sat a young girl, who, he learned from their conversation, had sprained her ankle, and the others were on the point, of returning for a conveyance to take her home. She was a lovely being; her fair complexion rendered apparent every delicate vein, and almost every feeling and emotion apparent. Her hair was of a fine glossy golden hue, and her expressive eyes bright grey. The dress of this young Vermonter was very simple, consisting of a calico frock, straw hat, and white muslin cape. Whether he was in an uncommon romantic mood, or that the interesting situation in which he beheld her, threw such an inexpressible charm over her, our hero could not decide, but he certainly felt he had now seen the fairest of her kind.

'Ah!' he said to himself, 'could it but be my fate to retire from the world, in one of these rustic cottages, with one so pure and fair, then indeed I might hope to be again virtuous and happy. But no,' he added with a sigh, 'such happiness must never be for one of my profession. I must ever be a restless, wretched wanderer, living on the applause of a changeful public. Peace and rest are not for me.'

Edward was aroused from these reflections, by a singular noise near him. He

looked around for some time in vain, but at length espied a large rattlesnake, within a few feet of the fair object of his thoughts. The reptile's tail stood erect, quivering with extreme velocity, preparing to spring on the unconscious girl. There was not a moment to be lost: Edward dashed through the fence, and seizing the young girl, bore her from her perilous situation some distance. Her companions started up, and stood looking on in terror and amazement, huddled together, unable to comprehend the scene; like a group of frightened deer they looked round timidly and fearfully, as if uncertain whether to separate and fly, or remain together. Edward, however, soon reassured them; but when they learned there was a rattlesnake near, with one movement they all gathered up their baskets, bounded over the fence, and gained the road. Edward had the pleasure of assisting his golden-haired beauty, as she could not step on her injured foot without pain. When she had rejoined her companions, she thanked Edward with much grace and sweetness, for the service he had done her, and bade him good morning.

'No, no,' said Edward, 'my services are not over yet—you are too lame to walk, and I will bring my gig round and take you home.'

He ran off without awaiting her answer, and while he was gone, the young girls held a consultation whether she had better accept the offer; but, as her lameness was too great to allow her to walk, and her fears of the snake would not let her remain in peace, she allowed herself to be handed into the gig. After a drive of a mile, they arrived at her home: it was a smart two story wooden house, painted white, with a red roof, and green window-shutters. There was a pretty porch in front, covered with honey-suckle and sweet-briar, while lilacs and white roses bloomed around. They stopped at the rail fence which bounded the field in front and a little boy ran down from the house, let down the bars, and Edward drove through; while the horses and colts which ran loose about the premises, came frisking up to greet the

new comer. The dashing gig, with its glittering brass harness, whirled up to the door : an old farmer came out, pulled up his collar, turned down the cuffs of his coat, and prepared to hand out the lady. ‘ Lawful heart?’ he exclaimed, when he beheld his daughter at once, ‘ is this you Elizabeth? Why, as sure as a gun, I thought it was some grand lady, driving up in such style. But how in the name of sense did you get in that gig?’

Elizabeth in a few words gave her father and the group collected round him, an account of her accident, and her rescue from the rattlesnake.

‘ By gum!’ exclaimed her father, ‘ that was a narrow escape. I am sure I am much obliged to you, sir; you have done my gal a real service, and I hope me and mine will always be grateful for it. But come in. Josiah take the gentleman’s horse.’

‘ No, I thank you,’ said Edward, ‘ I am going to the village.’

‘ Why, what makes you in such a hurry, young man? Can’t you stop a bit? you haven’t been to dinner, have you?’

‘ No.’

‘ Well, then, you sha’n’t stir a step,’ said the farmer, with true Vermont hospitality ; ‘ it is pretty nigh to one o’clock, and I reckon you will find them all done dinner at the village. We should have finished ours long ago, had we not waited for Lizzy, here.’ He beckoned to a little urchin, with hair bleached white by the sun and wind, who stood gaping at the group, and he, on a sign from his father, sprang with glee into the gig, and drove it up to the barn. The whole party soon after entered the house, and seated themselves around the table. Besides Elizabeth and her father there were her two brothers, and her mother. Mrs. Chapman was a good looking woman—her sharp nose, bright eyes, and the quick look she threw around the room, proclaimed her to young Graham a notable housewife, who took care of her goods and chattels, advised her husband, and scolded her children.

‘ We can’t give you any notions, such as you get in the great cities,’ said Mr. Chapman, ‘ but here’s some veal of my own raising, and as nice a piece of pork as you will see in the states, I warrant you. It is my own curing. Give me such a piece of pork as that,’ he added, patting it with a knife, with the air of a connoisseur, ‘ and a few greens, and I don’t care for any thing else, all the year round.’

‘ Indeed it is very superior,’ said Edward. ‘ I have not seen any thing like it in my travels.’

‘ You come from the south, it’s likely,’ inquired Mr. Chapman.

‘ Yes,’ was the answer.

‘ Are you from Albany?’

‘ No, I am not.’

‘ Have they got the new steamboat on the Champlain yet?’

‘ Indeed I do not know: I did not come that way.’

‘ You came across the country from Boston, perhaps?’

Graham, amused by their questions, determined to be very laconic; but seeing all eyes turned on him at the close of every inquiry, in great anxiety to discover where he came from, he concluded to take compassion on their curiosity, and answered, ‘ I came from New-York, and passed through Bennington, to this place.’

‘ Not on a journey of pleasure to these wild parts, I guess.’

‘ You are right—although I do not know a finer country to travel through: but I came on business, to look at some lands which Mr. Gardiner, of New-York, is about to purchase. They lie somewhere near this next village. I have a letter to a Mr. Peabody; do you know such a person?’

‘ Oh yes, very well. It is our old deacon, I reckon. He lives in the town, just opposite Col. Bennet’s tavern. Some of my folks will go with you to direct you. I would go myself, but I am considerable busy, just now.’

‘ It is of no consequence,’ said Graham; ‘ I have no doubt I shall find it myself.’

Elizabeth now placed two pieces of pie on each one’s plate, one of currant and one of cherry, which Edward tasted with much pleasure, coming from such fair hands, in spite of the old lady’s ejaculation, that the crust was as hard as Pharaoh’s heart. A pitcher of cider, and a plate of sage cheese, from their own dairy, completed the repast. Fearful of detaining the family from the field, Graham arose and asked for his gig. They all shook hands with him at parting, urging him to ride over often, and take ‘ pot luck’ with them. He declined the offer of company, and drove off to B——. The tavern was easily distinguished by the immense swinging sign, portraying the head of Washington. The door stood open, but in vain Graham knocked and thumped; no one came. He then hallooed loudly, and a boy ran to him from a cornfield next the house. ‘ There’s no one at home,’ he said; ‘ we’re all in the field hoeing, but daddy sent me to see what you wanted.’

‘ What I want! a pretty question, truly! What do you think I want, when I drive up to a tavern. Put up my horse immediately, and then send your father here to see what I want. Why do you not unharness him?—What are you gaping at, you little rascal?’

‘ I’m no rascal, sir,’ said the boy quietly, and putting one hand to the top of the fence, he sprung over, and was soon hard at work again.

Incensed beyond measure, Edward advanced to the fence, where there were many at work, and called loudly. No one answered, nor did they even raise their heads, but continued quietly hoeing, as if they heard him not. ‘ What a set of damned uncivil villains you are,’ he exclaimed, his wrath raised to a great pitch.

A voice beside him said, in a calm tone— ‘ My good sir, this is not the way to get a favor from freeman: we put up with no abuse from strangers here.’

Edward was at once cooled down by this speech. He had lived so much among people who are used to indulge in such language to those whom they consider beneath them, that he had forgotten he must use other means to obtain the services of these proud freeman. He turned around, and beheld beside him a tall, stern-looking man, clad in homespun clothes, and wearing a large black broad-brimmed hat.

‘ I believe I have been too hasty,’ said Graham, ‘ But would it not provoke the patience of a saint, to have one’s horse driven from five o’clock in the morning, and not be able to get any one to put him up?’

‘ They will readily serve you,’ said the stranger, ‘ if you will request them in a civil way.’

‘ Request them!’ replied Edward, with a sneer; ‘ But I have forgotten, I must in this country think it a favor to be attended, even in a tavern.’

‘ In this case it is a favor. Col. Bennet, the owner of this house, is quite a rich and independent man. Half the village belongs to him, and he keeps tavern principally to oblige those who pass through the town, and the committees, town-meetings, etc. There is not traveling enough to support a man who has no other profession, and now that Col. Bennet has offered his house for the purpose, his sons think they are obliging those they serve. They are likely lads, and never refuse to do any thing for civil folks.’

‘ Well, well!’ said Edward impatiently, ‘ I stand corrected. Have the goodness, sir, to present my humble compliments to the most worshipful Colonel, and ask him if he will be so extremely condescending as to permit one of his august sons to give my horse some oats.’

The stranger smiled, shrugged his shoulders, advanced to the fence, and soon arranged all to their satisfaction. Col. Bennet, who was hoeing in his shirt sleeves, now took up his waistcoat and coat, wiped the perspiration from his brow, and came forward, followed by the boy. ‘ Good day, Colonel,’ said Edward, holding out his hand, ‘ I am a stranger here, and wish to remain a few days. Can you accommodate me in your house?’

‘ Why yes,’ said Colonel Bennet, frankly

shaking hands with him, 'I rather guess I can.'

'Thank you, sir; I have two more favors to ask. Will you be so good as to let my horse be taken care of, and then direct me to one Deacon Peabody, who lives in this village, I think.'

'Why, I reckon that won't give me much trouble,' said the military Boniface, with a grin, 'for he's standing along side of you.' Edward shook hands smilingly with the deacon, and soon produced his letters. Deacon Peabody requested Graham to step over and take a social dish of tea with his family; so bidding adieu to Colonel Bennet, they crossed the road to the deacon's house.

Recompense Peabody was the tenth son of a Connecticut farmer. As they grew up, these lads were smitten with a spirit of emigration, and nearly all left the parental roof for a larger field of labor. Recompense wandered to Vermont, and hired himself out to clear lands, hew logs, or occasionally to work at the sawmills. He made a small sum this way, and was soon able to buy a few acres of wild land for himself. Here he built a log cabin, and set up a potash establishment. Being very industrious, economical, and enterprising, he soon realized a small fortune, and was looked up to by all, as one of the great men of the town which rapidly grew up around him. In course of time he became smitten with the charms of the minister's daughter, married her, and soon after arrived at the honors of a deaconship. His family soon became too large for his small cottage, and he determined to build one which would eclipse all in town, and do honor to his taste and wealth. This was the house which our traveler was now approaching. It was a double wooden house, painted white; over the door was a tasteful fan sash, which with the sidelights, were lined with bright colored house-paper. Curtains of the same, hung before each window, which gave the house quite a dashing appearance, and excited the admiration of all who passed through B—.

Alas! the deacon's funds came to an end before his lordly mansion was quite finished; for the good man's ideas were so vast that he made the house too large, and thus expended all that had been appropriated to building the whole. Accordingly, there were many things left unfinished until money should be more plenty. The most conspicuous defalcation occurred at the entrance of the house, for the flashing doorway was without porch or steps, and the family were obliged to enter and leave the mansion on a board. Some of the rooms were unfurnished, but they could be well spared notwithstanding the deacon's large family. The front parlor, into which Edward was shown, looked very comfortable and neat. There was a gay ingrain carpet on the floor—

chairs highly gilded, each exhibiting on the back landscapes of the country—a looking-glass, part of which was painted to represent a shepherdess and sheep—dimity curtains with deep netting and fringe: the mahogany side-board and table shone like silver, while on the former figured a row of bright tumblers and pitchers, gaudy with blue and red gilding, and on the latter reposed the family bible, covered with canvas, worked by the fair hands of the deacon's mother-in-law. The deacon, as he ushered in his guest, looked around him with an air of satisfaction, for his parlor was furnished as well as any in the town; besides it was the fruit of his own labor, and he might be pardoned for a slight degree of pride on the subject.

Graham sat talking with the deacon until five o'clock, when the daughter of his host entered to say that tea was on the table. Edward was conducted into a back room, which was furnished very much as the one he had left, except that the carpet was no foreign importation; it was spun, colored, and woven by the mistress of the mansion. This lady was occupied pouring tea when they entered, but arose to give Edward a kind, although rather a grave welcome. Her daughters and sons were around her, but so very reserved that Edward, after several attempts, gave up all thoughts of conversation, except with the father. Their gravity did not arise, however, from pride, or any inhospitable feeling, as they were all very anxious to help him to the good things around him, and loaded his plate with strawberries and cream, with cucumbers, pies, cake, and rye bread.

Mahitable, the eldest daughter, was a rosy-cheeked girl, and the only one of the race who seemed to know what it was to smile. The risibility of the whole family appeared centered in her. She was always full of merriment. Her mouth was puckered up, as if to retain her *gaiete de cœur*, and at the first humorous speech or ludicrous incident, she burst out with laughter. The grave deacon was constantly restraining her mirth, but the words—'Mahitable, my dear! don't be so noisy, child!' had been ejaculated eighteen years in vain: she was the same light-hearted, boisterous girl as ever. After tea the deacon pronounced a long and elaborate grace, and soon after, Edward took his departure.

In this place young Graham remained many weeks. His business was all arranged to his satisfaction, yet still he lingered. To him, who had been a rover in all quarters of the world, and lived in the artificial circles of cities, there was a charm in the quiet manners and simple habits of the inhabitants of these green valleys, which brought a soothing peace to his heart, to which it had long been a stranger; and he deferred his departure from day to day, dreading more and more to

return to his former home and associates. But would Edward search to the bottom of his heart, there was another reason for his protracted stay—one which he dared not confess to himself. The lovely and gentle Elizabeth had woven a chain around him which he found it now difficult to break. In all their little excursions he was sure to be with her, and the pleasure she found in his society was one charm which bound him to her. Edward was so superior, she thought, to all around her—and then, he drove her out in such a pretty gig, and talked so amusingly of the gaieties and wonders of the southern cities, that poor Elizabeth soon found herself wishing fortune had cast her lot in such happy places, and given her such a companion.

One morning, Edward asked Mahitable if she would go out with him, and take tea at Mrs. Chapman's. Mahitable smoothed her jolly face down to a solemn length, and said—' You surely forget, this is Saturday.'

'Oh true—I did not remember your Sunday begins on Saturday evening; but will you go to-morrow?'

'Oh, willingly, as Lizzy has just sent for us all, and for you. She expects a little party.'

The next morning, Edward accepted a seat in the deacon's wagon, and they drove to church. When there, he looked anxiously around for the Chapmans' wagon, and soon espied it with its empty row of rush-bottomed chairs, fastened, with many others, under a large tree. He entered the meeting house, and was soon in his favorite seat, where he might have a view of the choristers, among whom Elizabeth always sat. After the prayer, singing commenced; Elizabeth stood up with the others, but accidentally encountering the admiring gaze of Graham, the blood rushed over her fair face—her voice faltered—and after vainly endeavoring to rally, she sat down in confusion, and the singing went on without her.

'What can this agitation mean?' said Edward, mentally. 'I have often observed it lately. Can I have obtained an interest in the heart of this sweet girl? Oh! if it might be possible, then indeed I could hope for happiness. But no!—her parents would never consent to give her to an *actor*—one who belongs, as they say, to the devil's house. And can I deceive her? no, no! I must fly from her ere it be too late. I must return to my usual haunts, and continue on my wretched career alone.' The service ended, and all left the meeting house to employ the intervening half hour in strolling or eating. Edward remained behind, in his seat, plunged in gloomy reflections. From these he was soon aroused by Mahitable, who came to say her mother was quite unwell, and they were going home with her in their wagon, but that the Chapman family would take him home,

'No, no,' he answered, 'I can't! Take me with you.'

'Why, what on 'arth's the matter?' said Mahitable; 'why must you go? Oh, now I see; I guess you are afraid of getting no dinner: but Mrs. Chapman has brought a great pot-pie, and lots of gingerbread, and told me to send you to eat with them. Poor thing! it's no wonder you are so set on going, when you are so hungry.' Mahitable, laughing heartily, dragged him to the door, and in spite of his remonstrances, and her father's solemn 'Mahitable! my dear!' she succeeded in leading him to the great tree under which the Chapmans were taking their luncheon.

'Well, it's my fate, I see,' thought Graham; and with this salvo to his conscience, he soon found himself strolling among the grave stones, with Elizabeth on his arm. 'What an interesting sight it is,' he observed, 'to see so many pious worshipers sitting together under the trees, enjoying their frugal meal. It reminds me of a party of pilgrims, who have come from afar, to visit the shrine of some favorite saint.'

'There is a great difference,' said Elizabeth, 'between our plain meeting house, with its pine pulpit and seats, and those splendid temples we read of. And the dresses also—what contrast between the loose flowing robes of the pilgrims and the homespun coats of our people. The dissimilarity of the two faiths is as great. The one, all simplicity and purity—the other, gorgeous magnificence. The one, worshipping God alone—the other bending the knee to man.'

Edward smiled at the little puritan, as he called her, but the bell now summoned them all to the meeting, where a short and simple service closed the devotions of the day. Chairs, wagons and horses now received their burdens, and every one took his way to his rural home. When they arrived at the deacon's house, Edward found Mahitable expecting him; and leaving Mr. Chapman's wagon, he assisted her and her sister into her father's old rattling chaise, and followed after as their driver. When they arrived, the house presented quite an animated appearance. Young people were strolling about, or swinging under the apple trees, while on the porch sat the old ladies, knitting; for the sun was down and the Sabbath ended. On the steps, or under the trees, were groups of elders, 'whose talk was of ploughs and oxen,' and whose thoughts were divided between the sermon they had heard, and the waving fields of grain over which their eyes wandered. Elizabeth never looked so lovely to Edward as on this evening. Her dress was simple white, and a few wild scarlet columbines were tastefully placed in her hair. Never did poor Edward feel himself so much in love, and he determined to do his best to win her. They

were all summoned to tea, and were agreeably surprised, to find a long table arranged on a smooth grassy spot, behind the house. The table was spread with the abundance of a wealthy Vermont farmer—tea and coffee, cakes, pies, piles of smoking Indian corn, baked-pears, stemmed-cherries, etc. During tea, the deacon observed, 'I never see our young folks assemble together, without regretting the absence of Theodore Howard. Does any one know when he is expected? No one knew. Leonidas Bennet leaned behind Edward, and whispered to Mahitable, 'ask Elizabeth, I calculate she knows.'

'No, no,' said Mahitable, 'she will not like it.'

The deacon, however, was not so considerate, his mouth was drawn aside with a demure smile, and looking across to Elizabeth he said, 'There is one here, who could tell, I am sure, Lizzy can inform us if she chooses.' Elizabeth's neck and face were flushed with crimson, but raising her eyes, she caught Edward's eager inquiring glance, the blood rushed back again to her heart and left her deadly pale. Nods and winks went round the table, and all seemed full of merry fancies except Edward.

'Who was Theodore? what relation did he stand in to Elizabeth?' He had before observed her agitated when his name was mentioned, and now he sat silent and miserable and doubting. After tea, he in vain endeavored to engage the attention of Elizabeth. She was grave, nay sad, and evidently avoided him. When Mahitable proposed to depart, Edward joyfully agreed, as he was anxious to have the doubts which troubled him cleared away, and as soon as they were seated in the chaise he asked Mahitable who 'Theodore Howard was?

'He is the son of the widow Howard, who lives in that small red house at the foot of the hill.'

'Well but where is he—what kind of a young man was he—tell me all about him.'

'Mercy to me! how your tongue runs, I declare it goes like a saw-mill. Theodore has been at Harvard college many years, but has now gone to the South where he has been offered a professorship in college, but I think he is to be home in the fall to be married.'

'To whom is he to be married,' said Edward almost gasping for breath.—

'Dear me how you drive—you'll be off the bridge in the creek if you do not mind!—'

'He'll be married to Elizabeth Chapman to be sure.'

The start Edward made almost drew the horse on his haunches. 'To Elizabeth,' he said in a low hoarse tone.

'Why ja! yes. They have been engaged these four years, didn't you know it?'

'Know it—how should I. No one ever did me the kindness to tell me.'

'You must have seen my deep devotion to her, then why did you not act the friend's part ere it was too late. And she too—ha!' he exclaimed giving the horse a cut which sent the old chaise skipping over the ruts. 'She knew I loved her, and she never told me. It is plain, she loves me, and Theodore is forgotten. Then what to me is this engagement. Had I known it, I would have acted differently, but now, let those be to blame who saw me approach the danger, without one friendly warning.'

[Concluded in our next.]

TRAVELING SKETCHES.

From the New-York Mirror.

London.

The poet Moore—last days of Sir Walter Scott—Moore's opinion of O'Connell—Anacreon at the piano—death of Byron—a suppressed anecdote—poem by the author of Speculation.

I CALLED ON MOORE with a letter of introduction, and met him at the door of his lodgings. I knew him instantly from the pictures I had seen of him, but was surprised at the diminutiveness of his person. He is much below the middle size, and with his white hat and long chocolate frock-coat, was far from prepossessing in his appearance. With this material disadvantage, however, his address is gentlemanlike to a very marked degree, and I should think no one could see Moore without conceiving a strong liking for him. As I was to meet him at dinner, I did not detain him. In the moment's conversation that passed, he inquired very particularly after Washington Irving, expressing for him the warmest friendship, and asked what Cooper was doing.

I was at Lady Blessington's at eight. Moore had not arrived, but the other persons of the party—a Russian count, who spoke all the languages of Europe as well as his own; a Rowan bunker, whose dynasty is more powerful than the pope's; a clever English nobleman, and the 'observed of all observers,' Count D'Orsay, stood in the window upon the park, killing, as they might, the melancholy twilight half hour preceding dinner.

'Mr. Moore!' cried the footman at the bottom of the staircase. 'Mr. Moore!' cried the footman at the top. And with his glass at his eye, stumbling over an ottoman between his near-sightedness and the darkness of the room, enter the poet. Half a glance tells you that he is at home on a carpet. Sliding his little feet up to Lady Blessington, (of whom he was a lover when she was sixteen, and to whom some of the sweetest of his songs were written,) he made his compliments, with a gaiety and an ease combined with a kind of worshiping deference that was worthy of a prime-minister at the court of love. With the gentlemen, all

of whom he knew, he had the frank, merry manner of a confident favorite, and he was greeted like one. He went from one to the other, straining back his head to look up at them. (for, singularly enough, every gentleman in the room was six feet high and upward,) and to every one he said something which, from any one else, would have seemed peculiarly felicitous, but which fell from his lips as if his breath was not more spontaneous.

Dinner was announced, the Russian handed down 'mildi,' and I found myself seated opposite Moore, with a blaze of light on his Bacchus head, and the mirrors with which the superb octagonal room is panned reflecting every motion. To see him only at table, you would think him not a small man. His principal length is in his body, and his head and shoulders are those of a much larger person. Consequently he sits tall, and with the peculiar erectness of head and neck, his diminutiveness disappears.

The soup vanished in the busy silence that became it, and as the courses commenced their procession, Lady Blessington led the conversation with the brilliancy and ease for which she is remarkable over all the women of her time. She had received from Sir William Gell, at Naples, the manuscript of a volume upon the last days of Sir Walter Scott. It was a melancholy chronicle of imbecility and the book was suppressed, but there were two or three circumstances narrated in its pages which were interesting. Soon after his arrival at Naples, Sir Walter went with his physician and one or two friends to the great museum. It happened that on the same day a large collection of students and Italian literati were assembled, in one of the rooms, to discuss some newly discovered manuscripts. It was soon known that the 'Wizard of the North' was there, and a deputation was sent immediately to request him to honor them by presiding at session. At this time Scott was a wreck, with a memory that retained nothing for a moment, and limbs almost as helpless as an infant's. He was dragging about among the relics of Pompeii, taking no interest in any thing he saw, when their request was made known to him through his physician. 'No, no,' said he, 'I know nothing of their lingo. Tell them I am not well enough to come.' He loitered on, and in about half an hour after, he turned to Dr. H. and said, 'who was that you said wanted to see me?' The doctor explained. 'I'll go,' said he, 'they shall see me if they wish it;' and against the advice of his friends, who feared it would be too much for his strength, he mounted the staircase, and made his appearance at the door. A burst of enthusiastic cheer welcomed him on the threshold, and forming in two lines, many of them on their knees, they

seized his hands as he passed, kissed them, thanked him in their passionate language for the delight with which he had filled the world, and placed him in the chair with the most fervent expressions of gratitude for his condescension. The discussion went on, but not understanding a syllable of the language, Scott was soon wearied, and his friends observing it, pleaded the state of his health as an apology and he rose to take his leave. These enthusiastic children of the south crowded once more around him, and with exclamations of affection and even tears, kissed his hands once more, assisted his tottering steps, and sent after him a confused murmur of blessings as the door closed on his retiring form. It is described by the writer as the most affecting scene he had ever witnessed.

Some other remarks were made upon Scott, but the *parole* was soon yielded to Moore, who gave us an account of a visit he made to Abbotsford when its illustrious owner was in his pride and prime. 'Scott,' he said, 'was the most manly and natural character in the world. You felt when with him, that he was the soul of truth and heartiness. His hospitality was as simple and open as the day, and he lived freely himself, and expected his guests to do so. I remember his giving us whiskey at dinner, and Lady Scott met my look of surprise with the assurance that Sir Walter seldom dined without it. He never ate or drank to excess, but he had no system, his constitution was herculean, and he denied himself nothing. I went once from a dinner-party with Sir Thomas Lawrence to meet Scott at Lockhart's. We had hardly entered the room when we were set down to a hot supper of roast chickens, salmon, punch, etc. etc. and Sir Walter ate immensely of every thing. What a contrast between this and the last time I saw him in London! He had come down to embark for Italy—broken quite down in mind and body. He gave Mrs. Moore a book, and I asked him if he would make it more valuable by writing in it. He thought I meant that he should write some verses, and said, 'oh I never write poetry now.' I asked him to write only his own name and hers, and he attempted it, but it was quite illegible.'

Some one remarked that Scott's life of Napoleon was a failure.

'I think little of it,' said Moore; 'but after all, it was an embarrassing task, and Scott did what a wise man would do—made as much of his subject as was politic and necessary, and no more.'

'It will not live,' said some one else; 'as much because it is a bad book, as because it is the life of an individual.'

'But what an individual!' Moore replied.

'Voltaire's life of Charles the twelfth was the life of an individual, yet that will live and be read as long as there is a book in the world, and what was he to Napoleon?'

O'Connell was mentioned.

'He is a powerful creature,' said Moore, 'but his eloquence has done great harm both to England and Ireland. There is nothing so powerful as oratory. The faculty of "thinking on his legs," is a tremendous engine in the hands of any man. There is an undue admiration for this faculty, and a sway permitted to it, which was always more dangerous to a country than anything else. Lord Althorp is a wonderful instance of what a man may do without talking. There is a general confidence in him—a universal belief in his honesty, which serves him instead. Peel is a fine speaker, but, admirable as he had been as an oppositionist, he failed when he came to lead the house. O'Connell would be irresistible were it not for the two blots on his character—the contributions in Ireland for his support, and his refusal to give satisfaction to the man he is still coward enough to attack. They may say what they will of duelling, it is the great preserver of the decencies of society. The old school, which made a man responsible for his words, was the better. I must confess I think so. Then, in O'Connell's case, he had not made his vow against duelling when Peel challenged him. He accepted the challenge, and Peel went to Dover on his way to France, where they were to meet; and O'Connell pleaded his wife's illness, and delayed till the law interferred. Some other Irish patriot, about the same time, refused a challenge on account of the illness of his daughter, and one of the Dublin wits made a good epigram on the two:

"Some men with a horror of slaughter,
Improve on the scripture command,
And 'honor their'—wife and daughter—
"That their days may be long in the land."

The great period of Ireland's glory was between '82 and '98, and it was a time when a man almost lived with a pistol in his hand. Grattan's dying advice to his son, was, 'Be always ready with the pistol!' He himself never hesitated a moment. At one time, there was a kind of conspiracy to fight him out of the world. On some famous question, Corrie was employed purposely to bully him, and made a personal attack of the grossest virulence. Grattan was so ill, at the time, as to be supported into the house between two friends. He rose to reply; and first, without alluding to Corrie at all, clearly and entirely overturned every argument he had advanced that bore upon the question. He then paused a moment, and stretching out his arm, as if he would reach across the house, said, 'for the assertions the gentleman has been pleased to make with regard to myself, my answer here is, they are false!'

elsewhere it would be—a blow!" They met, and Grattan shot him through the arm. Corrie proposed another shot, but Grattan said, "No! let the curs fight it out!" and they were friends ever after. I like the old story of the Irishman who was challenged by some desperate blackguard. "Fight him!" said he, "I would sooner go to my grave without a fight!" Talking of Grattan, is it not wonderful that, with all the agitation in Ireland, we have had no such men since his time? Look at the Irish newspapers. The whole country in convulsion—people's lives, fortunes and religion at stake, and not a gleam of talent from one year's end to the other. It is natural for sparks to be struck out in a time of violence like this—but Ireland, for all that is worth living for, is dead! You can scarcely reckon Shiel of the calibre of her spirits of old, and O'Connell, with all his faults, stands "alone in his glory."

The conversation I have thus run together is a mere skeleton, of course. Nothing but a short-hand report could retain the delicacy and elegance of Moore's language, and memory itself cannot embody again the kind of frost-work of imagery which was formed and melted on his lips. His voice is soft or firm as the subject requires, but perhaps the word *gentlemanly* describes it better than any other. It is upon a natural key, but, if I may so phrase it, it is fused with a high-bred affectation, expressing deference and courtesy, at the same time that its pauses are constructed peculiarly to catch the ear. It would be difficult not to attend to him while he is talking, though the subject were but the shape of a wine-glass.

Moore's head is distinctly before me while I write, but I shall find it difficult to describe. His hair, which curled once all over it in long tendrils, unlike anybody else's in the world, and which probably suggested his *soubriquet* of 'Bacchus,' is diminished now to a few curls sprinkled with gray, and scattered in a single ring above his ears. His forehead is wrinkled with the exception of a most prominent development of the organ of gaiety, which, singularly enough, shines with the lustre and smooth polish of a pearl, and is surrounded by a semicircle of lines drawn close about it, like intrenchments against Time. His eyes still sparkle like a champaign bubble, though the invader has drawn his pencilings about the corners; and there is a kind of wintry red, of the tinge of an October leaf, that seems enameled on his cheek, the eloquent record of the claret his wit has brightened. His mouth is the most characteristic feature of all. The lips are delicately cut, slight and changeable as an aspen; but there is a set-up look about the lower lip, a determination of the muscle to a particular expression, and you fancy that you

can almost see wit astride upon it. It is written legibly with the imprint of habitual success. It is arch, confident and half diffident, as if he were disguising his pleasure at applause, while another bright gleam of fancy was breaking on him. The slightly-tossed nose confirms the fun of the expression, and altogether it is a face that sparkles, beams, radiates—everything but *feels*. Fascinating beyond all men as he is, Moore looks like a worldling.

This description may be supposed to have occupied the hour after Lady Blessington retired from the table; for, with her, vanished Moore's excitement, and everybody else seemed to feel that light had gone out of the room. Her excessive beauty is less an inspiration than the wondrous talent with which she draws, from every person around her, his peculiar excellence. Talking better than anybody else, and narrating, particularly, with a graphic power that I never saw excelled, this distinguished woman seems striving only to make others unfold themselves; and never had diffidence a more apprehensive and encouraging listener. But this is a subject with which I should never be done.

We went up to coffee, and Moore brightened again over his *chasse-cafe*, and went glittering on with criticisms on Grisi, the delicious songstress now ravishing the world, whom he placed above all but Pasta; and whom he thought with the exception that her legs were too short, an incomparable creature. This introduced music very naturally, and with a great deal of difficulty he was taken to the piano. My letter is getting long, and I have no time to describe his singing. It is well known, however, that its effect is only equaled by the beauty of his own words; and, for one, I could have taken him into my heart with my delight. He makes no attempt at music. It is a kind of admirable recitative, in which every shade of thought is syllabled and dwelt upon, and the sentiment of the song goes through your blood, warming you to the very eyelids, and starting your tears, if you have soul or sense in you. I have heard of women's fainting at a song of Moore's; and if the burden of it answered by chance to a secret in the bosom of the listener, I should think, from its comparative effect upon so old a stager as myself, that the heart would break with it.

We all sat around the piano, and after two or three songs of Lady Blessington's choice, he rambled over the keys awhile and sang 'When first I met thee,' with a pathos that beggars description. When the last word had faltered out, he rose and took Lady Blessington's hand, said good-night, and was gone before a word was uttered. For a full minute after he had closed the door no one spoke. I could have wished, for myself, to

drop silently asleep where I sat, with the tears in my eyes and the softness upon my heart.

"Here's a health to thee, Tom Moore!"

I was in company the other evening where Westmacott, the sculptor, was telling a story of himself and Leigh Hunt. They were together one day at Fiesole, when a butterfly, of an uncommon sable color, alighted on Westmacott's forehead, and remained there several minutes. Hunt immediately cried out, 'the spirit of some dear friend is departed,' and as they entered the gate of Florence on their return, some one met them and informed them of the death of Byron, the news of which had that moment arrived. The authoress of 'Speculation' was present while the story was narrating, and the next day she sent me the following beautiful versification of it.

They stood together on the haunted ground,
Rich with Boccacio's memory—"twas a day
When all was blue and beautiful around,
And sunlight fell in many a glorious ray
On trees and streams; while insects, birds and bees
Awoke the air with nature's melodies.

They stood together—one a poet, full
Of noble fancy, and of glowing thought;
Whose soul responded to the beautiful,
Whose heart with tenderness and love was fraught,
Imagination's child! upon whose head
The wreath of mighty minstrelsy was shed!

They stood together—he, the son of song,
Beside another proudly-gifted one,
Whose mighty art could skilfully prolong
The dreams of grace and beauty—who had known
Nature in her most glorious works: and wrought
Bright shapes engendered by his lofty thought.

Companions meet for such a scene and hour!
Each imaged his own beauty, as he stood
And mused upon the poetry and power
Which peopled every dell and hanging wood
Linked the fair prospect with Boccacio's name.

They stood awhile in silence. In the crowd
Where man contends with man, words must have way;
Folly and falsehood will alike be loud,
And pleasure's torch flash back a double day—
But the world was not here—and it was blemish
To muse in silence mid a scene like this.

And then they spoke! words less of sound than soul,
Their mighty spirits grappling with high themes,
And fancies; which awhile beyond control,
Lit up all nature with their golden gleams;
While each from each in generous rapture caught
What one had pour'd in song, and one had wrought!

What was the world to them? its coil, and care,
And vanities, and vices!—They had made
A planet of their own, where all was fair,
And over which bright gleams of splendor played:
A foretaste of the halo which would be
Wreathed round their own high brows immortally!

About them all was brightness; earth and sky
Bathed in a flood of glory; not a thing
But seemed replete with light; when lo! the eye
Of the rapt poet saw toward them wing
A butterfly—not in its beauty glad,
But nature's gaudiest insect sable clad.

Nearer it came, and yet again more near,
Until it rested on the sculptor's brow;
Folding its wings, unconscious of the fear
Of a more common reptile—and crouched low
And lingeringly upon its place of rest,
As though it held itself a welcome guest.

A wild fire flashed from the poet's eye,
He tore the bonnet from his throbbing brow,
Then raised his glance to the far reaching sky,
And as he yielded to his fancy's flow
Forth burst the instinctive feeling—"Yes, I see,"
He cried, "some dear and lost one visits me!"

Some mighty spirit which was not of earth
Had passed away to its own angel-sphere;
Some lofty one hath wearied of the earth
Of light and loveliness it suffered here—
I recognise the warning, and the sign;
'Tis the soul's symbol—Payche, it was thine!"

They turned away in silence to the spot
Where Florence bears her fair and queenly brow;
Man and man's vanities they heeded not,
A softer feeling filled their bosoms now:
And soon the withering tale of grief was said—
Europe is one long wail—BYRON IS DEAD?

I have just time before the packet sails to send you an anecdote that is *bought out* of the London paper. A nobleman, living near Belgrave-square, received a visit a day or two ago from a police officer, who stated to him, that he had a man-servant in his house, who had escaped from Botany Bay. His lordship was somewhat surprised, but called the male part of his household, at the officer's request, and passed them in review. The culprit was not among them. The officer then requested to see the *female* part of the establishment; and, to the inexpressible astonishment of the whole household, he laid his hand upon the shoulder of the *lady's confidential maid*, and informed her she was his prisoner. A change of dress was immediately sent for, and Miladi's dressing-maid was re-metamorphosed into an effeminate-looking fellow, and marched off to a new trial. It is a most extraordinary thing that he had lived unsuspected in the family for nine months, performing all the functions of a confidential Abigail, and very much in favor with his unsuspecting mistress, who is rather a serious person, and would as soon have thought of turning out to be a man herself. It is said, that the husband once made a remark upon the huskiness of the maid's voice, but no other comment was ever made reflecting in the least upon her qualities as a member of the *beau sexe*. The story is quite authentic, but hushed up out of regard to the lady.

N. P. W.

MISCELLANY.

Youth and Marriage.

YOUTH is easily attracted and decides soon. It forgets that the fanciful preference of a moment may not safely determine the prospects of life. It is unmindful that looking to this world merely, occasions will come for which the graces of the ball room are no sort of preparation. It rashly takes the eyes which can sparkle in their morning brilliancy, for those which will weep meekly in sorrow, and kindle with a steady encouragement in the

midst of care, and hold a light which can cheer, when all other light on the earth has waxed dim. It is so wild as to mistake the flutterer of the hour, for the same being who will be the ministering angel of sickness and decline. It needs to be reminded, that if there is any engagement in life, which is not to be formed under the arbitration of caprice, it is that which is not dissolved, till the parting shall come at the laden bier, and the open grave. It must be conjured to remember that if there is any step in life which requires beyond others to be made reverently, discreetly, advisedly, soberly, prayerfully, and in the fear of God, it is that step which day by day is the most inconsiderately taken.—*Palfrey's Sermons.*

Confide in Your Mother.

To the youthful female we would say, that no individual of either sex can love you with an affection so disinterested as your mother. Confide in her, and you are safe. Deceive her, and 'your feet will slide in due time.' How many thoughtless young daughters receive addresses against the wish of pious parents, receive them clandestinely, give their hand in marriage, and thus dig the grave of all their earthly happiness. He, who would persuade you to deceive your parents, proves himself in that very deed unworthy of all your confidence. If you wed him, you will speedily realize what you have lost. You will find that you have exchanged a sympathizing friend, an able judicious counselor, a kind and devoted nurse, for a selfish, unfeeling companion, ever seeking his own accommodation and his own pleasures; neglecting you in health, and deserting you when sick. Who has not read the reward of deserting parents, in the pale and melancholy features of the undutiful daughter?

DEATH OF A PHYSICIAN.—During the late illness of Dr. Chirac, the celebrated French physician, he was attacked with delirium, on recovering from which, he felt his own pulse, mistaking himself for one of his patients.—"Why was I not called in before?" cried he, "It is too late—Has the gentleman been bled?" His attendants answered in the negative. "Then he is a dead man!" cried Chirac; "he will not live six hours." And the prediction was verified.

Sadness.

There is a mysterious feeling that frequently passes like a cloud over the spirit. It comes upon the soul in the busy bustle of life, in the social circle, in the calm and silent retreat of solitude. Its power is alike supreme over the weak and iron hearted. At one time it is caused by the flitting of a single thought across the mind. Again a

sound will come booming across the ocean of memory, gloomy and solemn as the death knell, overshadowing all the bright hopes and sunny feelings of the heart. Who can describe it, and yet who has not felt its bewildering influence? Still, it is a delicious sort of sorrow; and like a cloud dimming the sun shine of the river, although casting a momentary shade of gloom, it enhances the beauty of returning brightness.

The Rural Repository.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1835.

TRAVELING SKETCHES.—We have of late filled the space allotted to this department of our paper with the interesting letters of N. P. Willis, from the New-York Mirror. Having regularly published those written during his sojourns in England, as the one in our present number brings that part of his correspondence to a close, and as moreover we do not think those that follow in succession equal the former in point of interest, we shall take our leave of them at present, but shall probably select occasionally for our columns such as in our estimation will be most gratifying to our readers.

NEW AGENCY.—E. S. Johnson, No. 242 Water-Street, New-York, has obligingly offered to assume the Agency of the Repository in that city, and is consequently fully authorized by the publisher to act as Agent, both there and in other places which he may chance to visit.

We shall endeavor to publish in our next number a list of our principal Agents, which we have for some time neglected doing.

Letters Containing Remittances,
*Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting
the amount of Postage paid.*

J. J. Y. Johnstown, N. Y. \$1.00; E. D. Pleasant Valley, N. Y. \$1.00; W. J. O. Danbury, Ct. \$1.00; G. D. J. Clinton, M. T. \$1.00; P. M. Cambria, N. Y. \$1.00; A. S. Junius, N. Y. \$0.81; P. S. C. Oakfield, N. Y. \$1.00; L. W. Stockport, N. Y. \$1.00; L. B. Port Kent, N. Y. \$1.00; W. J. A. New Woodstock, N. Y. \$1.00; A. D. H. Stafford, N. Y. \$1.00; J. H. S. Meriden, Ct. \$1.00; H. F. West Port, N. Y. \$1.00; J. S. Brighton, N. Y. \$5.00; J. A. B. Wadsworth, O. \$1.00; E. S. J. New-York, \$3.00; J. H. R. Henrietta, N. Y. \$5.00; S. H. Lansingburgh, N. Y. \$1.00; P. C. Westbrook, Ms. \$10.00; N. S. Eagle Harbor, N. Y. \$1.00.

MARRIED.

In this city, on the 8th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Thatcher, Mr. Michael W. Barringer, to Miss Elizabeth Rowe, all of this city.

On the 16th inst. by the Rev. J. Pardee, Mr. Robert N. Benson, of Providence, R. I. to Miss Ann Howland, daughter of Joshua Doane, formerly of New Bedford, Mass. On the 13th inst. by the Rev. J. Berger, Mr. John Tator, to Miss Harriet Waltermire, both of Ghent.

On the 16th inst. by the Rev. William Whittaker, Mr. James Houner, to Miss Sarah Brenchely, all of this city. At Claverack, on the 15th inst. by Ambrose Root, Esq. Mr. George Briggs, Jr. of Rhinebeck, Dutchess County, to Eve Maria Hagedon, of the former place.

DIED.

In this city, on the 13th inst. Samuel I. Ten Brook, a respectable inhabitant, aged about 80 years.

On the 10th inst. Mr. Silas Raud, in the 89th year of his age.

On the 11th inst. Mrs. Ruby Blum, in the 48th year of her age.

On the 7th inst. Ebby, daughter of Nathan and Eunice Miner, aged 5 months and 12 days.

On the 8th inst. Mrs. Eunice Miner, wife of Mr. Nathan Miner, in the 40th year of her age.

On the 9th inst. Elizabeth, daughter of Benjamin and Mary Hildreth, aged 5 months.

On the 11th inst. Mr. Thomas Peeling Proprietor of the Bleachworks attached to the Hudson Printworks at Stockport.

At Claverack, on the 30th ult. Sarah D. Stever, wife of Jeremiah Stever, aged 35 years.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

For the first leaf of a Lady's Album.

Oh may this fair unsullied leaf
An emblem of thy virtue be,
And may these pages e'er remain
Unstained, undimmed by Flattery,
This book, the shrine where Friends shall bring
Friendship's pure heartfelt offering.

May Friendship, Love, Affection strew
On these fair leaves bright blooming flowers
Of lasting hue and beauty rare,
Transplanted from the Muses' bowers,
And may they bloom in after years,
Unblighted by the dew of tears.

Perchance thy name will be inscribed
Within by many a friendly hand—
Oh may it in the Book of Life,
God's glorious Album, glittering stand,
With bright and shining names to be
Eternally—eternally!—

Lady, though I am all unknown,
This offering I send to thee,
Forgive, and sometimes, when alone,
Muse o'er these lines and think of me;
And through the shadowy clouds of care
Send up for me one pure, warm prayer.
Schaghticoke, N. Y. 1835.

J. S. F.

Mrs. Hemans's Last Poem.

The Dublin University Magazine from which the following lines by Mrs. Hemans are taken, says they are "the last verses ever dictated by her, which she sent to us a few days previous to her death. They are entitled "The Poetry of the Psalms."

NORLY thy song, O minstrel, rushed to meet
The Eternal on the pathway of the blast,
With darkness round him, as a mantle cast,
And cherubim to waft his flying seat,
Amidst the hills, that smoked beneath his feet.
With trumpet voice thy spirit called aloud,
And bade the trembling rocks his name repeat,
And the bent cedars, and the bursting cloud.
But far more gloriously to earth made known
By that high strain, than by the thunder's tone,
The flashing torrents, or the ocean roll;
Jehovah spoke through the imbreathing fire,
Nature's vast realms forever to inspire
With the deep worship of a living soul.
Dublin, April, 1835.

The Dog.

'He will not come,' said the gentle child,
And she patted the poor dog's head,
And she pleasantly called him and fondly smiled,
But he heeded her not, in his anguish wild,
Nor arose from his lowly bed.

'Twas his master's grave where he chose to rest,
He guarded it night and day,
The love that glowed in his grateful breast,
For the friend who had fed, controlled, cared,
Might never fade away.

And when the long grass rustled near,
Beneath some hastening tread,

He started up with a quivering ear,
For he thought 'twas the step of his Master dear,
Returning from the dead.

But sometimes when a storm drew nigh,
And the clouds were dark and fleet,
He tore the turf with a mournful cry,
As if he would force his way, or die,
To his much loved Master's feet.

So there through the summer's heat he lay,
Till Autumn's nights grew bleak,
Till his eye grew dim with his hope's decay,
And he pined, and pined, and wasted away,
A skeleton gaunt and weak.

And oft the pitying children brought
Their offerings of meat and bread,
And to coax him away to their homes they sought
But his buried master he ne'er forgot,
Nor strayed from his lonely bed.

Cold Winter came, with an angry sway,
And the snow lay deep and sore,
Then his moaning grew fainter day by day,
Till close to where the broken tomb-stone lay,
He fell, to rise no more.

And when he struggled with mortal pain,
And Death was by his side,
With one loud cry that shook the plain,
He called for his master,—but all in vain,
Then stretched himself and died.

From the New-York Mirror.

The Martyr of Scio.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

BRIGHT Summer breathed in Scio. Gay she hung
Her coronal upon the olive boughs,
Flushed the sweet clusters on the ripening vines,
And shook fresh fragrance from the citron-groves,
Till every breeze was satiate.

But the sons
Of that fair isle bore winter in their soul;
For, 'mid the temples of their ancestors,
And through the weeping mastle-bowers their step
Was like the man who hears the oppressor's voice,
In nature's softest echo; and the Turk
In solemn domination, marked the smoke
Curl from his pipe around that ruined dome,
Whence mighty Homer awoke the listening world
Once, to the proud divan, with stately step,
A youth drew near. Surpassing beauty sat
Upon his princely brow, and from his eye
A glance like lightning parted as he spoke:
'I had a jewel.' From my sires it came,
In long transmission, and upon my soul
There was a bond to keep it for my sons,
'Tis gone, and in its stead a false one shines,
I ask for justice.'

Brandishing aloft
His scimitar, the moslem caliph cried—
'By Allah and his Prophet! guilt like this,
Shall feel the avenging stroke. Bring forth the wretch
Who robbed thy casket.'

Then the appellant tore
The turban from his brow, and cast it down.
'Lo! the false jewel see? And wouldst thou know
Whose fraud exchanged it for my precious gem?
Thou art the man. My birthright was the faith
Of Jesus Christ, which thou didst steal away
With glazing words. Take back the tinsel baits,
And let me sorrowing seek my Savior's fold,
Tempted I was, and madly have I fallen
Oh! give me back my faith?

And there he stood,
The stately-born of Scio in whose veins
Stirred the high blood of Greece. There was a pause—
A haughty lifting up of Turkish brows—
In wonder and in scorn—a muttered tone,
Of wrath preclusive, and a stern reply.
'The faith of Osmyne, or the sabre stroke—
Choose thee, young Greek.'

Then rose his lofty form,
In all its majesty; and his deep voice
Rang out sonorous as a triumph song,
'Give back my faith.'

A pale torch faintly gleamed
Thro' niche and window of a lonely church,
And there the wailing of a stilled dirge,
Rose sad at midnight hour. *A corpse was there*
And a young, beauteous creature, kneeling low,
In voiceless grief. Her wealth of raven locks
Swept o'er the dead man's brow, as there she laid
The withered bridal crown; while every hope
That at its twining woe, and every joy
Young love in fond Melos had nursed,
Perished that hour.

Foolish she raised a child
And bade him kiss his father. But the boy
Shrank back in horror from the clotted blood,
And wildly clasped his hands with such a cry
Of piercing anguish, that each heart recoiled
From his impassioned woe.

But there was one
Unmoved—one white-haired melancholy man,
Who stood in utter desolation forth:
Silent and solemn, like some lonely tower.
Yet, in his tearless eye, there seemed a spark
Of victor-glory, and despair, to burn—
That Scio's martyr was his only son!

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Universal Medicine.

The Hygeian Medicine is composed of the purest vegetable substances in nature, without the least particle of mineral or mercurial matter, which is uncongenial, and therefore destructive to the human system, being admitted into his admixture. It purges the blood, gives tone and elasticity to the nerves, equalizes the circulation, and renews healthy action through the entire range of the system. They have been found effectual in Quinsy, Heartburn, Flatulency, Dyspepsia, Colic, Painter's Colic, Surfet, Constipated Colic, Costiveness, Looseness, Spasmotic Cholera, Bilious Colic, Intestinal Concretions, Stone, Gravel, Worms, Strictures, Tenesmus, Piles, Jaundice, Visceral Turgescence, Polypus, Cough, Asthma, Disturbed Sleep, Pain in the Side, Yellow, Typhus, Remittent and Intermittent Fevers; Fever and Aque; Inflammations, Blies, Apostemes, Tumors, Erysipelas, Visceral Inflammations, Mumps, Croup, Peripeumony, Pleurisy, Ophthalmia, Catarrh, Influenza, Dysentery, Rheumatism, Gout, White Swelling, Scarlet Fever, Measles, Rash, Small Pox, Plethora, Hemorrhage, Emaciation, Decline, Consumption, Scrofula, King's Evil, Cancer, Syphilis, Elephantiasis, Scurvy, Aneurism, Gangrene, Ulcer, Insanity, Morbid Sight, Morbid Hearing, Morbid Smell, Morbid Taste, Nerve Ache, Tic Doloureux, Cramp, Palpitation, Convulsions, Gonorrhœa, Flux, Corpulence, Dropsey, Leprosy, Itch and all cutaneous eruptions; as well as every other disease to which the human frame is liable. For Sale by

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Hudson, 1835.

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VOL. XII.—[III. NEW SERIES.]

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1835.

NO. 7.

SELECT TALES.

From the Ladies' Companion.

The Thunder Storm.

A TALE.

(Concluded.)

As Edward rapidly uttered this, Mahitable sat gazing on him, in silent amazement. She had seen that Edward admired Elizabeth, but this was very natural, and supposing he knew of her engagement to Theodore, she did not imagine he cherished warmer feelings. Nay, when the simple creature saw them so often together in earnest conversation, she thought it probable that Elizabeth was making her new friend, a confidant of her attachment. 'Well, I'm proper sorry,' she said—'It is hard, if you love her, to have her marry another.'

'Marry another!—I assure you I have no such intentions. I mean to have an explanation to-morrow, and if that sweet girl loves me as I think she does, she shall be mine, in spite of Theodore.'

'For gracious sake! you will not think of making mischief—You do not know how Theodore loves her, I am sure it would break his heart to lose her—I should be sorry to have any harm come to him, he is so good and kind and gentle—he is as likely a young man as ever you saw—they think all the world of him at college, and then he is the pet of all the village. Elizabeth must love him—She cannot change her mind so soon. Ah! Mr. Graham, if you could read his poetry you would love him yourself, and never dream of such cruelty as to try to get her heart from him. He would just slink away under some green tree, and lay his head down and die.' Tears rolled down Mahitable's cheeks.

Edward did not answer her, but maintained during the remainder of the ride a gloomy silence. Sometimes as the idea of the gentle, loving Theodore rose before him, he determined to leave B——at once, aye, although it would break his heart-strings—but the image of Elizabeth in all her grace and sweetness came before him, and with it, came the conviction that her heart was his alone, and all his honorable resolves were effaced.

The next afternoon Elizabeth brought her sewing and made Mahitable a friendly visit. Edward espied her, from his window, and was soon over there, her coldness had worn away, but there was a sadness, a subdued tenderness in her bright grey eyes, which convinced Edward he had nothing to fear. That evening, he walked home with her, and by the light of the lover's moon, told her all his love, and all his sorrow.

Elizabeth drew her hand from his, covered her face and burst into tears. 'Oh! you must not talk thus to me,' she said, 'I cannot hear you—for—for, I am engaged to another.'

'I have heard,' said Edward, 'something of a childish engagement, many years ago; but dearest Elizabeth, the heart must go with the hand, and you will not have the cruelty to tell me you love this absent Theodore more than me.' She raised her eyes, and as Edward gazed into their soft depths, he saw that Theodore's hope had gone.

She turned away and clasped her hands, 'Oh! I dare not—may not love you, for now I am pledged to him and must not break my vow.'

'But would you deceive him dearest Think you not, when he has discovered your heart is not with him, as soon he must,—he will not reproach you for concealing the truth, ere you had wrecked your happiness as well as his.'

'Reproach, ah no! he is all gentleness, too good, too gentle for me. Theodore; my early friend, must I desert you?' Elizabeth was no arguer, and before they reached her father's house, Edward had convinced her, she was acting most rightly and justly, when she consented to write to Theodore of her changed feelings, and accept of Graham in his place. Edward bade Elizabeth adieu at the gate, and left her. As she approached the house, she perceived her father and mother, sitting together on the piazza, a sense of wrong came over her, and could she have avoided them, she willingly would, but there was no other entrance open, so collecting all her composure, she ran up the steps—

'Who came home with you Lizzy,' said her father.

Elizabeth answered in a low voice, 'Mr. Graham,'—and was going on.

'Stop my child,' he said, 'I have something to say to you—Sit down a moment.'

Dreading what was coming, Elizabeth sank down in a dark corner, and prepared for the worst. 'What I wanted to say was,' said Farmer Chapman, 'I don't think it quite right in you, who are engaged to Theodore Howard, to be junketting about with this young stranger—I know he is very clever, and very likely, and it is well enough to walk with him sometimes, but to be always about with him, sets folks a talking, and I reckon, if Theodore was to hear it, he would think very hard of you. It is very natural for you to be pleased with his company—and its very natural for him to select my child out of all the girls in the town, but you ought not to permit so much attention from him, as you are all but the wife of Theodore Howard.' Mr. Chapman was going on, with what he thought a necessary parental check, when he was interrupted by the deep sobs of his daughter. Her mother kindly threw her arms around her and drew her to her bosom, while her father exclaimed, 'Why Lizzy what's the matter? I did not mean to hurt your feelings I have said too much perhaps, but I know all young girls will be giddy.'

'Oh! father! it is too late,' cried the unhappy Elizabeth—'I must tell all—my engagement with Theodore is broken, and I have promised to marry Mr. Graham.' Her mother withdrew her arms from her with a groan.

'Elizabeth,' said Mr. Chapman, in a severe tone, 'it cannot be—I never can believe a child of mine can be so base; what! break your engagement with Naomi Howard's son—give up one who has loved you so long, for an acquaintance of a few months!'

'I cannot help it,' sobbed Elizabeth, 'I love Theodore no longer.'

'Well, I'll be darned,' exclaimed her father, stamping with his foot, until he made the piazza shake, 'if I ever know'd sickleness

equal to this, what do you know of this man; he may be a vagabond—you'll kill Theodore—I am ashamed of you!

'Dear Hezekiah!' interposed Mrs. Chapman, 'you know the affections can't be controlled. I am sorry for Theodore's disappointment, and I am sorry for the blame Lizzy will get; but what we can't cure we must endure, you know, so we must make the best of it. He is a young man, who has been well educated, his connexions are very genteel, and he is very rich.'

'You are all alike—for a little money you would break the hearts of all your friends. I declare I have a great mind to pull up stakes, and go live with the Indians, they would behave much better.'

'Well, but husband, this Mr. Graham is so much above, what we had a right to expect for our daughter.'

'I don't care if he was General Washington himself, and General Stark to boot, she sha'n't have him. I will not give my consent to such scandalous parjury.' So saying, the honest Vermonter stumped into the house, and marched off to bed. The mother and daughter held a long and interesting conversation, the result of which was, they had entered into a holy alliance to resist the old man, *a l'outrance*, and do their very best to promote the match between Elizabeth and Edward.

When Graham called the next morning he found Mrs. Chapman and Elizabeth alone. Mr. Chapman went out early to work in the fields, leaving word, 'if that prankish Yorker came, he should be sent home with a flea in his ear.' Mrs. Chapman, had been very much pleased with the elegance of Edward's dress and manner, and now in anticipation of Elizabeth's brilliant prospects, she entered readily into all their plans, and promised to soften her husband in their favor. This she found no easy task. But at last, as the poor man said, continual dropping wore away the stone, and weary of a long system of little torments, and startled by hints that his obstinacy would lead to a clandestine marriage, or perhaps really alarmed by his daughter's miserable looks, his resistance became gradually less and less, until he finally intimated, that although he could not give his consent, he would not oppose it, and Elizabeth espoused the wanderer Edward Graham.

One fine afternoon, about three weeks after the wedding, the happy couple sallied out for a stroll. Mrs. Chapman was sitting in the parlor with Mahitable Peabody, and Mercey Wayland, the bride-maid, who had come from Montpelier to attend the marriage, when the latter suddenly exclaimed, 'Dear me! what a spruce young man is riding up the road. I have not seen such a fine young gentleman this long while. Gracious! I declare

he is coming here—I must give my curls a look.' So saying, she ran to the glass, to rearrange the wild blue lupins, she had placed in her light tresses. Surprized to hear no observations from her companions, she turned around, and saw them gazing on each other in evident consternation.

At length Mrs. Chapman spoke—'Theodore is not coming here, sure—is he Mahitable.'

'My gracious! yes—he has tied his horse to the rails. Now he springs over, and now comes smilingly up to the house—he cannot have heard of her marriage—what is to be done?'

'I am sure I cannot tell,' said Mrs. Chapman in a disconsolate tone. It will break the poor boy's heart.'

The footsteps of the unconscious Theodore were now ascending the steps—he opened the door, came in, looked gaily round the room, and then advancing to Mrs. Chapman, shook her heartily by the hand.

'Where is Elizabeth,' he asked eagerly, while a smile of happiness played over his handsome features.

'The dear girl is well I hope.' There was silence for a few moments. Mrs. Chapman was too much overcome to speak—she saw their letters had passed him on the road, that Elizabeth's marriage was unknown to him, and feared the effect of too sudden announcement of the mournful truth. At length Mahitable answered faintly, 'Elizabeth is well.'

'But where is she,' demanded the impatient lover. 'Your looks tell me there is something dreadful to relate—speak at once, be she ill or dead tell me, and I will try to bear it firmly.'

Mercey, who had sat in amazement at the scene, for she knew not who Theodore was, seeing them turn away, as if loth to answer the poor young man, said hastily—'Mahitable, why do you not speak; you know Elizabeth is well, she has gone out to walk with her husband.'

Young Howard had turned to her with a flush of joy, when she assured him, his Elizabeth was well, but when the last unexpected and overwhelming sentence met his ear, he seemed by some horrid enchantment, turned from a being glowing with health and love, to a cold and motionless, and senseless statue. He uttered no exclamation—he did not fall, but stood with his fixed eyes glaring on poor Mercey, until she turned from him, with a shudder of affright.

'Oh! what have I done to him!—What is the matter with him,' she screamed. 'He is struck dead, go to him.'

At last the unhappy young man spoke—but with a voice so changed, that all in the room shuddered when its death-like tones

came o'er their ear. 'Is it true,' he said,—has Elizabeth married another?'

The sobs of Mrs. Chapman was the only answer he received. She had loved Theodore as a son, and the sight of the misery which she had in a measure brought to his youthful heart, nearly overpowered her. Theodore turned to go towards her, but he staggered, and fell violently back against the wall.

'Oh! my own unhappy boy,' cried Mrs. Chapman, running towards him. 'This has killed him, I know it has.'

'Leave me,' he said, gently pushing her away, 'I am but a poor weak boy. I shall be better soon. I will go out awhile.'

Mrs. Chapman begged him to stay, or let her go with him—he answered not, but pressing both hands over his eyes, as if to shut out the world, rushed hastily through the house and garden, and plunged into a grape vine bower, at the end of the walk. Stunned and blinded by this sudden stroke of wretchedness, he vainly endeavored to collect his ideas, and compose himself enough to think. That something dreadful and unexpected had fallen on him, he felt, but it was some moments ere he comprehended, that Elizabeth, his own sweet Elizabeth no longer loved him. She had abandoned him—she was married to another. How could one so young and so confiding, bear this weight of woe. His arms were cast wildly to Heaven, and he walked distractedly about the arbor—that arbor where he had often sat so happily with his lost love, oh, the misery of that hour.

'The heart knoweth its own bitterness.' Can years of happiness compensate for one moment of such exquisite anguish. In vain he struggles—despair has her iron grasp on him, and he cannot escape the burden which is bowing him to the earth.

Voices were now heard in the garden—'Where are you going my sweet Elizabeth? The dew is heavy, you had better return to the house.'

'I am only going into the arbor for a book,' said Elizabeth—'Go in dear husband, I will soon follow.'

She entered the bower gaily, and the first object which met her eye, was the injured Theodore, leaning opposite to her, his arms folded, and his head bowed on his breast. She stood gazing fearfully on him, almost hoping it was some dreadful apparition which would suddenly disappear from her eyes. He raised his head slowly, fixed his eyes gloomily on her, and said, in a stern sad voice, 'Why do you come here, heartless one! Would you see the effect of your treachery on your victim? Would you enjoy the agony of the heart you have crushed and trampled on? Look at me—are you satisfied—now leave me. Why do you not leave me alone in my misery?'

The sorrowing Elizabeth did not move—overcome with grief, she burst into tears, and turning from him covered her face with her hands. At the sight of the distress of her he still fondly loved, all his bitterness left him. Theodore sprang towards her, and throwing his arms around her, exclaimed, ‘Forgive me dearest Elizabeth—do forgive me. I have cruelly wounded your feelings I know—but scarcely am conscious what I say. You who know too well, with what devotedness I loved you, how my every thought turned to you, may imagine the misery your desertion gives me,—oh, Elizabeth!’ he exclaimed leaving her, and sinking on a bench. ‘I did love you—deeply love you, and it is so hard to meet with this return. You have destroyed me, all the plans I have been building, all the hopes of future happiness, which cheered me in my toils for so long a time, are crushed in one moment. But do not weep so—I cannot bear to see you in tears. This has upset me, but I shall be stronger soon, Elizabeth!’ he said, as he gazed on her, while his deep blue eyes expressed the greatest anguish, ‘I now look on you for the last time—I must leave you forever. Is this then that rapturous meeting I so long anticipated,—ah, little did I imagine, it would be, only to bid you an eternal adieu.’

He was rushing from the arbor, when Elizabeth cried—‘Theodore, leave me not thus; will you not forgive me; oh! tell me you forgive me, or I cannot be happy.’ He turned—pressed her to his heart—passed rapidly through the garden, sprang on his horse, and was soon at his mother’s door.

Mrs. Howard, who had not seen her son for a year, was delighted when she found he had returned, and throwing down her knitting she ran out crying, ‘my dear Theodore! who’d a thought it! why sure it can’t be you—come in, come in dear boy.’

Theodore threw his arms around his mother, kissed her, then sat down with his head leaning on his hand without speaking.

Mrs. Howard knew her son had heard of the marriage of Elizabeth, and sitting down mournfully opposite him, she gazed on him in tearful silence. At length she said—‘So I see you have heard all about Elizabeth Chapman’s marriage. But don’t grieve about it, come, it ain’t manly to be down-hearted about a faithless girl.’

‘Mother,’ said Theodore mildly—‘you must have patience with me for a little while. I am a weak boy, I know, and this will have its way; it was a sudden blow mother, and sometimes I think it has broken my heart.’

Mrs. Howard burst into tears. ‘I am sure I wish this fellow had been to Guinea before he had come here getting Elizabeth’s heart away from you, but she’s a cruel heartless thing, I cannot bear her.’

‘Ah mother,’ said Theodore, kissing the tears from his mother’s cheek, ‘you must not blame her, she could not help loving him. It was not her fault. You know it would have been wrong in her to marry me if she loved another—love another!’ he exclaimed with an unnatural burst of violence. ‘I know her heart, she does not love him; he is rich, I see it—she has sold herself for gold and destroyed me. But she shall not triumph—cold, calculating being! He shall die—let me go mother. He shall not live in her smiles, while I am cast aside like a dog to die. Yes, mother, I am dy——dying.’

The violence of his passion now abated as suddenly as it had arisen, and he fell back insensible in his mother’s arms. The unhappy young man was placed in bed, and his weeping mother sat by him, smoothing back his damp glossy locks from his pale forehead with her trembling hands. The tears rolled down her withered cheeks, as she gazed on her only child, in whom she had taken so much pride, bowed down by a blast of misery, lying motionless and insensible before her. The physician, who had been sent for, now came, but it was a long time before the unhappy Theodore showed any signs of life. Then, medicines were administered, the curtains closed, and his sorrowing mother seated herself by his bedside, and watched him until morning. Theodore awoke the next day, calm and rational, but neither the presence, nor the caresses of his mother could raise a smile. A deep melancholy was stamped in every feature of his youthful face, and although he replied to his mother in a calm tone, yet she saw a fearful change had fallen on her darling boy, and she could no longer hope he might be happy again.

her, the remembrance of whom has been alas my only joy. But enough of this—I have a task before me, I must walk, or ride—do any thing but think.’ Poor Theodore found the task he had set himself greater than he could perform. His had not been an active life, he had lived in his study, or in the woods alone, or in rambling with, or thinking of Elizabeth. Her he had loved, with an intenseness and devotedness few feel. The severe shock he had received, he could not struggle with, but all strength and firmness seemed fled from his young heart. He would see no one, go to no house where he had formerly been, but sat for hours leaning his arms on his little table, and his head on them, or rambled alone in the silent forest. His mother could not prevail on him to see any of his early friends; his only wish, he said, was to forget and be forgotten.

One morning Theodore took up his hat, as usual, and was preparing to go out, when his mother asked him where he was going.—‘to the woods, mother.’

‘How long shall you be gone?’

‘I know not.’

‘Dear Theodore, you must not wander so much alone in the forest. You must not stay out all day without food—indeed it is wrong; you will get sick, you will die, then what will become of your poor mother. My son,’ she continued, endeavoring to suppress her tears, ‘I have never spoken to you about your sorrows since the first day of your return, but I must speak; it grieves me to the heart, to see my only child give himself up to such misery and despair. Now don’t sit down to that table again. I cannot bear to see you there, leaning your head on your hands for hours. It is not right, my son; you must employ yourself.’

‘Dear mother, what can I do. If I attempt to read, the letters are all dim, if I would write, my hand trembles so that my writing is illegible, tell me, what would you have me do.’

‘It is difficult at first, I know, but try again my son; we all have troubles sent us from our Father, and it is our duty to him, to bear them as lightly as possible. I cannot expect you not to feel; but to give up as you do—to exhaust yourself by going without food—to spend your days in listless despondency, is unfiting you for exertion in this world, and I fear acceptance in the next. Pardon me my son, if I distress you, but I think it my duty to arouse you. If your mother is not as dear to you as Elizabeth, yet you owe her something. Remember, you are sacrificing her health and peace, as well as your own.’

‘Dear mother—I will do all you wish; what shall I do to please you.’

‘Why, in the first place, you must accustom yourself to see Mrs. Graham—nay, do not

start so ; stop, you must hear me. It is your only course, if you wish to recover peace of mind. You must hear her name spoken, and see her also ; promise me you will try. For the sake of your poor old sorrowing mother, do endeavor to seek her.

'Mother I promise.'

'That's a dear boy ! my own Theodore now—remember, I have no husband—no one but you to look to for happiness.'

'Well, mother, I have promised.'

'Then, why not go to-day.'

'Nay, not to the house ; there is to be a party to fish on the lake.'

'You need not go in the same boat with them, but go with others, and do not let that Graham say you are pining away with grief, because he got your love away.'

'Ha ! does he say that. I'll go mother, I will visit all my old friends, indeed I will, but not to-day. I am unfit for this yet, give me but this one day to prepare myself for this great effort, and I promise you, dear mother, I will ride up to Mrs. Chapman's and face them all—nay, more, I will laugh and look gay, and they shall suppose every unhappy feeling is erased from my heart. Will that satisfy you—This day I must have to school my heart.'

'Well, go my son, but remember to-morrow I shall depend on you, who have never broken a promise to me.'

Early that day three wagons drove from Mrs. Chapman's door. Beside Elizabeth and her husband, there were all the young people of the town. The ride to Lake Champlain was delightful. The morning was bright and clear, and the air filled with fragrance, which the dew had extracted from the flowers. The songs of the birds re-echoed around the woods, while through openings of the forest, the waters of the lake were seen glittering, and quivering in the morning sun ; occasionally a summer breeze wafted aside the foliage about them, and gave the gazer a passing glimpse of the deep, and pure cerulean heaven. Our party arrived at the shore in high spirits ; every thing combined to wind them up to an unusual pitch of enjoyment. Leaving the wagons, all embarked in sail boats, to 'ride on the lake,' as they express it. Edward and Elizabeth, with James Chapman, Mercey and Mahitable, and young Bennet were in one boat, while a larger one contained the remainder of the company, and that important accompaniment to all picnics, the collation. The sails were hoisted, and, filling with the summer breeze, were soon far out in the blue waves of the lake.

Graham gazed around him with increasing pleasure for his eyes had seldom rested on so fair a scene. At one time, they were under a mass of bold cliffs, which towering

to the clouds, threw its dark shadow far out in the lake—then again the level shores, and cultivated tracts, claimed his attention, or some lonely isle, whose deep verdure was spotted with clumps of magnificent trees, while the distant hills, and the outlines of Fort Ticonderoga, added to the variety and soft beauty of the scene. Elizabeth was in the meanwhile, sitting in a musing attitude, apparently engaged in watching the ripples which were dancing around the boat. Mahitable was one of those inconvenient personages who are born without tact, and turning to Elizabeth, she said in a low tone, 'I dare say you are thinking now of what just came across me. The last time you and I were together on a boating expedition, poor dear Theodore Howard was with us.'

'Yes, I confess that my ideas were on that sailing party, and it was with the greatest reluctance I came to-day ; for I cannot bear to enjoy myself, when I know he is so unhappy—and through my means. Ah, indeed, it sometimes makes me quite wretched.'

'I am in hopes he is getting over it now,' replied Mahitable—'I passed the house yesterday, and seeing his mother at the window, I asked her how Theodore was. She answered "quite well." I then asked her how his spirits were. "His spirits," she said, drawing herself up—"his spirits are very good, I assure you : there is nothing the matter with him, and I hope you will tell your friend, Elizabeth Chapman so."

Elizabeth sighed, and shook her head. She knew him and his mother too well to hope this. Arrived now at the fort, the party ascended to ramble around the ruins. Melancholy is generally mixed with our sensations while gazing on a ruin ; but here their only feelings were those of proud triumph and gratitude to heaven for their country's freedom. The deeds that were done there were recounted, and they gazed on the crumbling masses, as monuments of the heroes who once fought there.

James Chapman, who had stood with his arms folded, and his eyes fixed on the fallen fortress, now suddenly clasped his hands together, and, while his eyes flashed with enthusiasm, exclaimed, 'By gum ! I wish I had been here !'

'Gracious me ! brother, what's the matter?' said Elizabeth.

'I was thinking of that cute exploit of Allen and Arnold. What rare sport they must have had ! Graham, do you see that rock, on the other side of the lake ? Well, there did that valiant band embark ; over this very spot they came silently on, headed by Ethan Allen, and took the fort before a single gun was fired. Now, why can't I ennable my name by some such exploit ?'

'Come,' said Mahitable, 'you had better

join the fishers, and get some fish for our dinners, or the daughters of your country will starve.'

While the gentlemen were catching and cooking the fish, the ladies spread a cloth under the shade of some trees, and covered it with their rustic fare. James Chapman was constituted waiter, and throwing a napkin over his arm, he flourished around with so many smirks and graces, that poor Mahitable was almost convulsed with laughter. The fish were declared to be cooked to a charm, and the feast was seasoned and concluded with jokes and joyous laughter. The clouds had been flitting about all day—now spotting the broad surface of the lake with shadows, and now sailing far away in the blue sky. Now, however, they gradually congregated together, and the western sky assumed a black and threatening hue. Graham, who first observed this, was quite uneasy ; but some had strolled too far to be recalled, and some begged to finish a cigar, and much time elapsed ere they all prepared to depart. A sharp clap of thunder hastened their movements : the boats were unmoored, the sails unfurled and the party were soon on their way. * * * * *

After Theodore left his mother, he betook himself, as usual, to his solitary rambles. His favorite haunt was a hill, which rose abruptly from the shore of the lake. Here, throwing himself on the grass, beneath the shade of a chesnut tree, with no sound near, save the rustling of the leaves in the gentle breeze, he gazed sadly out on the lake, and over the varied and beautiful country beyond. 'How often,' he said, 'have I looked on all this with delight ! What bright visions of the future passed through my mind ! Ah, how happy I was ! How incredulously I listened, when the old people, shaking their heads at youth's day-dreams, spoke of the almost certainty of disappointment. There is no change here. The glittering lake at my feet—the wild forests around—the lovely shores, and the elysian islands—all are the same ; yet every soft and gentle feeling is tainted by that bitter fountain which lies in the recesses of my heart, and all this beauty gives no pleasure now.'

A clap of thunder aroused Theodore—he started to his feet and gazed around him in dismay. The sky and water were of one dark hue. The blast, which just then burst down on the land, bore the largest trees to the ground, and filled the air with leaves, and branches, and dust. Out on the cliff's extreme edge—quivering with the idea of the danger of her he so fondly loved ; for out in the lake were two boats, with their masts bent to the water. With incredible exertion he let himself down the rocks, and stood on the shore. The larger boat had arrived safely,

and landed its terrified passengers. Theodore looked eagerly among them, but she he sought was not there. Wildly he gazed at the other frail bark. Its sails touched the water—it upset, and turned completely over! One groan escaped Theodore; then springing into a boat, followed by others, with the assistance of sails and oars, they succeeded in forcing their way through the waves. Young Bennet they met swimming to the shore, with Miss Wayland, and after some exertion, had the happiness of rescuing them. Straining every nerve, the upset boat was at length reached, and there, almost faint with exhaustion, James Chapman was seen clinging to its side, supporting Elizabeth. Mahitable had fortunately returned in the other boat. With a burst of gratitude Theodore received the insensible Elizabeth in his arms, and in a few moments the weary crew brought their rescued friends to the shore. Theodore bore Elizabeth to a sheltered spot, where, with the assistance of others, he wrung the wet from her hair, rubbed her hands, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing her revive.

"Oh, my husband!" she cried, gazing wildly around her. "Did you save him? Where is he?"

"He must have swam to the shore."

"No, no, he is drowning! Go immediately," she screamed wildly; "He is entangled in the sails! I saw him far below me, but fainted before I could tell them. Oh, Theodore—dear Theodore! go."

Theodore gazed on her, and out on the dark lake. A flush of joy rushed over him; but striking his heart violently, maddened that such a thought found harbor there, he sprang into the boat, calling to Elizabeth, "I will save your husband, or die."

James followed him, and they were once more on the waters. The floating wreck was attained again, and both gazed down in search of the lost Graham. They espied him at last, and Theodore sprang out of the boat, and down through the water. James watched him anxiously. Theodore worked with incredible exertion to release him, who had made the world a desert to him, and arose twice for air, before he succeeded. He was at length loosened, and Theodore arose with him to the surface; he was placed safely in the boat, and James turned to assist Theodore; but at that moment the blood gushed out over the face of young Howard, and relaxing his grasp, he sank heavily down through the stormy waves. Sorrow had so wasted him, and his extraordinary exertions that day had so exhausted him, that he burst a blood-vessel, and sunk to rise no more. James, in great distress, rowed around, and lingered in hopes of seeing his unhappy friend, but convinced he was gone forever,

and knowing every minute was of consequence to Graham, he sadly took his way to the shore. Graham recovered slowly, but Elizabeth, miserable at the fate of Theodore, was taken home in a state of high fever and delirium.

Mrs. Howard had felt in remarkable good spirits that day, for she now hoped to see her beloved boy recover from his state of gloomy sorrow; and with her knitting in her bag she stepped over to take a dish of tea with neighbor Peabody. At that moment James Chapman drove up to bring Mahitable home. The widow ran to the window. "Well, Jimmy," she said, "I'm glad you have brought them home safely. I was terribly afraid when I heard the thunder, that some accident might happen: but where's the rest? I hope they are all safe."

"Oh, yes," said James, turning pale with his endeavors to speak calmly to the bereaved woman; "they will be all here directly."

The poor unconscious mother ran on talking gaily, until a cold chill crept over the party as they gazed on her smiling countenance, and thought how soon anguish would be seated on every feature.

"I am so glad my Dorey did not go with you," she continued. "I urged him to go, but I should have been in an agony of fear had I thought he was on the water in that storm, for should he be drowned, I don't know what would become of me. He is no doubt sheltered somewhere. But drive on—you all look so weary."

James gave his horse a cut, and drove away. "Good heavens!" he exclaimed, "I should have gone raving mad, had I stayed there another moment. To hear that poor old soul speak so cheerfully, so much livelier than she has been for some time past, and to know the blow that is hanging over her—is horrible."

As they rode along, they were hailed from many a house, to know the fate of the party, and soon every one but she whom it would touch the most, knew the loss of the gentle Theodore, and a sentiment of sorrow pervaded every heart. In the meanwhile, Mrs. Howard left her friend's house, and slowly took her way homeward. As she passed through the village, every one she met seemed very gloomy, and when she spoke smilingly to them, they gazed earnestly and piteously at her, or turned hastily away. Still, much occupied with her own thoughts, she scarcely observed this, but arrived at her home, with a more serene heart than she had known for some time. The next day the poor mother was informed of her loss, and, for an hour after the fatal intelligence, sat, with her hands clasped together, and her head bowed down on her breast, without speaking. Her kind neighbors succeeded in placing her in bed,

from which she never rose again. Elizabeth stationed herself by her bedside, where she nursed her night and day. The sorrowing woman seldom spoke—never inquired the particulars of her son's death—but lay silently weeping with the bitterness a lonely and bereaved mother can alone feel. "Oh, Elizabeth," said she one day, "to think my boy, my beautiful Theodore, is lying far down in the bottom of the lake, among the cold waves; If he could only be buried by his father's side, I could bear it better." "Be comforted then, my dear Mrs. Howard. Mr. Graham has offered a large sum for the recovery of the body, and all the town has turned out in search of him."

"And I spoke harsh to him, Lizzy, on that very morning! Oh, that cuts me to the heart! I blamed him for indulging in sorrow. Little did I know that was the last day of his life! Oh, if I had not spoken so harsh to him! Lizzy, if I had not uttered those cruel words to my own kind, gentle boy!"

Elizabeth did all in her power to alleviate the sorrows of the broken-hearted mother—but in vain. Her spark of life were fast waning, and she laid motionless in her bed, seemingly only waiting to hear her son's body was found. Melancholy were the sensations of Elizabeth, while she sat, day after day, in that darkened room, and reflected on the misery her faithlessness had brought on that sorrowing mother; and in the depth of her wretchedness, she even wished she had never seen the young stranger.

On the ninth day after the loss of young Howard, the booming sound of cannon was heard at intervals, which were fired over the lake, in hopes this might effect the raising of the body. The dying mother lay to all appearance insensible, but with the sound of the cannon, a deep shudder would convulse her limbs, and show that life still lingered. The shores of the lake were lined with anxious spectators—boats were stationed around, and every endeavor was used to recover their young townsman.

Just at dusk, Elizabeth heard the slow tramp of many feet approaching the house. They stopped, and she crept softly out. Her husband stood in the entry. "The body is found," said he, in a low tone.

Elizabeth stole back to the room, and saw Mrs. Howard sitting up in bed. "Is that my poor boy?" Elizabeth answered in the affirmative: the mother clasped her hands, raised her eyes to heaven, and sank slowly back in her bed. Elizabeth sprang to her, but her spirit had gone to join her Theodore in heaven.

And did she, who by her fickleness, had brought so much woe to the hearts that loved her—did she live happy after these disastrous events? Alas! poor girl! a melancholy took possession of her heart—her home became

wearisome, and she urged her husband to take her, as he had promised, to the city where he lived. He was extremely reluctant to go, and sought, by many an evasion, to remain where he was. However, he at last could not avoid it, and left the peaceful valleys of Vermont.

When arrived at the great city, Graham was forced to disclose to his wife that his only means of maintaining her was by the stage—that he was on his way to Montreal, seeking an engagement, when an acquaintance offered to defray his expenses, if he would look after some lands of his in Vermont. Elizabeth was thunderstruck. She had always been taught by her homely relatives, that the theatre was (as her plain-spoken father called it) *the devil's house*; and this, with the straightened means of her husband, preyed on her spirits and altered her temper. Her husband saw he had lost her confidence, and sought for friends, and happiness away from home, where he once again plunged into that dissipated way of life which he once hoped he had forsaken forever. Elizabeth, in the lonely hours she now so frequently experienced, reviewed her past life, and bitterly regretted that she had thrown from her, so recklessly, the pure and faithful heart of Theodore. A few years passed, and by the sudden death of her husband, Elizabeth was left alone and penniless, in a large and unknown city; but by raising a little money from the work of her hands, she succeeded in once more attaining the shade of her native valleys, where she threw herself and three children on the charity of her father. The peace she once knew here, was her's no more, for the remaining days of the lonely widow were worn away in care and discontent, and vain repining after the lost friend of her early youth.

E. R. S.

BIOGRAPHY.

Chief Justice Marshall.

JOHN MARSHALL was born in Fauquier, Virginia, on the 24th of September, 1755, the eldest child of colonel Thomas Marshall, a planter of small fortune, who had fifteen children. From his intelligent father the future chief justice of the United States received the first rudiments of education. By him he was introduced into the study of history and poetry. From his father's tuition he passed, between his fourteenth and eighteenth years, successively through the hands of several teachers, one of whom carried him as far as Horace and Livy in the Latin classics. Upon this foundation he afterwards made himself a good Latin scholar.

In his eighteenth year, while studying law, he engaged enthusiastically in the growing controversy between Great Britain and her

American colonies, devoting much time to military exercise in a volunteer corps, to training a military company in the neighborhood, and to reading the political essays of the day.

In the summer of 1775, being in his twentieth year, he was appointed first lieutenant in a company of minute men enrolled for actual service, and was soon afterwards engaged with his company in the battle of the Great Bridge, where the British troops under lord Dunmore were repulsed with great gallantry. In July 1776, he was transferred as first lieutenant to the eleventh Virginia regiment on the continental establishment. The following winter he marched to the north, and in 1777 was promoted to the rank of captain. He was in the battles of Brandywine, Germantown and Monmouth. In 1780 he returned home and resumed the study of the law, while waiting for orders from the state legislature. In the autumn of the same year he obtained a license to practice, and rejoined the army, in which he continued till 1781, when, there being a redundancy of officers in the Virginia line, he resigned his commission.

He was distinguished in service for courage and activity, and such was the estimation in which he was held by his brother officers, that quarrels and points of difference among them were often submitted to his arbitration. Thus early was he noted for that union of sound judgment and integrity which has since given to his decisions a value and weight unsurpassed by those of any other judicial tribunal in the world.

He soon rose to eminence at the bar. In the spring of 1782 he was elected a member of the State legislature, and in the autumn of the same year a member of the executive council. The following January he married Miss Ambler. In 1784 he resigned his seat in the council in order to return to the bar: and he was immediately afterwards re-elected to the legislature from Fauquier county. In 1787 he was elected member for the county of Henrico, of which Richmond is the shiretown. He engaged warmly in the animated discussions of that excited period, and was afterwards a member of the convention called in Virginia, to ratify the constitution. In 1788, the legislature having passed an act allowing a representative to the city of Richmond, he was invited to become a candidate and was selected. He continued in the legislature till 1791, when he retired, mingling however, actively in the politics of the day.

One of the earliest meetings called to express public sentiment, as to the conduct of citizen Genet, was at Richmond, and Mr. Marshall drew up the resolutions there passed, expressing strong disapprobation of

Genet's course, and a deep sense of the danger of foreign influence. In 1795 he was again elected to the legislature.

About this period he was invited by president Washington to accept the office of attorney general, but declined it on account of its interfering with his lucrative practice. Upon the recall of Mr. Monroe, as minister from France, president Washington solicited him to accept the appointment as Mr. Monroe's successor; this offer he likewise declined. A year afterwards he was appointed by president Adams one of the three commissioners to be sent to France in place of one minister. The crisis was alarming, and from a sense of public duty he reluctantly accepted the appointment. He returned in 1799.

In 1799, at the earnest solicitation of general Washington, who invited him to Mount Vernon for the purpose of discussing the subject, he became a candidate for congress and was elected. The distinguished part he played in the memorable session of 1799-1800 is well known. In 1800 without the slightest personal communication, he was nominated by the president secretary of war, and immediately afterwards secretary of state. Chief Justice Ellsworth dying about this time. Mr. Marshall was made on the 31st of January, 1801, chief justice of the United States, which post—one of the most elevated and important known in the history of government—he has occupied for 34 years, discharging its arduous and responsible functions with the highest credit to himself and the greatest benefit to his country.

He calmly departed this life on the 6th of July last, in the city of Philadelphia, surrounded by three of his children and many valuable friends. A few days previous to his death, he penned an inscription for his tombstone, and was fully prepared for the event.

Biography can furnish the lives of few men, if any, who have had a longer, loftier and purer career.—His biographer eloquently observes—What indeed strikes us as the most remarkable in his whole character, even more than his splendid talents, is the entire consistency of his public life and principles. There is nothing in either which calls for apology or concealment. Ambition never seduced him from his principles—popular clamor never deterred him from the strict performance of his duty. Amid the extravagancies of party spirit, he stood with a calm and steady inflexibility,—neither bending to the pressure of adversity, nor bounding with the elasticity of success. He lived such as man should live, by and with his principles. If we were tempted to say in one word in what he excelled all other men, we should say, in wisdom; in the union of that virtue, which ripened under the hardy discipline of

principles, with that of knowledge, which constantly sifted and refined its old treasures, and as constantly gathered new. The Constitution, since its adoption, owes more to him than to any other single mind, for its true interpretation and vindication.—Whether it lives or perishes, his exposition of its principles will be an enduring monument to his fame, so long as solid reasoning, profound analysis, and sober views of government shall invite the leisure, or command the attention of statesmen and jurists.'

MISCELLANY.

Female Heroism Exemplified.

The female character, when life passes smooth and tranquil appears to be wholly made up of tenderness and dependence. It shrinks from the gaze of the rude, and recoils from the slightest touch of the impudent. But however it may appear in these circumstances, certain it is that when dangers impend, traits of heroism and intrepidity dart out amid this tenderness and dependence, like lightning from the soft fleecy clouds of a summer's evening. So when we stand by the ocean's side and view its smooth and tranquil bosom, we little suspect the terrible energy of its wave, when lashed into fury by the winds! The following fact confirms these remarks.

In the year 1750, Henry and Emily, a new married pair, and children of wealthy parents in Boston, left their paternal abode, determined to effect a permanent settlement at a place called D———(Mass.) Emily had been brought up in the midst of affluence and was acquainted with distress and poverty only in the abstract.—Though her character was made up of all those qualities which we most admire in her sex, yet no one would have suspected the presence of those which her subsequent life so abundantly evinced.

After a lapse of five years their house and farm presented the appearance of neatness and comfort; and except being sometimes startled from the slumbers of midnight by the yell of the savage, or the howl of the wolf, they had themselves suffered no molestation. The prospect from the house was bounded on all sides by the forest except in one direction, where there was a deep valley from which the wood had been cleared to open a communication with the adjoining town. The rays of the setting sun, shooting almost horizontally into the valley, enabled the eye to reach to a great distance, and formed a great contrast to the deep gloom that bounded on both sides of the way. It was through this opening that Henry might be frequently seen at the close of the day returning from labor in a distant field. It was here too that the eye of affection and hope first caught a view of a beloved object.

One evening about the end of June, Henry was seen about half way up to the valley on his return home. At this instant a tall stout Indian leaped from an adjoining wood and seized upon the unprotected and unsuspecting Henry, and appeared to be in the act of taking his scalp. The forest around rang with savage yells; and four Indians, were seen bounding over the fields towards the house. In an instant the tender and depending Emily was transformed into the bold, the intrepid heroine. She deliberately fastened the doors—removed her two sleeping children into the cellar—and with her husband's rifle, stationed herself before the window facing the Indians. The foremost Indian had just disappeared behind a small hillock; but as he rose to view he fell in the grasp of death. She hastily reloaded and anxiously waited the approach of the three remaining Indians, who appeared to be exhausted by running. Two of the three met with a fate similar to that of their companion; but the third succeeded in reaching the door, and commenced cutting it down with his hatchet. Our heroine with admirable presence of mind, recollecting that she had a kettle of boiling water above stairs, took it, poured it down on this son of the forest; who that instant looked up, received the whole contents hot as they were, into his face and eyes. Blinded, scalded by the water, and rendered desperate by being thus outwitted by a woman (which of all things the savage abhors) he ran furiously around the corner of the house and stumbled into a deep well.

Freed from the immediate personal danger she became deeply anxious to know the fate of her husband. On looking towards the spot where he had been seized upon by the Indian, she beheld him not only alive, but struggling with fearful odds against his foe, both covered with blood. She immediately hastened to his relief; and unperceived deliberately despatched a ball through the head of his adversary. On the discharge of the gun both fell; the one in the convulsions of death; the other by exhaustion. The one restored to his mother earth: the other to the arms of an affectionate and truly heroic wife.

A PEDLAR'S TOAST.—A few years since, at the celebration of our national anniversary a poor pedlar who was present, being called upon for a toast, offered the following:—
• Here is health to poverty: it sticks to a man when all other friends forsake him.'

THE STRIKES.—Leaning out of the window the morning after the great strike by the apprentices of this city, we discovered several lads who belonged to an establishment for the success of which we feel a deep interest. One of them was accosted thus, by a lad who

had participated in the turning out of the preceding evening:

- Well, Bill, an't you going to strike?
- No, I rather think we sha'n't.'
- Why not?—all of ——'s apprentices did.
- Did they!—well I'll tell you what, the old man does all the striking in our establishment.'

—U. S. Gazette.

ARTFUL QUESTION.—Dominico, the harlequin, going to see Louis XIV. at supper, fixed his eye on a dish of partridges. The King, who was fond of his acting, said, 'Give that dish to Dominico.' 'And the partridges, too, Sire?' Louis penetrating his art, replied, 'And the partridges too.' The dish was gold.

TRUTH WILL OUT.—'Well, Master Jackson,' said his minister, walking homeward after service with an industrious laborer, who was a constant attendant; 'well, Master Jackson, Sunday must be a blessed day of rest for you, who work so hard all the week! And you make good use of the day, for you are always to be seen at church!' 'Ay, sir,' replied Jackson, 'it is indeed a blessed day; I works hard enough all the week, and then I comes to church o' Sundays, and sets me down, and lays my legs up, and thinks o' nothing.'

Letters Containing Remittances,
*Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting
the amount of Postage paid.*

D. D. B. Saratoga Springs, N. Y. \$0.90; S. O. B. Au Sable Forks, N. Y. \$1.00; W. A. N. M'Lean, N. Y. \$1.00; J. S. Chenango Forks, N. Y. \$1.00; J. N. P. New-York, \$1.00; T. C. C. Fitchburg, Ma. \$1.00; A. V. Little Falls, N. Y. \$5.00; S. A. W. Ira, N. Y. \$0.62; A. P. Pratt's Hollow, N. Y. \$1.75; M. W. Addison, N. Y. \$1.00; T. A. H. Norwalk, Ct. \$1.00; M. W. Hilldale, N. Y. \$1.00; S. M. V. Naples N. Y. \$1.00; R. F. & S. C. Schenectady, N. Y. \$2.00; L. H. A. Cazenovia, N. Y. \$0.75; R. E. A. Clermont, N. Y. \$1.00; S. S. Ithaca, N. Y. \$1.00; S. L. New-Harford, N. Y. \$1.00; A. N. S. Ghent, N. Y. \$1.00; J. F. W. Albany, N. Y. \$14.00; I. M. Edinburgh N. Y. \$0.87; J. S. Apulia, N. Y. \$0.87; J. N. H. Stokes, N. Y. \$1.00; N. C. Havana, N. Y. \$1.00; L. G. Hull's Mills, N. Y. \$0;

SUMMARY.

GREAT YIELD.—A head of wheat from the field of Major Henry Ensminger, of York county, Pa. was found to contain 125 grains. Another head taken from the field of Mr. J. Eppley, of the same neighborhood, contained 120 grains. Such rates of increase denotes any thing else than shortness of the wheat crop, and a consequent scarcity of the staff of life.

The Fire Fly Locomotive, performed a trip from Ballston to Schenectady, N. Y. and back again, in one hour and three minutes. Distance thirty-one miles!

To THE LADIES.—Young's Patent Spark Catcher is advertised in the United States Gazette.

We are rejoiced to hear that Mr. Dearborn, of Gold-street, has Haleck's works in press. If this work is to appear under the authority and countenance of Mr. Haleck, its sale will exceed any book ever printed in America.

The Boston Silk Company have purchased 280 acres at \$15,000 on the Lowell Road, and the business will be carried on upon a large scale.

MARRIED.

In this city, on the 1st inst. by the Rev. William Thacher, Mr. Freeman Roseman, to Miss Catharine Augusta Gruyler.

DIED.

In this city, on the 18th ult. Ruth Bates, aged 43 years. On the 27th ult. Mrs. Elizabeth Jenkins, consort of the late Nathaniel Jenkins, of this city, aged 84 years.

In the 21st ult. William H. son of William D. Cole. In Albany, on the 21st ult. Jeremiah Waterman, merchant, aged 45 years.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

The Christian Name.

The christian title—prize it well :
 'Twill stand when beauty's tints shall fade,
 'Twill stand when bosoms cease to swell,
 'Twill stand when life's young dreams are made
 Like sunny bubbles on the deep,
 And sparkling eyes forever sleep.
 'Twill stand when pleasures fail to please,
 'Twill stand when honors all disgust,
 When death these limbs of ours shall seize,
 And lay them with their parent dust;
 And it will stand thro' trouble's sea,
 To set the anguished bosom free.
 Afar in future time 'twill stand,
 Beyond the utmost reach of thought;
 'Twll brightly gleam in yonder land
 From which the sacred sound was caught,
 Where higher honors wait it still
 Beside the throne on Zion's hill.
 And it will stand while stands that throne,
 Eternal as the God who gave,
 Still, still the christian spirit's own :
 Then who would not this title crave,
 Before his God on bended knee,
 That his that spirit blest might be ?

L. S. M.

The Vanity of earthly Things.

WHEN the voices are gone
 That breathed music around,
 And the faces we look for
 Are not to be found ;
 Then Love is a hermit,
 And steals all apart,
 For cold strikes the world
 On the strings of the heart.

The world that we dreamt of
 In home's pleasant bowers,
 Ere we drank at its fountains,
 Or gathered its flowers,
 That we pictured as bright,
 And we found as frail too,
 As the gossamer's web
 With its garlands of dew.

All the glitter that dazzled,
 The newness that won,
 Fade away from our reason.
 Like clouds from the sun ;
 As the angel of truth,
 Growing bright through our tears,
 Shows the world but a desert,
 When sorrow appears.

Our childhood is fleet,
 As a dream of the night ;
 And youth fades anon
 Like the flower in sunlight ;
 And manhood soon ripens
 As corn for the flail ;
 And age drops to dust
 Like the leaves on the gale.
 Thus year after year
 Life's enchantments decay,

The glow of the spirits,
 So buoyantly gay,
 Is chilled by unkindness,
 Or chastened by woe,
 Till man finds his paradise
 Darkened below.

But man has a spirit
 The world cannot bind,
 That mounts to the stars,
 And leaves darkness behind
 Where the voices we loved
 Breathe a holier sound,
 And the faces we look for
 Again may be found.

From the London Manchester Guardian.

'How Beautiful.'

'Making a worship of the beautiful.'—BULWER.
 How beautiful this world of ours,
 Its Autumn hues, and Summer flowers,
 Its waving fields of ripened grain,
 Its twilight shade, on hill and plain ;
 Beautiful, its sparkling floods,
 And its leafy, solemn woods,
 And its morn, when o'er the brake,
 All its songsters first awake.

How beautiful—the starry night,
 When its meek and mellowed light,
 Stealing through the trees is seen,
 On the jocund village green ;
 Beautiful, the dreams of sleep,
 When the spirit, wrapt and deep,
 Wanders 'neath Lethean spell,
 To a land where Angels dwell.

And oh ! how beautiful to see,
 Love's unchanged fidelity,
 Hearts that beat through good and ill,
 True, and fond, and faithful still ;
 Beautiful, when years have sped,
 O'er the peasant's honored head,
 Is the watchful care we bless
 In a child's devotedness.

How beautiful—that quenchless power,
 Unsubdued in darkest hour,
 Unduced when fortune's beam
 Gaily gilds life's varying stream ;
 Virtue—thine this glorious sway,
 Thou the gem of fairest ray,
 Thou the fairest flower we cult,
 Crown of all—most beautiful.

Conscience.

BY THE REV. GEORGE CROLEY.

WHERE is the king, with all his purple pomp—
 Where is the warrior plumed, the criminal judge
 With all his insolent plunders—where the sage—
 Where all wise, powerful, fearful, frowning, things,
 That can, for all their frowning, send an eye
 An inch within my bosom ?

There's my rock,
 My castle, my sealed fountain, sacred court ;
 That shuts man out. There holy Conscience sits,
 Judging more keenly than the ermined judge,
 Smiting more deeply than the warrior's sword—
 More mighty than the scepter. There my deeds,
 My hopes, fears, vanities, wild follies, shames,
 Are all arraigned. So Heaven be merciful.

The man acquitted at the fearful bar
 Holds the first prize the round world has to give,
 'Tis like Heaven's sunshine—priceless. For all else
 The praise of others is as virgin gold,

Earth's richest offering to be sought with pain,
 Yet not to be pined for; worthy of all search,
 But not of Sorrow—as the inferior prize :
 Not as our breath of breath, or life of life,
 The flowing river of our inward peace,
 The noble confidence, that bids man look
 His fellow man in the face, and be the thing,
 Fearless and upward eyed, that God has made him.

AGENTS

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VOL. XII.—[III. NEW SERIES.]

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1835.

NO. 8.

ORIGINAL TALES.

For the Rural Repository.

The Force of Genius.

FORTY years ago is the first of my story. At that time in one of the lone, vast hills of the county of Berkshire, State of Massachusetts, one isolated, log cottage, often elicited an observation from the passing traveler. It was tucked snugly up under a towering cliff, which, at evening, threw a long shadow over it. A stream, also, came tumbling and flashing above it, and winding round its front door, lazily gurgled through quite a long reach of meadow land. This little, green, meadow land, (though almost as fertile as Eden) was the only part of the forest cleared for miles, and the chief spot of ground owned by the cottagers.—One cow and six sheep were the tenants of it, and received all the produce that sprung up through the warm summer days.

The interior of the cottage was indeed scantily furnished. Broad black beams were above, and naked studs around. Chairs, roughly put together by their proprietors, were scattered around in confusion. Earthen dishes and wooden trenchers, filthy yet from the last meal, stood here and there. There was but one window, and that was completely darkened, by the numerous hats, coats, stockings, &c. which had been stuffed into it;—but the want of it was supplied by a large breach in one corner of the roof, which answered the double purpose of letting in the light, and conducting out the smoke. There was one cluster of respectable appearance, and but one. This consisted of the guns of the inmate, which were carefully arranged on the beams overhead. They shone like burnished silver, and some stuffed skins and a pair of buck-horns showed they had not always been idle.

The inhabitants of the cottage were filthy and disgusting. A mother, all slouch and dirt from head to foot, conducted round the room a troop of children, who were so ragged that the apparel of the whole would not have decently clad one of the number. Long

hair came down in tangles over their eyes and back, supplying, sometimes the loss of garments; and the numerous and incessant appeals they made for food told of the famine which they daily endured.

One quiet afternoon in the mellow month of September, I remember a stroll which I took around this cottage. This, recollect, was forty years ago. I had toiled up the flinty steep behind it, and stood upon the summit taking a glance at the wide forest which lay in swells, and slopes, and valleys, below; and it was only now and then I saw a smoke curl up gently from the thick trees. The country was new. I was insensibly won along from one beauty to another, until I came, with surprise, upon a human being. He lay listlessly upon a level rock which overlooked the world below, and a lofty beech behind him threw a cool shadow around. It was, indeed, a romantic spot. It was a place of solitude; nothing interrupting it but the voice of a bird, or the flutter of his wing. I soon knew him to be the eldest child of the cottage, the only one of the whole tribe of children which had ever won any of my attention. He was clad poorly—scarcely decently; but those duties to himself, which he could singly perform, as washing, &c. I observed had been attended to.

The rock upon which he sat, was of slate. Here he had worked out some of the simple sums in arithmetic, and by inspection, I found them correct. But the most surpassing skill developed, was in drawing. Their little cottage, the lawn in front, the animals couched down beside the rill which purled through it, were all cut out upon the rock as true as nature herself;—many other objects were there delineated with equal accuracy. The reason I found for his skill being so much superior in this branch was, that he had, at least, *nature* as a teacher, if nothing more, while in his other branches of study he trusted entirely to himself.

I attempted to converse with him, but he appeared so shy and modest that I found it extremely difficult. He was evidently ashamed of his tattered garb, even though it

folded a heart as blameless as an angel. He had an eye, however, like fire, and I often spoke to him, that he might turn its light upon me.

More and more he developed his real character; until he finally drew forth from a large, bag-like pocket a quantity of papers. Upon examination, I found them to be leaves from various books—a little from one thing, and a little from another; but no one subject complete. The conclusion was that they were his only library of study, for they appeared to be completely worn away with constant usage.

Our conversation in the end did not amount to much. Previous to my departure, I gave him all the reading matter which I had about me. One book, I well recollect, was a collection of American *speeches*, delivered just previous to the revolution, by Warren, Hancock, Adams, &c. I then gave him my blessing, and started on my winding way down the mountain.

As the pronoun *I* has figured somewhat conspicuously in the foregoing, let me say that I am a professor of physic. At that period I had just commenced practice, was temporarily settled—if settled it might be called, where I had a circuit of forty miles to run round)—in that wilderness of country. I had been occasionally called in this cottage in cases of sickness—but this tour on the mountain was for the purpose of finding a botanical plant, which had been highly eulogized for its beneficial effects.

Aster this I met with him often in my peregrinations among those hills—sometimes many miles from his cottage. From merely passing observations, I began to question his condition. The young poverty-stricken youth I found, at last, to be no less than one of those great *geniuses* which *nature* often startles the world with. I found he had commenced the path of knowledge, and was determined to follow it up to the blazing summit of immortality. He told me that stumbling blocks could not impede him—that flowers would not cause him to linger—that, in fine, nothing, save humanity's misfortunes,

correctly, and with as much feeling as one half of the ladies of my acquaintance do! Now with a bride the call is much more interesting; there is the new and elegant furniture to admire, and the new dress and decorations of the bride, and often some pretty invention in bijouterie, is on the center table, or the beautiful vases are decorated with rare flowers, these trifles serve to make a formal call delightful—but then a wife cannot take such weary pains to please her friends; so to save her credit, she must not often be found at home.'

'But the wife must see her husband every day—and will not the decorations which are meet for his eye, be suitable for friends less interested in the credit of his wife?'

'Oh! cousin Robert, how unsophisticated you are!' said Lucy, laughing—'One would think you had passed all your days on the Green Mountains! Why, do you not know that it is quite obsolete to think of pleasing one's husband? It is, in good society, considered absolutely vulgar for a husband and wife to be attentive to each other before company, and you may be pretty sure that they do not trouble themselves about the graces in private life.'

'Then I shall be ranked among the vulgar when I marry,' said Robert, seriously—'But pray, cousin Lucy, where did you learn your code of fashion?'

'From the fashionable novels, sir. They exhibit the court models of London and Paris, and what better standard would you have for fashionable manners? Oh, you may shake your head with that Lord Burleigh air of superior wisdom, but it won't do. The fashionable novels will carry it against all your reasoning. But I cannot stay now to discuss the matter. Good bye, dear Coz; and pray smile when I return; such a grave face don't become you at all; it positively makes you look like a married man who is in perplexity because his wife will not be at home'—and the gay girl ran off laughing at her own pleasantries.

Robert Hosmer sighed as he took his hat and departed on a long walk. He was a highly educated young gentleman, but of very retiring habits, and had never been fond of what is called fashionable society—though he had traveled and seen much of the world. He had lately come in possession of a handsome property, and was now really in earnest in search for a wife, to share and enhance his prosperity,

'I must give it up'—murmured Robert to himself, as he walked hastily over the Roxbury road. 'I shall never find a young lady I shall dare to marry. I could not love an ignorant, awkward girl, and the manner in which education is now conducted, though it may confer intelligence and gracefulness, yet

fosters such an ambition for display, for the follies and fashions of the great world in Europe, that it renders our young ladies the most heartless and artificial beings in creation. A lady born to a title has her dignity to sustain, and she is natural, therefore, even in her assumption of these airs of clique and exclusiveness; but for a republican lady, whose ambition should be to maintain a noble simplicity and frankness of deportment, to be using these foreign modes, is a folly and a sin. Cannot our people see that they are not dependent on the vain pageantries of a Court birth-day for their patent of fashion? Will they never learn that by superior intelligence and virtue their rank must be measured?—Oh, woman, how much might be done by thy influence!—but alas! thou art following vain idols—the shadows of a foreign rank and fashion.'

* * * * *

Robert Hosmer had a letter to deliver to a lady in a remote part of Roxbury. It was a long walk, but he felt vexed with the world, and it was a relief to stroll on alone and soliloquize, like melancholy Jaques, on the faults of mankind, or rather womankind. Before he reached Mrs. Marvin's, he had decided that the world was utterly selfish, and resolved that he would never waste another thought on those chimeras, friendship and love—no—though a maiden as lovely as Mary Stuart, and as good and intelligent as Jane Grey were to cross his path in life, he would not even inquire her name—he abjured the sex; he would never marry—no, never!

As he finished his mental abjuration, he came out on the pretty woodland scene where Mrs. Marvin's house was situated. It was a small cottage, and seemed to have been nestled among a grove of evergreens, without disturbing a single shrub. The narrow foot-path, by which only the house was accessible, wound in and around among the trees—like a track turned in the gambols of a fairy frolic—now it led beneath tall dark trees, so close that the hand was involuntarily put forth to part the tangled boughs, ere venturing onward; then a gleam of bright sunshine would break through the quivering branches, and rest on the violets and roses, that were clustering in their beauty around the trunks of the acacia and the stately elm, which were mingled among the sombre firs. Here and there a small circular patch of green sward was left in the pathway, as it were to stay the foot of any evil thing, or to admonish those who were eager to press onward in the brilliant career of worldly distinction, that this was not their way—the verdure never grows so quietly in the pathway of the ambitious.

'Mrs. Marvin does not keep a carriage,'—thought Robert; 'so perhaps she may be at

home; it must be from necessity if a lady is at home,'—and he pulled the bell with a quick impatient jerk; for even his walk through that quiet path had not calmed the vexation of his spirit.

'Mrs. Marvin is at home, sir; but she is ill, and does not see company,' was the reply of the domestic to Robert Hosmer's inquiries.

'Give her this card and letter, and I will wait here for the answer'—and he turned away and walked towards a rustic seat, overgrown with honeysuckle and woodbine. He heard a piano; the keys seemed touched by one whose soul was harmony, and a soft, clear voice was breathing

'Birds, joyous birds of the wandering wing,
Whence in ye come with the flowers of spring?
We came from the shores of the green old Nile,
From the land where the roses of Sharon smile,
From the palms that wave through the Indian sky,
From the myrrh trees of glowing Araby, &c.'

He could not forbear listening; but he was glad that he was spared the task of proffering even the common compliments of introduction to a lady: he was resolved to be a hater of their sex.

He was deeply engaged in examining a scabious, the little purple blossom spoke to his heart of unfortunate love, and the sad history of Paul and Virginia seemed stamped on the mourning flower—he was just thinking whether such devoted affection were possible, when a light step advancing caused him to look up, and there stood before him a being that might have resolved his doubts at once.

'Mr. Hosmer, I presume,' said the young lady, blushing deeply.

He bowed low,—he could not speak.

'My mother, Mrs. Marvin, requests the pleasure of seeing you; if you have leisure this morning, she will be happy to see you now. Will you walk in, sir?'

Poor Robert! he was naturally reserved in manner, but he could converse eloquently. Now he felt his voice as well as language had forsaken him, and it was in the most awkward style that he signified his assent to see Mrs. Marvin. But he had just determined to be a woman-hater.

Mrs. Marvin was reclining on a sofa; she seemed very feeble, yet she had nothing of the querulous or listless look which often marks the incipient or impatient invalid. She had become accustomed to confinement, and reconciled to her lot, and the cheerful smile which illumined her pale face as she extended her hand in a warm welcome to Robert Hosmer, appeared to him expressive of that real heart-felt happiness which he had just been considering as impossible to find in the world, among the selfish race of civilized man.

* * * * *

'I did not consult your entertainment, Mr.

Hosmer, in thus asking you to visit an invalid—but I wish to hear personally about my friends, and to see a gentleman so highly commended,—and my daughter thought you would excuse me: she believes every body is happy to oblige her mother, do you not, Anna? And a smile of confiding affection beamed on the faces of Mrs. Marvin and her fair daughter, as their eyes met.

'I am indeed most happy to oblige you, madam, and to have the honor, of making your acquaintance,' said Mr. Hosmer, warmly. He addressed the mother; but his eyes were wandering to the daughter, as he spoke.

Anna was arranging her mother's pillows, that she might converse more easily, and then the kind girl brought a reviving cordial, and bent over the sofa, with that expression of devoted tenderness which a young mother wears when watching the cradle sleep of her sick infant. It was a lovely example of those domestic charities, which constitute the *real* bliss of human life.

Robert felt the influence of this filial affection enter his soul. He had denounced the whole sex as heartless—he never repeated the accusation.

'Ah, there is dear Willey's voice, Anna—and he is calling you,' said Mrs. Marvin.

'I will go mother;—Mr. Hosmer, excuse me—and she glided out of the room. Perhaps the cloud that passed over Robert's countenance as that bright vision of female loveliness vanished, was noticed by Mrs. Marvin, or she might speak of her daughter from that fulness of soul which must pour itself out, either in praises to a human ear, or in prayers and thanksgivings to the God of mercies. Be that as it may, Mrs. Marvin spoke of Anna, and the tear trembled in her eye, as she dwelt on the blessing she had possessed in her daughter.—'You doubtless know,' said she to Robert Hosmer, 'that Mr. Marvin was unfortunate in business—he is now in India, endeavoring to obtain wherewithal to pay his creditors: fortune for ourselves we do not expect. We are poor; I am almost helpless, and yet how much I enjoy!'

'You have a pleasant home,' said Robert.

'Ah, yes, there is the secret of our happiness. I am rich enough, while possessing such wealth of love and filial affection. Anna is my treasure. It is two years, since her father was obliged to leave us; and she has managed the concerns of the family, with the additional care of nurse to me and instructor of her young brothers: never were children better managed or taught. They all love Anna, and are so happy to be at home with her, that they apply themselves to their studies with the greatest diligence.'

'Did I not understand you, that one was

ill?' said Mr. Hosmer—He wished to ascertain if there was any prospect that Anna would again make her appearance.

'Yes,' answered Mrs. Marvin—folding her hands together, and looking upward, as though she would commit the little sufferer to the care of his father in heaven: she felt her own helplessness to aid her child—'Yes, our youngest darling, our little Willey, has been dangerously sick; we feared the result—but God is merciful; he has heard our prayers; and the child lives. To the unwearyed care of his sister, under God, he owes his life. Anna has watched over him, day and night; for the last fortnight she has scarcely slept—and yet you saw how bright and happy she looked: she never seems to feel fatigue or ennui; her smile as well as her assistance are always ready for those she loves. Just as you called, she had stolen a moment from her brother's side, to cheer me with a song.—But I am running on with my family story, as though you were an old friend, Mr. Hosmer.'

'Ah! how I wish you would so consider me, madam,' said Robert, with earnestness 'How I wish you would allow me the privilege of calling—often!'

'I am always at home, sir,' replied Mrs. Marvin, smiling; 'and shall be happy to see you—but we have no fashionable attractions here; we live only for domestic pleasures and employments.'

'And what besides is worth living for?' Robert exclaimed—and then stopped abruptly, and colored, fearing he had not said the most proper thing. When people are in earnest they do not compliment gracefully. They feel too much is depending on their words to be at ease. He was relieved by the entrance of Anna.

There was a tenderness in her mild blue eyes, as they met his, which he would have given the world to appropriate to himself—but she turned to her mother, and in a low voice told her something pleasant which Willey had said, and then inquired if she were not fatigued.

'I must go,' thought Robert.—'She considers me an intruder in her Eden. If she would only love me as she does her mother and her brothers!'

During his homeward walk he became more reasonable, and confessed to himself that the charm which had so won on his admiration was her devotedness to her own family.

'It is strange,' thought he, 'that a lover can dream he has the affections of his lady love, unless she shows in her girlhood that she has a heart! If she has not been loving and kind as a child, or sister, or friend, she will never be loving and tender as a wife and

a mother. If she has not loved the home of her childhood, she will never love the home of her husband. Marriage does not create affections or virtues, it only enlarges and perfects them. I am glad that Anna does love her mother and brothers thus devotedly—and her home—I will see her again. 'What a sweet wife she would make!'

Mr. Hosmer was really in love, and his own scruples respecting marriage were soon as little remembered as are the snows of January amid the roses of July—but Anna was not lightly won. She was not waiting for an offer. She had never imagined how her bridal dress should be arranged, nor thought of her wedding party. She had been happy as a daughter and sister, and it was months after she first met Robert Hosmer before she believed that there were any dearer relations in this life than those she had so cherished. Robert had to wait three years, till Mr. Marvin returned, and Mrs. Marvin had, in a great measure, recovered her health, before he could win Anna to be his wife—but he declares she was worth waiting for.

BIOGRAPHY.

From Goodrich's Lives of the Signers to the Declaration of Independence.

Benjamin Harrison.

BENJAMIN HARRISON was the descendant of a family long distinguished in the history of Virginia. Both his father and grand-father bore the name of Benjamin, and lived at Berkley, where they owned, and where the family still owns, a seat, beautifully situated on the banks of the James River, in full view of City Point, the sea-port of Petersburg and Richmond.

The father of Mr. Harrison married the eldest daughter of one Mr. Carter, the king's surveyor general, by whom he had six sons and four daughters. Two of the latter, with himself, were, at the same time, during the occurrence of a hard thunder storm, killed by lightning in the mansion house at Berkley.

The subject of the present memoir was the eldest son of the preceding, but the date of his birth has not been satisfactorily ascertained. He was a student in the college of William and Mary at the time of his father's death; but, in consequence of a misunderstanding with an officer of the college, he left it before the regular period of graduation, and returned home.

The management of his father's estate now devolved upon him; and though young to be entrusted with a charge so important, and involving responsibilities so weighty, he displayed an unusual share of prudence and judgment.

His ancestors having long been distinguished as political leaders in the province,

he was summoned at an early date, even before he had attained the age required by law, to sustain the reputation which they had acquired. He commenced his political career as a member of the legislature, about the year 1764, a station which he may be said to have held through life, since he was always elected to a seat, whenever his other political employments admitted of his occupying it. As a member of the provincial assembly, Mr. Harrison soon became conspicuous. To strong good sense he united great firmness and decision of character. Besides, his fortune being ample, and his connexions by marriage highly respectable, he was naturally marked out as a political leader, in whom general confidence might well be reposed.

The royal government, aware of his influence and respectability, was, at an early day, anxious to enlist him in its favor, and accordingly proposed to create him a member of the executive council in Virginia, a station corresponding to the privy council in England, and one which few would have had the firmness to have declined.

Mr. Harrison, however, though a young man, was not to be seduced from the path of duty by the rank and influence conferred by office. Even at this time, the measures of the British ministry, although not as oppressive as at a later day, were such as neither he nor the patriotic burgesses of Virginia could approve. In opposition to the royal cause, he identified himself with the people, whose rights and liberties he pursued with an ardor which characterized most of the patriots of the revolution.

Passing over the following ten years of Mr. Harrison's life, in which incidents either of a private or political nature are recorded of him, we arrive at the year 1774, the era of the memorable congress which laid the foundation of American liberty, of which body Mr. Harrison was a member.

From this period until the close of 1777, during nearly every session of congress, Mr. Harrison represented his native state in that distinguished assembly. Our limits forbid us entering into a minute detail of the important services which he rendered his country during his career in the national legislature. As a member of the board of war, and as chairman of that board, an office which he retained until he left congress, he particularly distinguished himself. According to the testimony of a gentleman who was cotemporary with him in congress, he was characterized for great firmness, good sense, and a peculiar sagacity in difficult and critical situations. In seasons of uncommon trial and anxiety, he was always steady, cheerful, and undaunted.

Mr. Harrison was also often called to

preside as chairman of the committee of the whole house, in which station he was extremely popular. He occupied the chair during the deliberations of congress on the despatches of Washington, the settlement of commercial restrictions, the state of the colonies, the regulation of trade, and during the pendency of the momentous question of our national independence. By his correctness and impartiality, during the warm and animated debates which were had on questions growing out of these important subjects, he gained the general confidence and approbation of the house.

An interesting anecdote is related of him, on the occasion of the members affixing their signatures to the declaration of independence. While signing the instrument, he noticed Mr. Gerry of Massachusetts standing beside him. Mr. Harrison himself was quite corpulent; Mr. Gerry was slender and spare! As the former raised his hand, having inscribed his name on the roll, he turned to Mr. Gerry, and facetiously observed, that when the time of hanging should come, he should have the advantage over him. 'It will be over with me,' said he, 'in a minute, but you will be kicking in the air half an hour after I am gone.'

Towards the close of the year 1777, Mr. Harrison resigned his seat in congress, and returned to Virginia. He was soon after elected a member of the house of burgesses, of which body he was immediately chosen speaker, a station which he held until the year 1782.

In this latter year, Mr. Harrison was elected to the office of chief magistrate of Virginia, and became one of the most popular governors of his native state. To this office he was twice re-elected. In 1785, having become ineligible by the provisions of the constitution, he returned to private life, carrying with him the universal esteem and approbation of his fellow-citizens.

In 1788, when the new constitution of the United States was submitted to Virginia, he was returned a member of her convention. Of the first committee chosen by that body, that of privileges and elections, he was appointed chairman. Owing, however, to his advanced years, and to infirmities which were now coming in upon him, he took no very active part in the debates of the convention. He was a friend, however, to the constitution, provided certain amendments could be made to it, and opposed its ratification until these should be incorporated with it. When the question was taken in the convention as to its unconditional ratification, the majority in the affirmative was but ten. A minority so respectable in point of number and character was not to be slighted. Hence, the convention appointed

a committee to prepare and report such amendments as they should deem necessary. Of this committee Mr. Harrison was a member, and, in connexion with his colleagues, introduced such a series of amendments as were thought advisable, and which, after passing the convention, formed the basis of the alterations which were subsequently made.

In 1790, Mr. Harrison was again proposed as a candidate to the executive chair. Finding, however, that if run, it must be in opposition to Mr. Beverly Randolph, who was at that time governor, a gentleman distinguished for his great amiableness of character, and a particular and intimate friend of Governor Harrison, the latter declined the designed honor, in consequence of which, Mr. Randolph was elected, but by only a majority of two or three votes.

In the spring of 1791, Mr. Harrison was attacked by a severe fit of the gout, of which however he partially recovered. In the month of April, he was elected a member of the legislature. On the evening of the day after, however, a recurrence of his disease took place, which on the following day terminated his life.

In his person, Mr. Harrison was above the ordinary height; he possessed a vigorous constitution, and in his manners was remarkably dignified. Owing to the free manner in which he lived, he, at length, became quite corpulent; his features were less handsome, and the vigor of his constitution was much impaired.

Those who recollect him represent his talents as rather useful than brilliant. He seldom entered into public discussions, nor was he fond of writing; yet when occasion required, he appeared with respectability in both.

Mr. Harrison became connected by marriage with Elizabeth Bassett, daughter of Colonel William Bassett, of the county of New Kent, a niece of the sister of Mrs. Washington. He had many children, seven of whom only attained to any number of years. Several of his sons became men of considerable distinction, but no one has occupied so conspicuous a place in society as his third son, William Henry Harrison. While young, this gentleman distinguished himself in a battle with the Indians at the rapids of Miami; since which time, he has filled the office of governor of the Indiana Territory, served as a high military officer on the north-western frontier, been sent as a delegate from the state of Ohio to congress, and more recently been appointed to the important office of minister plenipotentiary to Mexico.

As health is the paradise of the body, so a good conscience is the paradise of the soul.

MISCELLANY.

Train up a Child.

Nothing is easier than to repeat a proverb, and nothing more difficult than carrying it into execution. We can all advise each other how to bring up children, but utterly fail in carrying our own precepts into practice. When we look into our police reports—in the list of accidents and offences—in the dire calamities and suicides which unhappily, too frequently occur in our large city,—we are convinced there are many radical defects in precept and example—in our system and discipline—in our laws and their administration.

Sufferings of some kind or other in health, in mind, or in fortune, seem to fall to the lot of every man, no matter how circumstanced or conditioned, and the ills of life appear to be providentially distributed among all classes—proving how artificial is all rank and distinction in the estimate of human woe.

We frequently see a rich man, who has accumulated wealth by honest industry, afflicted with extravagant and dissipated sons—or what is worse, an honorable and exemplary father cursed with a dishonest child, who tarnishes by his crimes, a name always respected, and brings down to the grave in sorrow, the gray hairs of a pure and upright life. This is really an affliction, because more or less, society at large suffers. It is hard to reform those who have grown up in vicious propensities; yet the vices of mature age should admonish us to guard the young shoots from equal blight and destruction. A rich man should bring up his son, as the poor man does, to work and labor for himself. Early and active, and steady employment is the secret to bring up children well. No matter at what occupation—no matter how laborious, as long as the mind is employed—so long as attention is directed to proper objects of business, bad examples and bad company will be avoided. Five or six years of a young man's time thus closely occupied, will confirm him in habits of industry; and his own resources of mind and body, his own industry and enterprise will advance him honorably and prosperously in life. A rich father should always help a child when he proves his ability and inclination to help himself and not sooner.—We have no nobility, nor titled families, nor aristocratic distinctions; yet how frequently do we find an indulgent, rich father, who, from humble life, has raised himself in the world, indulging his son in extravagance and idle habits, giving him money to spend in gaiety and fashion, at the race course, the hotel, or the billiard room, under the delusion that he never will want, and that he must inherit an ample fortune. What is

the result? Idleness begets vice, dissipation follows, and loss of health, of fortune, and character is the inevitable result. A rich man, instead of giving his son a few hundreds now and then for what are called his contingent expenses, and under the fallacious idea that he must make an appearance like a gentleman, should say to him, 'for every thousand dollars which you earn by enterprise and industry I will add a thousand safely invested for you, to be used at that advanced period of life when you know the value of money, and are entitled to ease and comfort.' The very facility which young men have of obtaining money leads them into ruinous extravagance; and when from design or accident, their means are checked, they resort to crime to furnish them the sources of enjoyment.

Brandy and water, and segars, a fast trotting horse, a pocket book with bank notes, gaming, and late hours,—are the rocks on which are shipwrecked many bright hopes and alluring prospects, the fond anticipations of good parents, and the realization of anxiously desired blessings.—*N. Y. Star.*

'Do you want to buy a rale prime lot of butter?' said a Yankee notion dealer, who had picked up a load from fifty different places, to a Boston merchant.

'What kind of butter is it?' said the merchant.

'The clear quill; all made by my wife, from a dairy of forty cows; only two churnings.'

'But what makes it of so many different colors?' said the buyer.

'Darnation; hear that now. I guess you wouldn't ax that question if you'd seen my cows, for they are a darn'd sight speckleder than the butter is.'

An Englishman in Philadelphia, speaking of the Presidency of Washington, was expressing a wish to an American, to behold him. While this conversation passed,

'There he gots,' replied the American pointing to a tall, erect, dignified personage, passing on the other side of the street.

'That General Washington!' exclaimed the Englishman—'where is his guard?'

'Here replied the American, striking his bosom with emphasis.

'How do you like my cigars?' said Boniface to a wag who had just bought a 'real Havana' of him. 'Oh, they would do very well,' said Quiz, 'if a fellow had a sticking plaster on the back of his neck to help draw.'

'A man's importance,' said a member of Irish parliament, once in Curran's presence,

'should depend upon his acres,'—and how many,' said Curran, 'does it take to make a wise-acre!'

The Rural Repository.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1835.

THE LADIES' MAGAZINE.—We have been favored, by the politeness of the editor, with the August number of this valuable and popular work, from which we have extracted the interesting little tale, entitled 'At Home,' in our present number. The Ladies' Magazine is published in Boston, and is issued on the fifteenth of each month, at \$3 per annum, in advance. We shall be happy to extend its circulation by any means in our power, and will forward the amount of subscription if any of our readers wish to patronize the work.

Letters Containing Remittances,
Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting
the amount of Postage paid.

J. H. West Stockbridge, Ms. \$1.00; S. M. Livingston, N. Y. \$1.00; R. K. & S. S. New Woodstock, N. Y. \$3.00; B. R. Erileville, N. Y. \$1.00; F. W. A. Cooperstown, N. Y. \$1.00; E. H. B. Germantown, N. Y. \$1.00; I. H. Berkley, Ms. \$1.00; J. B. C. Austerlitz, N. Y. \$1.50; A. M. K. Rondout, N. Y. \$3.00; L. T. Treaty Ground, Inc. \$3.00; E. L. F. Schenectady, N. Y. \$1.00; E. M. C. Mechanics, N. Y. \$1.00; S. Gregory, Troy, N. Y. \$1.00; M. E. R. Salisbury, Ct. \$1.00; P. M. Cassville, N. Y. \$2.00.

MARRIED.

In this city, on the 30th ult. by the Rev. Wm. Thacher, Mr. Thomas Lees, to Miss Elizabeth Decker, both of Johnstown.

On the 10th inst. by the same, Mr. Benjamin Munger, of the firm of H. & B. Munger, to Miss Almira Stalker, all of this city.

On the 10th inst. by the same, Mr. John Clark, of Castleton, to Miss Sarah Ann Payne, of this city.

On the 11th inst. by his Honor the Mayor, Mr. Jared Coleman, of the firm of E. B. & J. Coleman, merchants of Rochester, to Miss Susan, daughter of Reuben G. Macy, of this city.

On the 29th ult. by the Rev. J. Berger, Mr. Peter Tator, to Miss Catharine Dunspaugh, both of Ghent.

On the 3d inst. by the Rev. Herman Vedder, at his residence at Ancram, Columbia County, Abraham Lyle, Esq. merchant of Mount Ross, formerly Upper Redbook, Dutchess County, to Miss Henrietta, daughter of the Rev. Herman Vedder.

At New Hackensack, Dutchess County, on Sunday the 30th ult. by the Rev. C. C. Van Cleef, Mr. Henry Van Loon, to Miss Sarah Ann Morton, both of Athens.

At Port Gibson, Ontario County, on the 20th ult. Mr. Allen Rossman, of the firm of Hoffman & Rossman, merchants of this city, to Mary S. daughter of Stephen Allen, Esq. of the former place.

On the 3d inst. by the Rev. Dr. Sprague, Mr. N. W. Roberts, merchant of Albany, to Miss Ann Eliza, daughter of the late Henry Relay, of this city.

DIED.

In this city, on the 10th inst. Reuben P. Hopkins, son of Mr. Elias Hopkins, aged 19 years.

On the 11th inst. Mrs. Phebe Gardner, aged 67 years, widow of the late Capt. Gilbert Gardner.

On the 6th inst. Mary C. daughter of Abraham G. and Catharine Barlinger.

On the 3d inst. Theodore, son of Edward and Sarah Allen, aged 3 months.

On the 4th inst. James D. son of Seth and Margaret Bartlett, aged 20 days.

On the 8th inst. F. W. son of Benjamin C. and Ann Macy, aged 3 weeks.

On the 8th inst. Gerard D. son of Enos and Rebekah Peak, aged 5 months and 27 days.

On Saturday, the 5th inst. of an apoplectic fit, at his residence in Chatham, Columbia County, Mr. George Humphrey, formerly merchant of Albany.

At Stockport, on the 11th inst. Mr. John Harder, in the 93d year of his age.

At Centreville, on the 30th ult. Mr. Solomon Cowles, in the 24th year of his age.

At Canaan, New York, Mr. Ebenezer Church, an aged and respectable inhabitant.

In Pittsfield, Mass. after a short illness, on the 6th inst. Catharine Ann, second daughter of Peter I. Hoce, Esq. of Kinderhook, in the 16th year of her age.

At Coxsackie, on the 2d ult. Jane Ann, youngest daughter of Barent Houghtalling, Esq. aged 12 years, 11 months and 21 days.

On the 9th inst. at the residence of her brother, Edward Radcliff, Lower Redhook, Mrs. Sarah C. Van Ness, widow of the late Wm. C. Van Ness, Esq. and daughter of Wm. Radcliff, Esq.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

Lines written on a back leaf of the 'Young Man's Guide.'

WHOEVER reads this book, will find
'Tis rightly named, for 'tis designed
To pour instruction o'er the mind,
And be a 'guide'
To all young men who are inclined
Towards vice to slide.

Full many a youth has gone astray,
By having none to guide his way—
He'd listen to that siren's lay
Which leads to evil,
Till lone he's left on life's dark sea,
In vice to revel.

Then reader, let us not misuse it,
But carefully let us peruse it;
And virtue's path—O may we choose it;
For 'tis the road,
Which, he who travels never rues it—
It leads to God.

RURAL BARD.

Harvest Hymn.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

God of the year!—with songs of praise,
And hearts of love, we come to bless
Thy bounteous hand, for thou hast shed
Thy manna o'er our wilderness;—
In early spring-time thou didst fling
O'er earth its robe of blossoming—
And its sweet treasures day by day,
Rose quickening in thy blessed ray.

And now they whiten hill and vale,
And hang from every vine and tree,
Whose pensile branches bending low
Seem bowed in thankfulness to thee;—
The earth with all its purple isles,
Is answering to thy gentle smiles,
And gales of perfume breathe along
And lift to thee their voiceless song.

God of seasons!—Thou hast blest
The land with sunlight and with showers,
And plenty o'er its bosom smiles
To crown the sweet autumnal hours;
Praise, praise to thee! Our hearts expand
To view these blessings of thy hand,
And on the increasing breath of love
Go off to their bright home above.

THE following beautiful verses are from the pen of James Montgomery.

Broken Ties.

THE broken ties of happier days,
How often do they seem
To come before our mental gaze,
Like a remembered dream;
Around us each dissevered chain
In sparkling ruin lies,
And earthly hand can ne'er again
Unite those broken ties.

The parents of our infant home,
The kindred that we loved,
Far from our arms, perchance, may roam,
To distant scenes removed;

Or we have watched their parting breath,
And closed their weary eyes,
And sighed to think how sadly death
Can sever human ties.

The friends, the loved ones of our youth,
They too are gone or changed,
Or, worse than all, their love and truth
Are darkened and estranged,
They meet us in a glittering throng,
With cold, averted eyes,
And wonder that we weep our wrong,
And mourn our broken ties.

Oh! who in such a world as this,
Could bear their lot of pain,
Did not one radiant hope of bliss,
Uncloaked yet remain?—
That hope the sovereign Lord has given
Who reigns beyond the skies;
That hope unites our souls to Heaven,
By truth's enduring ties.

Each care, each ill of mortal birth
Is sent in pitying love,
To lift the lingering heart from earth,
And speed its flight above;
And every pang which rends the breast,
And every joy that dies,
Tells us to seek a heavenly rest,
And trust to holier ties.

A Thought.

BY P. M. WETMORE.

As we look back through life,
In our moments of sadness,
How few and how brief
Are its gleamings of gladness!
Yet we find, 'midst the gloom,
That our pathway o'er shaded,
A few spots of sunshine
Still lingering unfaded.

And memory still hoards,
As her richest of treasures,
Some few blissful moments,
Some soul thrilling pleasures.
An hour of such rapture
Is a life ere it closes,
'Tis one drop of fragrance
From thousands of roses!

The following beautiful lines was the hymn of the Moravian Nuns, of Bethlehem, Penn. at the consecration of Pulaski's banner:—

'TAKE thy banner—may it wave
Proudly o'er the good and brave,
When the battle's distant wail
Breaks the sabbath of our vale,
When the clarion's music thrills
To the heart of these lone hills,
When the spear in conflict shakes
And the strong lance shivering breaks.

Take thy banner: and beneath
The war clouds circling wreath,
Guard it till our homes are free
Guard it—God will prosper thee,
In the dark and trying hour,
In the breaking forth of power,
In the rush of steeds and man;
His right arm will shield thee then.

Take thy banner—but when night
Closes round the ghastly fight,
If the vanquished warrior bow,
Spare him by our holy vow,

By our prayers and tears,
By the mercy that endears,
Spare him, he our love hath shared,
Spare him as thou wouldst be spared.

Take thy banner, and if e'er
Thou shouldst press the soldier's bier
And the muffled drum should beat
To the tread of mournful feet,
Then this crimson flag shall be
Martial cloak and shroud for thee:
And the warrior took the banner proud
And it was his martial cloak and shroud.

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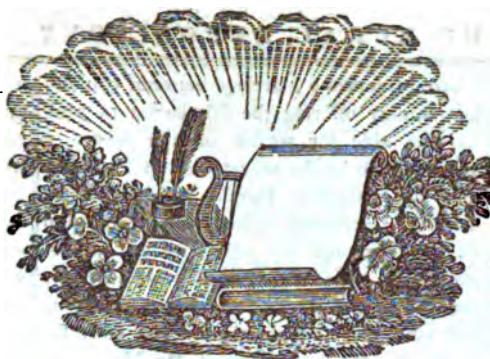
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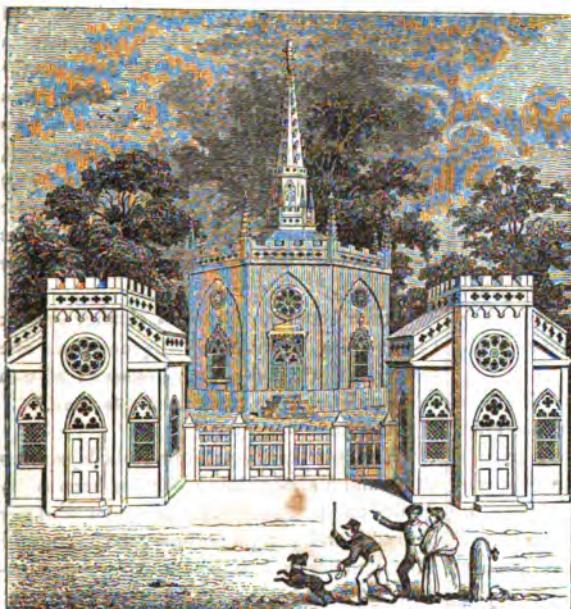
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VOL. XII.—[III. NEW SERIES.]

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1835.

NO. 9.

A View of the Schenectady Lyceum.



Our readers are herewith presented with a view of the Schenectady Lyceum, recently erected in Schenectady, a beautiful specimen of gothic architecture for which the inhabitants are wholly indebted to their enterprising fellow citizen, Giles F. Yates. The object of Mr. Yates was to establish a classical academy on a permanent foundation, there not having been previously to the erection of the Lyceum a building in that city adapted to the purpose. The arrangements in the interior of the apartments are somewhat novel. The seats of the scholars are attached to the wall, and separated by partitions. With their backs to the superintendent, nothing is presented to divert their attention from their books. The form of the room being octagonal, the desk of the teacher is with convenience placed in such a position, as to command a view of every pupil under his charge. Thus all unnecessary intercourse between the scholars is prevented and a close attention to study secured. The basement and first story are already occupied by Mr. E. A. Huntington, principal of the academy; the second story contains the hall and museum of the Schenectady Lyceum, and will be used by the members of that society and other associations of a similar nature, which may be hereafter organized.

The location of this building is pleasant and retired. It

is situated about 180 feet in the rear of the range of buildings on the south side of Union-street, between Union College and the Erie Canal. It is approached by a graveled walk planted with trees. On either side of the gateway stands an office, appearing like wings to the main building. In front of these offices in the center of each rises a tower, which with the windows and doors, modeled like those of the Lyceum, are all of Gothic architecture.

The prevailing style of architecture in this edifice is modern gothic. It is built of brick stuccoed in imitation of granite, is 85 feet in breadth, but may be extended in the rear, should circumstances render it necessary, so as to make the rooms of the first and second story at least 80 feet in length. Its form is octagonal. The base rises between 4 and 5 feet above the ground. Above the base and about 16 inches from each corner, the sides are recessed. By this means buttresses are formed at the angles. The recesses form at the top the usual acute arches. From the springing lines of the arches the spandrels and buttresses unite, and form the proper thickness of the wall for the support of the roof. The walls are crowned with a battlement, below which are quatrefeuille perforations. Each corner of the battlement is surmounted with a pinnacle, ornamented with crockets.

From an octagonal platform on the roof rises a belfry, in the shape of a small tower, supporting a steeple having crocket ornaments, and its pyra-

midical point crowned with a pine-apple. This platform is protected by a wall, with a battlement and perforations like those of the wall of the edifice; and at each corner of the battlement is a crocketed pinnacle.

The windows of the first story, have acute arches filled with flowing tracery; the lower divisions of which have triseuille, and the upper central divisions quatrefeuille ornaments. The lights of the windows as also those of the second story are of stained glass of the thombus form. The arch above the front door is finished in a style corresponding with the arches of the first story windows. The second story is lighted with a sky-light, and circular windows placed in the recesses directly over the apices of the arches of the first-story windows. These circular windows are ornamented with tracery similar to the tracery of the other windows. The window above the door is larger than the rest, and is a specimen of the wheel window. The windows of the basement story are in the rear of the building.

SIBYL RALEIGH.

The Brazilian Bride.

BY THE HON. MRS. ERKINSON NORTON.

AMONG the nobles who suffered most from the invasion of Portugal, and who followed John VI. across the Atlantic in search of a safer home in another hemisphere was the Marquess de Gonsalva. He had married a young and lovely woman to whom he was tenderly attached. She suffered much at the separation from her home and family, and her health failed under the fatigue and privation of the voyage; she had scarcely reached Brazil, ere she died in giving birth to a son.

The Marquess remained a widower, devoting himself to the care of his child, and the reparation of his ruined fortune.

Alonzo was a fine generous-spirited boy grateful and affectionate in his disposition, and very handsome in his person; his clear dark complexion, laughing eyes and white teeth, were united to a form remarkable for

its just proportions and natural grace. It was on the subject of his education that his father felt most severely the change of his circumstances; he could not afford to send him to Europe, but all the scanty means that Rio de Janerio supplied, were put in requisition; and in every respect made the most of.

'What a pity it is,' thought the good Marquess, 'that my boy, who is beyond all doubt the finest and most talented boy in the country, should lose any advantage that money could procure. Money, money, where are you to be had!' cried the father impatiently pacing the room; he suddenly stopped, and appeared for full half an hour wrapped in thought; then, starting from his reverie, ordered his horse, rode in great haste to the convent of —, had a long conference with the sister Abbess, returned home, declined an invitation to a ball, and wrote letters the remainder of the evening.

A large and important looking packet was addressed to a Portuguese merchant, well known as a man of great wealth, at St. Paul's. About the time an answer might be expected, the Marquess became anxious and impatient; it arrived at length; Alonzo took it to his father, who shut himself up in his room to read it.

Presently, Alonzo was called: 'My boy,' said the Marquess, rubbing his hands in great glee, 'how would you like to be married?' Alonzo was just turned of seventeen, and therefore answered without a moment's hesitation, 'Very much indeed sir!—and as he spoke, the bright eyes of Donna Clara, the little peeping foot of Donna Julia, and the separate perfections of half a dozen Donnas glanced in delightful confusion across his mind. 'Then married you shall be,' replied his father, 'sit down my son, I have an important communication to make. I need not inform you that we have lost almost the whole of our property, with but very little hope of regaining it;—in fact we are very poor. I wish you to go to Europe, and for the next few years to have every advantage that travel, study, and an introduction to the first society can give; I wish you in short, to take your station in the world,—that station for which your birth and talents so eminently fit you: but this wish cannot be accomplished without money; and money, as we are situated, cannot be procured, except by—marriage.'—A pause:—the blood receded from the cheek of Alonzo, but bowing his head, he replied, 'I understand you sir.' The Marquess proceeded:

'Senhor Josef Mendez owes his rise of life to my father, and much also to me; he is, as you well know, considered the richest individual in Brazil: he has only one child, a daughter, the sole inheritor of his wealth.

I have proposed a marriage between you and her, frankly offering the fair barter of rank on one side for wealth on the other. I believed it to be the secret wish of his heart that his daughter should be ennobled by marriage; gratitude unites with pride, and he has accepted my offer with the utmost eagerness. It is arranged that we instantly proceed to St. Paul's, where the ceremony will take place: from thence you start for England. My worthy friend, Mr. Mordaunt, will meet you at Falmouth. I write to him by this next packet, offering him so handsome an income, that I have no doubt whatever he will become your tutor, guide, and companion, during your five years of travel and study. At the expiration of that time, you will return to your home and friends,—your bride, and father. I pray only that I may not be snatched away before that happy moment arrives;—I shall then die in peace!' The father and son embraced with emotion. 'But,—' said Alonzo, hesitatingly; 'but,—the lady, sir?'—'True,—the lady,' replied the Marquess; 'why,—your lady is but a child at present,—she has not yet completed her thirteenth year, and I regret to say (the Marquess tried to look grave,) her health is considered delicate: however in all that personally regards her, I confess I am rather deficient in information.'

Preparations were speedily made for their departure. Alonzo, who was an universal favorite, took leave of all his young friends with a heavy heart; they merely knew he was going to St. Paul's and from thence to Europe; his intended marriage was a secret.

His last visit was to his aunt, the Abbess. 'May the saints protect you, son of my brother!' cried the good lady; 'Alonzo, thou art the last support and representative of our ancient and noble house;—blessed be the chance that brings it back to wealth and independence! But remember, Alonzo thou takest upon thee a duty most delicate and most difficult towards the hand that bestows these blessings. There is no good in this world without its attendant evil:—may thy golden chains lie lightly on thee!'

They embarked, and in a few days reached St. Paul's. They were met on board by Senhor Josef, a little elderly man, shrewd and active,—with a long queue, cocked hat, brown dress-coat, and a flowered waistcoat. His joy and pride were almost too great for words, and for once in his life natural feeling swept away his whole routine of compliment; which is saying a great deal for an old Portuguese.

The house of Senhor Josef was situated in the center of the town, and was not at all distinguished from its neighbors, either in its outside or inside appearance; comfort had made less progress here than even at Rio. A heavy, dull looking building, with large

white-washed rooms, a few of them only matted; rows of old fashioned chairs ranged round the wall, or projecting in two stiff rows from the ends of a venerable looking sofa; a couple of small tables, to match, looked at each other from exactly opposite sides, and were ornamented with artificial flowers, somewhat faded, in vases; a French clock in a glass case, old massive silver candlesticks, with candles ready to light, decorated with wreaths of white cut paper;—such was the appearance of the grand *sala* of the wealthiest man in Brazil.

They were met at the entrance by a little, dark, fat, good-humored *Senhora*, arrayed in stiff flowered satin, whom *Senhor Josef* introduced as his sister Theresa. She gave Alonzo a hearty smack on each cheek, and led him into the *sala*, where presently a small table was brought in by two neatly dressed black damsels, covered with cakes and very fine fruit. While Alonzo was paying his compliments to these delicacies, the two fathers were talking apart: 'The ship sails to-morrow,' said the Marquess: 'it is very soon,' and he sighed; 'but, as you observe, we had better not lose the opportunity.'

'Much better not,' replied *Senhor Josef*: 'every thing is arranged: licence from the bishop, the priest, and the witnesses; all can be completed in an hour from this time.'

'And your daughter?'

'Why, my lord, you know Isabella is but a child, and a sickly child; she has been sadly spoiled and petted, and, in consequence of her ill health and my numerous avocations, her education has been somewhat neglected: however, we must begin to make up for lost time.'

'Well, *Senhor*,' said the Marquess, with a sort of effort, 'the sooner the business is finished the better.' *Senhor Josef* whispered to his sister, and they both left the room. The Marquess then informed Alonzo that the ceremony would take place instantly, and that to-morrow he would leave for Europe. The Marquess also thought it prudent to prepare his son for the appearance of his bride, and after having repeated what her father had stated, he continued: 'Promise me, Alonzo, to conceal as much as possible any unfavorable emotion she may excite: remember we have set our fate upon this cast!'

'We have indeed, sir!' said Alonzo, gravely; 'but the sacrifice is great.' By this expression, Alonzo did not mean that he or his rank was sacrificed, although his more worldly father put this interpretation on his words; no,—the natural integrity, and yet unsullied freshness of his youthful feelings, told him that he was selling his honor and independence, and what youth prizes so much in perspective, free choice in his wedded love.

They retired to their separate half-furnished bed-rooms to make some alteration in their dress ; which was scarcely completed when a request arrived that they would meet Senhor Josef in his private room. Thither they went, and found him with a notary, a priest, and two witnesses. A deed was handed over to the Marquess to read, by which a very handsome settlement was made on his son ; the Marquess expressed his gratitude, and Alonzo kissed the hand of his new father ; the deed was signed and sealed, and copies put in their possession. Senhor Josef's will was next read, in which, after providing for his sister, and bequeathing to her the only house he had, (their present residence,) the rest of his immense fortune he settled exclusively on his daughter. He also expressed his intention to make all fixed and sure by winding up his mercantile concerns before the return of Alonzo : but no land would he purchase ; he was aware that a large hereditary estate in Portugal belonged by right to the Marquess, which in all probability he would possess in peace before he died.

These interesting arrangements being completed, the party were requested to proceed to the oratory, where the marriage ceremony was to take place.

Both the father and the son felt sad misgivings on the subject of the bride herself, and it was with a throbbing heart that Alonzo, especially, approached the oratory : his father, yet apprehensive of the final events, whispered emphatically, 'Senhor Josef has performed his part nobly :—oh, my son ! for my sake struggle to support yours.' Alonzo pressed his father's hand, but his heart was too full to answer.

Although the day shone brightly through the arched and small-paned windows of the oratory, it was, as usual in catholic chapels on occasions of ceremony, lighted with a great number of huge wax candles, which produced a most disagreeable effect. Two rows of slaves, male and female, were drawn up on each side ; the priest and witnesses took their stations, as did Alonzo and the Marquess. Senhor Josef had gone for his sister and daughter.

A few painful minutes elapsed. At length a scuffle was heard in the passage, and 'Non quero ! non quero !' was shrieked out by a weak but shrill female voice. A moment afterwards Senhor Josef appeared with his sister, actually dragging in a thin, dark, lanky form, that was making all the opposition it was capable of, by biting, scratching, and screaming. The father and aunt were assisted by four young mulatto females, whose disordered white dresses, and flowers falling from their heads, showed but too clearly in what desperate service they had been engrossed.

The girl herself was dressed in thickly-worked Indian muslin, trimmed with rich lace, but which according to the Portuguese taste, was nearly as yellow as her own complexion : in her ears and round her neck were clumsily set diamonds of great value ; her hair they had attempted to dress in vain, and it fell over her shoulders, long, strait, and black. Anger and mortification were deeply impressed on the countenances of her father and aunt ; and all present looked dismayed.—But poor Alonzo ! his blood ran cold : he actually sickened—and nothing but the imploring look of his father prevented him rushing from the oratory. When fairly placed in the center of the circle, the girl shook herself free, and threw back her disordered hair : she was panting with rage and exertion evidently beyond her strength ; she glanced first on the Marquess, and then turned her eyes steadily on Alonzo. Every one was wondering what would happen next ; when to their surprise and relief, after a long and childish stare, she stepped up quietly and placed herself beside him. The priest, who knew her well, lost not the favorable moment, and instantly commenced the service. She went through it with perfect composure, every now and then turning round to look at her companion. Once did Alonzo raise his eyes to meet hers,—but his fell, as if avoiding the gaze of a basilisk : he visibly shrank as he touched her cold and skinny hand—in short he could not conceal the agony he suffered. Nevertheless, the ceremony came to its conclusion, and with a sort of conclusive effort he turned to salute his bride. But she had already reached the door, (no one thought proper to prevent her;)—there she stopped, and once again fixed her very large, black, and fearfully brilliant eyes upon Alonzo : their expression was changed, it was no longer the same as at the altar ; but what that expression was, Alonzo, though haunted by it for years after, could never make out.

The party left the oratory. The Marquess was the first to recover his composure, and conversed freely on indifferent topics until dinner was announced. Senhora Theressa made an apology for her niece, who, she said, was too unwell to join them. They sat down to a repast more abundant than elegant ; and the gloom quickly disappeared from every countenance but one.

In the evening, the fathers had a long conference over their coffee ; and Alonzo, availing himself of the excuse his intended early embarkation provided, retired for the night to his chamber.

After a light and hurried breakfast on the following morning, he prepared to depart. The Senhora expressed her deep regret that Isabella was not sufficiently recovered, after the agitating scene of the preceding day, to

take leave of him personally ; but—and the good Senhora was proceeding with a string of apologies, when Alonzo impatiently interrupted her by placing in her hand a morocco case containing a set of pink topaz of the latest London fashion, which he had brought from Rio as a present for his bride. He mumbled something about the Senhora presenting it in his name, as it appeared he could not have the honor of offering it himself. Away went the aunt with her prize, and returned in a few minutes with a ring containing one deep-yellow diamond of value enough to purchase a dozen of his pink topaz sets, and this was given with many fine speeches from his bride, made up by the Senhora with the felicity of her sex on such occasions.

After receiving the blessing of his new relatives, he went on board, accompanied by the Marquess, who took leave of him with the greatest affection ; giving him of course much wise counsel, mixed with the heartiest congratulations on his good fortune : but not one word was breathed by either concerning her who was at once the maker and marrer of all,—the rivet to those golden links, without which, indeed, they would have lain lightly enough. The Marquess was a man of much tact ; he felt that any thing he could say on this delicate subject must be wrong.

A few weeks brought Alonzo to Falmouth, where he was met by Mr. Mordaunt, his tutor. They proceeded together to the Continent, where it was arranged they should spend three years in travel and study ; the two remaining years were to be devoted entirely to England.

Mr. Mordaunt was admirably calculated for the office assigned to him, and soon became affectionately attached to his pupil.

Three delightful years flew rapidly by. The most interesting spots in France, Germany, and sacred Italy were visited. The study of the best authors in each language ; that of the history, government, manufactures, and works of art, of each country ; together with the acquaintance of the most eminent men—all contributed to exalt and enrich the highly gifted mind of Alonzo, and to fill his heart with the noblest sentiments of benevolence and patriotism. During this time he might have been pronounced among the happiest of mortals,—but in his overflowing cup one black and bitter drop was mingled.

Mr. Mordaunt had been made aware of Alonzo's marriage, and of all the circumstances attending it, by the Marquess. In the first letter Alonzo received from his aunt the Abbess, were these words. 'The only chance you have of domestic peace, (happiness is perhaps out of the question,) in your

peculiar circumstances, is to *guard your heart* with the most vigilant care: if once that treasure pass into the possession of another, guilt and misery will attend you through life. I repeat to you again and again, *guard your heart!*" This letter was handed to his tutor, who, pointing to the last sentence, said emphatically, "let that be your watchword."

During his residence on the Continent his time and attention were too much occupied, his change of residence too frequent, to allow of his affections being at any time in danger. And, beside the observing eye of Mr. Mordaunt, and the watchword of the reverend Abbess, it must be noticed that the young Don was not of that lightly inflammable nature, which the sparkle of an eye, the smile of a rosy lip, or the touch of a delicate hand, could ignite in an instant. But Mr. Mordaunt perfectly agreed with the Abbess in opinion that if ever he *loved*, it would be deeply, passionately, and therefore to him—fatally.

At the appointed time they arrived in England: and a year and a half had been passed, with the highest advantage and improvement, in traveling through that extraordinary country, and in visiting Scotland. The last six months they were to spend in London; and, alas! the dreadful evil, from a quarter so little suspected that even Mr. Mordaunt appeared to be thrown off his guard, approached; and the God of love was, as a poet would say, amply avenged for the sacrilege that had been perpetrated in profaning the sacred band of *Hyemen*.

Alonzo was at the opera with his friend the Brazilian *Charge d' Affaires*. He thought, as he looked round, that he had never been in any public place of amusement where the *sex* showed to so much advantage as at the English Opera; the absence of crowd, the light not too glaring, the superb dresses, contributed, he supposed, to produce this effect. He observed the Charge attentively viewing through his glass some person in an opposite box, and he fancied many other glasses were pointed in the same direction: he looked also, and his eye immediately rested on one of the most beautiful young women he thought he had ever seen: there was that peculiar *something*, however, in her complexion, style, and dress, which marked her as a foreigner. "Who is that?" said he to the Charge; "she looks French or Spanish."

"Neither," said the Charge, exultingly; "she is one of us—Brazilian!"

"Indeed!" exclaimed Alonzo in an accent of surprise and pleasure.

"Have you not heard of her?" asked his friend: "she is called the *beautiful Brazilian*, and is the novelty of the season, making

sad havoc in the hearts of her English admirers. She has come out under the auspices of the Countess of Godolphin, the lady next her."

"What is her name?"

"Donna Viola de Montezuma."

"The name is noble," observed Alonzo, "but I do not recollect it at Rio."

"Her family is settled in the north of Brazil: she herself, however, has just come from Rio, with her duenna and suite, to finish her education. She is an heiress, and is reported to be *engaged* in Portugal. Would you like to go round? I will introduce you."

"If you please;"—and away they went.

The Charge first introduced Alonzo to the Countess, and then presented him as a fellow-countryman to the beautiful Brazilian. She received him with the most marked pleasure, and made a seat for him beside her.

"I am indeed most happy to become acquainted with you, Don Alonzo," said she, "if it were only to express to you the affection I feel for your dear aunt the Abbess, in whose convent I have been some time a resident, and from whom I have received all the care and love of a mother—indeed, I owe her *very much*."

"Her love and care at least seem to have been well bestowed," replied Alonzo: "did you also know my father?"

"Intimately;—and I may also venture to say that I know *you*, so much have I heard of you from the Marquess and your aunt: I am sure no son or nephew was ever more beloved."

Alonzo sighed as he recollects that neither of them had mentioned this lady in their letters: the reason was obvious,—and he felt a pang more acute than usual when he looked on her lovely and intelligent countenance,—glanced over a figure that appeared to him perfection, and listened to her lively and natural remarks—then compared her with that one of whom he could scarcely endure in any way to think.

The next morning, he mentioned to Mr. Mordaunt, as carelessly as he could, his introduction of the proceeding evening.

"I have heard of that lady," observed Mr. Mordaunt. "She is a good specimen of your country-women,—does great credit to Brazil, and would make, I dare say, an excellent English marriage, if she were not already engaged."

"She is really then engaged?" inquired Alonzo.

"Decidedly—to a Portuguese nobleman: this has been published as much as possible to keep lovers at a distance."

"Well," thought Alonzo, "as she is engaged, and I married, there can be no danger:" and that very evening (for the lady, he understood, was not permitted to

receive morning visitors,) beheld him at the Countess's.

An intimacy soon sprung up between them, as was natural between persons of the same age and station in a foreign country. There was no one that Viola was, or appeared, half so pleased to see as Don Alonzo. She had always a new song to sing to him, a new drawing to show to him, or a new book to recommend. She was fond of chess, and many a happy moment did he spend while the Countess was engaged at her whist. But never in his eyes was she so fascinating as when, passing the black ribbon of her guitar over her shoulder, she accompanied herself in their own beautiful national melodies; her voice was exquisitely sweet and clear; the execution finished and graceful. At those moments an exclusive affinity appeared to exist between them; although there might be, and often were, numerous other listeners and admirers, it was *his eye* only that she sought for approval.

They met frequently at public places, and also at other houses. Viola was a beautiful dancer, and he felt proud (he knew not why, for it was nothing to him,) of the admiration she excited. Sometimes he waltzed with her, and with a beating heart caught here and there a half whisper from the spectators—*"The two Brazilians—an interesting couple, are they not?"*

It was thought better that Viola, on account of her peculiar situation, should continue to observe, although in England, the strict form of her own national manners. Immediately after dancing she returned to the side of the Countess or her chaperone; she never went out for exercise except when so accompanied, and she never received any visitor except in such presence. These arrangements gave great satisfaction to Alonzo, (he did not know why, for it was nothing to him,) although he frequently suffered by them.

"Guard your heart!" conscience whispered to Alonzo. Alas! his heart had escaped—but he guarded his manners, and they were the next best security: he tried to watch even his very eyes; he never flirted, he never complimented; in fact, he succeeded so well, that the Countess and Mr. Mordaunt appeared to have no suspicion; but he could not deceive himself, and he was not quite so sure that he deceived Viola.

Time glided by unbeheld: the London season was near its close, when one morning at breakfast, Mr. Mordaunt observed, "Well, Alonzo, time gets on, we are now in July, and before the end of October you must be safely landed at Rio. We must secure your passage in the next month's packet."

All this was well known and fully expected, yet did the intimation astound Alonzo. "So soon! can it be possible?"

The same evening they were *en famille* at the Countess's: the whist and chess tables were arranged as usual. 'What are you thinking of, Don Alonzo, to make such a move as that?' inquired Viola: 'you are a little absent—out of spirits this evening.'

'I ought not to be so,' said Alonzo, trying to rally, 'for we have been busy all day planning and arranging about our voyage home.'

'Indeed!' said Viola. Alonzo thought she sighed: certainly she in her turn made a false move. Soon after, a servant entered with a case of jewels belonging to Viola, which had returned from being repaired: while looking at them Alonzo observed, that she was not a little envied by the London belles for the splendor of her jewels.

'How comes it,' said she, 'that I never see you wear any ornaments, not even a ring? Our young Brazilian beaux are naturally so fond of these decorations.'

'I assure you,' said Mr. Mordaunt, looking off his cards, 'Don Alonzo has one of the most superb rings I ever saw—a single yellow diamond of great value.'

Alonzo felt irritated, he scarcely knew why, and replied in a bitter sarcastic tone, quite unusual with him—'Yes, I have a yellow diamond, indeed, that I never wish to see, or to show to any one else.'

The words were scarcely out of his mouth before he felt their impropriety. 'Draw your card, my lady, if you please,' said Mr. Mordaunt.

'Check,' cried Alonzo, and with an effort looked at Viola. She was leaning on her hand; and her large, black, and brilliant eyes, with their long up-turned lashes were fixed on his. He started at the look—why or wherefore he could not imagine.—The eyes were withdrawn, and the game continued.

A few evenings after, he was leading her from a dance to place her as usual by the side of the Countess; they had to traverse three or four crowded rooms before they could reach the one where her ladyship was seated at whist; they moved very slowly and loiteringly along, seemingly in no great hurry to arrive at their destination.

'Are you *really* going to leave us next month, Don Alonzo?'

'Really:—and you, Donna Viola, what becomes of you?'

'I go to Portugal.'

'And there?' said Alonzo in an inquiring tone.

'O there we shall not remain long; our Brazilian property will require our presence.'

'Then we shall meet again,' said Alonzo eagerly.

'I hope so—I dare say, in a few months.'

'Well, that is some comfort!—and he seemed to respire more freely; then after a pause—' but I shall never again meet Viola!'

'But Viola, Don Alonzo,' she replied firmly, 'will meet you as she has always met you; what she has been, she will continue to be—your sincere and affectionate friend.'

'Thank you, Viola, thank you!—but pray do not speak another word to me just now.' He placed her in her seat, and without looking at her, turned away and left the house.

[Concluded in our next.]

BIOGRAPHY.

From Goodrich's Lives of the Signers to the Declaration of Independence.

William Williams.

The family of William Williams is said to have been originally from Wales. A branch of it came to America in the year 1650, and settled in Roxbury, Massachusetts. His grandfather, who bore the same name, was the minister of Hatfield, Massachusetts; and his father, Solomon Williams, D. D. was the minister of a parish in Lebanon, where he was settled fifty-four years. Solomon Williams, the father, married a daughter of Colonel Porter, of Hadley, by whom he had five sons and three daughters. The sons were all liberally educated. Of these, Eliaphet was settled, as a minister of the gospel, in East-Hartford, where he continued to officiate for about half a century. Ezekiel was sheriff of the county of Hartford for more than thirty years; he died a few years since at Wethersfield, leaving behind him a character distinguished for energy and enterprise, liberality and benevolence.

William Williams, the subject of this memoir, was born in Lebanon, Connecticut, on the eighth of April, 1731. At the age of sixteen, he entered Harvard college. During his collegiate course, he was distinguished for a diligent attention, and, at the proper period, was honorably graduated. From the university he returned home, and, for a considerable time, devoted himself to theological studies, under the direction of his father.

In September, 1755, was fought at the head of Lake George, a celebrated battle between the provincial troops, under command of major general, afterwards Sir William Johnson, aided by a body of Indians led by the celebrated Hendrik, and a body of French Canadians and Indians, commanded by Monsieur le Baron de Dieskau. At this time, Colonel Ephraim Williams commanded a regiment of provincial troops, raised by Massachusetts, with which he was engaged in the above battle. William Williams, the subject of our memoir, belonged to his staff.

Colonel Williams was an officer of great merit. He was much beloved by his soldiers, and highly respected by the people of Massachusetts, in the place where he resided. William's college owes its existence to him. As he was proceeding through Albany, to the

head of Lake George, he made his will in that city. In this instrument, after giving certain legacies to his connexions, he directed that the remainder of his land should be sold at the discretion of his executors, within five years after an established peace, and that the interest of the monies arising from the sale, together with some other property, should be applied to the support of a free school, in some township in the western part of Massachusetts. This was the origin of William's college. Both the college, and the town in which it is situated, were named after their distinguished benefactor.

Previous to the battle of Lake George, Colonel Williams was despatched with a party of twelve hundred men, to observe the motions of the French and Indian army, under Baron Dieskau. He met the enemy at Rocky Brook, four miles from Lake George. A tremendous battle now ensued. The English soldiers fought with great courage, but at length they were overpowered, and obliged to retreat. During the contest, Colonel Williams was shot through the head by an Indian, and killed. The command of the detachment now devolved upon Colonel Whiting, of New-Haven, who succeeded in joining Sir William Johnson, with the force which had escaped the power of the enemy. The issue of this day is well known. The French army was finally repulsed, and the Baron Dieskau was both wounded and taken prisoner.

Soon after the death of Colonel Williams, the subject of this memoir, returned to Lebanon, where he resolved to fix his permanent residence. In 1758, at the age of twenty-five years, he was chosen clerk of the town of Lebanon, an office which he continued to hold for the space of forty-five years. About the same time, he was appointed to represent the town in the general assembly of Connecticut. In this latter capacity, he served a long succession of years, during which he was often chosen clerk of the house, and not unfrequently filled, and always with dignity and reputation, the speaker's chair. In 1780, he was transferred to the upper house, being elected an assistant; an office to which he was annually re-elected for twenty-four years. It was recorded of him, what can probably be recorded of few, and perhaps of no other man, that for more than ninety sessions, he was scarcely absent from his seat in the legislature, excepting when he was a member of the continental congress, in 1776 and 1777.

During the years last mentioned, he was a member of the national council; and in the deliberations of that body took a part, during the memorable period, when the charter of our independence received the final approbation of congress.

At an early period of the revolution, he embarked with great zeal in the cause of his country. During the campaign of 1755, while at the north, he had learned a lesson, which he did not forget. He was at that time disgusted with the British commanders, on account of the haughtiness of their conduct, and the little attachment which they manifested for his native country. The impression was powerful and lasting. At that time he adopted the opinion, that America would see no days of prosperity and peace, so long as British officers should manage her affairs. On the arrival of the day, therefore, when the revolutionary struggle commenced, and a chance was presented of release from the British yoke, Mr Williams was ready to engage with ardor, in bringing about this happy state of things. He had for several years been interested in mercantile pursuits. These he now relinquished, that he might devote himself to the cause of his country. He powerfully contributed to awaken public feeling, by several essays on political subjects and when an occasion called him to speak in public, his patriotic zeal and independent spirit were manifested, in a powerful and impressive eloquence.

Nor was Mr. Williams one of those patriots with whom words are all. He was ready to make sacrifices, whenever occasion required. An instance of his public spirit is recorded, in the early part of the revolution. At this time the paper money of the country was of so little value, that military services could not be procured for it. Mr. Williams, with great liberality, exchanged more than two thousand dollars in specie, for this paper, for the benefit of his country. In the issue, he lost the whole sum.

A similar spirit of liberality marked his dealings, in the settlement of his affairs, on the eve and during the course of the revolution. He was peculiarly kind to debtors impoverished by the war; and from the widow and the fatherless, made so by the struggle for freedom he seldom made any exactions, even though he himself suffered by his kindness.

At the commencement of the war, it is well known, there was little provision made for the support of an army. There were no public stores, no arsenals filled with warlike instruments, and no clothing prepared for the soldiers. For many articles of the first necessity, resort was had to private contributions. The selectmen in many of the towns of Connecticut volunteered their services, to obtain articles for the necessary outfit of new recruits, for the maintenance of the families of indigent soldiers, and to furnish supplies even for the army itself.

Mr. Williams was, at this time, one of the select men of the town of Lebanon, an office

which he continued to hold during the whole revolutionary war. No man was better fitted for such a station, and none could have manifested more unwearied zeal than he did, in soliciting the benefactions of private families for the above objects. Such was his success, that he forwarded to the army more than one thousand blankets. In many instances, families parted with their last blanket, for the use of the soldiers in the camp; and bullets were made from the lead taken from the weights of clocks. Such was the patriotism of the fathers and mothers of the land, in those days of trial. There were no comforts, which they could not cheerfully forego, and no sacrifices which they did not joyfully make, that the blessings of freedom might be theirs, and might descend to their posterity.

In confirmation of the above evidence of firmness and patriotism of Mr. Williams, the following anecdote may be added. Towards the close of the year 1776, the military affairs of the colonies wore a gloomy aspect, and strong fears began to prevail that the contest would go against them. In this dubious state of things, the council of safety for Connecticut was called to sit at Lebanon. Two of the members of this council, William Hillhouse and Benjamin Huntington, quartered with Mr. Williams.

One evening, the conversation turned upon the gloomy state of the country, and the probability that after all, success would crown the British arms. 'Well,' said Mr. Williams, with great calmness, 'if they succeed, it is pretty evident what will be my fate. I have done much to prosecute the contest, and one thing I have done, which the British will never pardon—I have signed the Declaration of Independence. *I shall be hung.*' Mr. Hillhouse expressed his hope, that America would yet be successful, and his confidence that this would be her happy fortune. Mr. Huntington observed, that in case of ill success, he should be exempt from the gallows, as his signature was not attached to the declaration of Independence, nor had he written any thing against the British government. To this Mr. Williams replied, his eye kindling as he spoke, 'Then, sir, you deserve to be hanged, for not having done your duty.'

At the age of 41, he became settled in domestic life, having connected himself with the daughter of Jonathan Trumbull, at that time governor of the state. His lady, it is believed, is still living. Three children were the offspring of this marriage. Of these children, Solomon, the eldest, died in New-York, in 1810, a man greatly beloved by all who had the pleasure to know him. The only daughter is respectably connected in Woodstock, and the remaining son resides in Lebanon.

The demise of his eldest son was a great affliction to the aged and infirm father. The intelligence produced a shock from which he never recovered. From this time, he gradually declined. Four days before his death, he lost the power of utterance, nor was it expected that he would again speak on this side the grave. A short time, however, previously to his death he called aloud for his deceased son, and requested him to attend his dying parent. In a few moments he closed his life. This event occurred on the 2d day of August, 1811, in the 81st year of his age.

To this biographical sketch of Mr. Williams, we have only to add a word, respecting his character as a Christian. He made a profession of religion at an early age, and through the long course of his life he was distinguished for a humble and consistent conduct and conversation. While yet almost a youth, he was elected to the office of deacon, in the congregational church to which he belonged, an office which he retained during the remainder of his life. His latter days were chiefly devoted to reading, meditation, and prayer. At length the hour arrived, when God would take him to himself. He gave up the ghost, in a good old age, and was gathered to his fathers.

MISCELLANY.

He is so Amiable.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

A beautiful girl, gay, lively, and agreeable, was wedded to a man of clumsy figure, coarse features, and a stupid looking physiognomy. A kind friend said to her one day, 'My dear Julia, how came you to marry that man?'

'The question is a natural one. My husband, I confess, is not graceful in appearance, not attractive in his conversation. But he is so amiable? And goodness, although less fascinating than beauty or wit, will please equally, at least, and it is certainly more durable. We often see objects, which appear repulsive at first, but if we become accustomed to them, we at length not only view them without aversion, but with feelings of attachment. The impression which goodness makes on the heart is gradual; but it remains forever. Listen, and I will tell you how I came to marry my husband. I was young when he was introduced for the first time into the house of my parents. He was awkward in his manner, uncouth in his appearance, and my companions used often to ridicule him, and I confess I was frequently tempted to join them, but was restrained by my mother, who used to say to me in a low voice, 'He is so amiable!—And then it occurred to me that he was always kind and obliging; and whenever our villagers assem-

bled together for our fetes and dances, he was always at the disposal of the mistress of the house, and profuse in his attention to those whose age or ugliness caused them to be neglected. Others laughed at his singularity in this respect, but I whispered to myself, 'He is so amiable!'

'One morning my mother called me to her boudoir, and told me the young man, who is now my husband, had made application for my hand. I was not surprised at this, for I already suspected that he regarded me with an eye of affection. I was now placed in a dilemma, and hardly knew how to act. When I recollect his ill favored look, and his awkwardness, I was on the point of saying, 'I will not wed him,' and I blushed for him, which is a strong proof that I even then felt interested in him; but when I recalled the many traits in his character, and dwelt on his benevolent and good actions, I dismissed the idea of banishing him from my presence. I could not resolve to afflict him, and I whispered to myself, 'He is so amiable!'

'He continued to visit me, caressed by my parents, and encouraged by my smiles. My other admirers one by one left me, but I did not regret their absence. I repeated the expression, 'He is so amiable,' so often, that it seemed to me to carry the same meaning as 'He is so handsome.' I loved him and took him for my husband.

'Since then I have not only been resigned to my fate, but happy. My husband loved me devotedly, and how can I help loving him, 'He is so amiable!'

There is something exceedingly touching in this love which beauty entertains for goodness, and there is no doubt that some women, love from a feeling of benevolence, or tender compassion regulated by reason. Such an affection will know no change. It has a firm basis and will endure through life.

Sagacity in a Dog.

An officer in the 44th regiment, who had occasion, in Paris, to pass one of the bridges across the Seine, had his boots, which had been previously well polished, dirtied, by a poodle dog rubbing against them. He in consequence went to a man who was stationed on the bridge and had them cleaned. The same circumstance having occurred more than once, his curiosity was excited, and he watched the dog. He saw him roll himself in the mud of the river, and then watch for a person with polished boots, against which he contrived to rub himself. Finding that the shoe-black was the owner of the dog; he taxed him with the artifice—and, after a little hesitation, he confessed that he had taught the dog the trick, in order to procure customers for himself. The officer being much struck with the dog's sagacity, purchased him at a

high price, and brought him to England. He kept him tied up in London some time, and then released him. The dog remained with him a day or two, and then made his escape. A fortnight afterwards he was found with his former master, pursuing his old trade of dirtying gentlemen's boots on the bridge.

ANECDOTE.—A couple of chaps hit upon the following expedient to raise the needful—one was to feign himself dead, to be put into a bag by the other, and sold to a physician in the neighborhood as a subject for dissection—the bag was procured—the fellow tied up in it, and at 'night's meridian' carried to the doctor; the bargain was soon finished; the money pocketed, and the seller was upon the sill of the door, taking leave, when the subject in the bag began to kick; stop, stop, cried the doctor, the man isn't dead! No matter, replied he in the door way, *you can kill him when you want him.*—*Boston Post.*

HOME.—Let no man ever think of happiness distinct from the happiness of his home. The busiest must relax their labors, and there must be some retreat for them where they may seek refreshments from their cares and collect the spirits that disappointments so frequently depress. They who live the most for the public, form but a small part, and they are apt to find the public service a heavy burthen which gentler encouragement than that of ambition must furnish the strength to support.—*Palfrey's Sermons.*

A SMALL SORROW DISTRACTS—a great one makes us collected; as a bell loses its clear tone when slightly cracked, and recovers it if the fissure is enlarged.

The Rural Repository.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1835.

TUE WORLD.—'It is a beautiful world!'—The exclamation was involuntary, as we stood gazing, almost entranced, as it were, upon the glowing beauties of a summer sunset. The sun, after a day of intermingled sunshine and showers, was just sinking beneath a gorgeous drapery of crimson and gold, calmly and sweetly to rest; while a rainbow of surpassing beauty, far distant, on the opposite side, spanned the heavens with its resplendent arch, illumining with the brilliancy of its rays, the dark cloud on which it rested. And thus, thought we, after passing through the vicissitudes of this transitory life, the dying Christian, encircled by a halo of glory, reflected from the faith and the hope of the Gospel, that burn brighter and brighter in his bosom, as sweetly and placidly he takes his last farewell of sublunary things, sinks to repose, confiding in its promises, which, like the bow of God in the cloud, are as a 'lamp to his path,' throwing light and radiance athwart the 'dark valley of the shadow of death,' till the heavenly and more glorious light of one eternal and transcendent day shall dawn upon his enraptured soul.

Who that meditates on the order and harmony of nature—the seasons that, year after year, follow each other in their regular and beautiful succession—the vast concave, where stars innumerable in order roll—the sun and moon, that, each in its turn, pour forth, he his brilliant, she her mellow light upon the wide-spread earth, whether in fair Spring's early blossoming and tender herbage clad, or clothed in blushing Summer's richer bloom and verdure more mature—whether robed in penive Autumn's sombre hues, or mantled in the pure and shining garb that rugged Winter wears—who but must, in the fullness of his heart, break forth in accents of praise—but must exclaim, 'it is indeed and in truth a beautiful world!' Yet in this world, so well ordered, and so lovely, how much do we find to mar the bliss of its inhabitants—to cast a blight and a mildew on their fairest earthly hopes—moments of happiness, alas! are here below,

'Like angel-visits few and far between.'

Sickness and sorrow, and above all vice and its attendant evils render this fair and well peopled earth a wilderness of wo, where one calamity treads upon the heels of another, as wave follows wave, till amid the rivalry of pride and ambition, of fashion and of folly, Death steps in and shuts the scene. And where would be our support, where our consolation, were it not for the hope, the faith of the Christian, which points the weary sojourners of earth to 'that better land,' whither the forerunner is for us entered, where 'God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things shall have passed away.'

SHIP NEWS.—News has recently been received from the following vessels belonging to this port:

Barque Huron, Capt. Lawrence, with 1450 barrels of Sperm Oil—Ship Beaver, Capt. Gardner, with 1000 barrels Sperm Oil—Ship Henry Astor, Capt. Rawson, on her passage to the Pacific, took about 80 barrels Sperm Oil, and shipped it home from the Western Islands.

ONE DOLLAR NOTES TAKEN IN PAYMENT FOR THE *Repository* AS USUAL.

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

G. C. Illinsdale, N. H. \$4.00; P. M. West Winchester, N. H. \$2.00; J. C. Dracut, Ms. \$3.00; A. V. Little Falls, N. Y. \$2.00; A. M. Salisbury, N. Y. \$1.00; A. P. Homer, N. Y. \$1.00; R. H. Monkton, Vt. \$2.00; S. W. A. Fall's Village, Ct. \$1.00; C. S. W. Canfield, N. Y. \$5.00; W. P. H. Owego, N. Y. \$3.00; O. M. S. Austerlitz, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Fosham, N. Y. \$2.00; H. G. W. Perry Center, N. Y. \$0.81; C. G. L. Buffalo, N. Y. \$1.00; E. K. Colesville, N. Y. \$0.81.

MARRIED.

At Eastkill, (Cairo,) on the 9th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Gardiner, Mr. Hiram Hine, to Miss Sally Fields.

DIED.

In this city, on the 21st ult. after a short illness, Mr. Lawrence Teal, aged 30 years.

On the 23d ult. at the residence of Silas Stone, Jane Celia, daughter of J. C. Deming, Esq. late of New-York, aged 20 years.

On the 21st ult. Seth, son of Charles Potts, in the 3d year of his age.

On the 23d ult. George, son of William and Mary Carpenter, aged 10 days.

On the 21st ult. Mrs. Mary Jacobie, in the 44th year of her age.

In Austerlitz, on the 7th ult. Mrs. Betsey E. Templeton, consort of Mr. Alexander Templeton, aged 46 years.

At Cincinnati, O. on the 12th ult. George F. Stone, son of Silas Stone of this city, aged 25 years.

At New-York, on the 23d ult. Gen. Jacob Rutten Van Rensselaer, late of Claverack, in the 69th year of his life. His remains were removed to this city for interment.



SELECT POETRY.

The following beautiful poem is from the pen of the lamented Brainard. The object of it is a young female, who, at the time it was written, was about 18 or 19 years of age, and who from her earliest infancy has been deaf, dumb, and blind. Her parents being in very indigent circumstances, the overseers of the school for the deaf and dumb at Hartford, which is her native place, though she does not strictly fall within the objects of their charity and benevolence, have admitted her into that institution, for the purpose of enabling the superintendents of its pupils to infuse, if possible, a degree of knowledge into her darkened understanding. A more interesting object we do not recollect ever to have seen. Without sight and without hearing, she has no inlet to her understanding, but through the medium of feeling. All that she knows, beyond the immediate wants of nature, is derived from the touch—she feels the hands of those who approach her, and such is the extreme delicacy of this sense, that having once been acquainted with an individual, she recognizes him at any future interview, even after the lapse of years. Her knowledge of colors is so perfect, that she will match patch work and sew it together with exquisite nicety. For her support, she is entirely dependent on charity. Visitors take her specimens of patch-work, &c. and contribute such small sums as they are disposed, which are faithfully kept, and punctually applied for her benefit. Her personal appearance is very interesting, and her face, if not deprived of sight, would be uncommonly handsome. Her complexion is exquisitely delicate and beautiful. This explanation will enable our readers to realize more fully the merits of the poem.

From the Connecticut Mirror.

On seeing the deaf, dumb, and blind girl of the American Asylum in Hartford, at a festival.

SHE sat beneath the verdant shade

Where young birds chirped in leafy cell,
Where wild flowers decked the mossy glade,
And tuneful waters murmuring fell,

And smile, and song, and mirth were there,
While youth and joy their tissue wove,
And white robed forms, with tresses fair
Gay glided through the enchanted grove.

But there she sat with drooping head,
By stern misfortune darkly bound,
By holy light unvisited,
And silent 'mid a world of sound.

Chained down to solitary gloom,
No sense of quick delight was there,
Save when the flower's rich perfume
Came floating on the scented air.

She rose, and sadly sought her home,
Where with the voiceless train she dwelt,
In Charity's majestic dome,
For bounteous hearts her sorrow felt.

But while her mute companions share
Those joys which ne'er await the blind,
A moral night of deep despair
Descending shrouds her lonely mind.

For not to her Creation lends
Or blush of morn,—or beaming noon,
Nor pitying Knowledge makes amends
For step-dame Nature's stinted boon.
Yet deem not, though so dark her path,
Heaven strewed no comfort o'er her lot,
Or in her bitter cup of wrath
The healing drop of balm forgot.

Oh no!—with meek, content of mind,
The needle's humble task to ply
At the full board her place to find,
Or close in sleep the placid eye;
With Order's unobtrusive charm
Her simple wardrobe to dispose,
To press of guiding care the arm,
And rove where Autumn's bounty flows;
With Touch so exquisitely true,
That Vision stands astonished by,
To recognize with ardor due
Some friend or benefactor nigh;
Her hand 'mid childhood's curls to place,
From fragrant buds the breath to steal,
Of stranger guest the brow to trace,
Are pleasures left for her to feel.
And often o'er her hour of thought,
Will burst a laugh of wildest glee,
As if the living forms she caught
On wit's fantastic drapery;
As if at length relenting skies
In pity to her doom severe,
Had bade a mimic morning rise,
The chaos of the soul to cheer.
But who with energy divine
May tread that undiscovered maze
Where Nature in her curtained shrine
The strange and new born Thought arrays?
Where quick perception shrinks to find
On eye and ear the envious seal?
And wild ideas throng the mind
Which palsied speech may ne'er reveal?
Where instinct, like a robber bold,
Steals severed links from Reason's chain,
And leaping o'er her barrier cold
Proclaims the proud precaution vain?
Say, who shall with magician's wand,
That elemental mass compose—
Where young affections, pure and fond,
Sleep like the germ 'mid winter's snows?
Who, in that undeciphered scroll
The mystic characters may see,
Save Him who reads the secret soul,
And holds of life and death, the key?
Then, on thy midnight journey roam
Poor wandering child of rayless gloom,
And to thy last and narrow home
Drop gently from this living tomb.
Yes, uninterpreted and drear,
Toil onward with benighted mind,
Still kneel at prayers thou canst not hear,
And grope for truth thou mayst not find.
No scroll of friendship or of love,
Must breathe its language o'er thy heart,
Nor that blest Book which guides above
Its message to thy soul impart.
But Thou, who didst on Calvary die
Flows not thy mercy wide and free?
Thou, who didst rend of death the tie,
Is Nature's seal too strong for thee?
And Thou, O Spirit pure, whose rest
Is with the lowly, contrite train,
Illume the temple of her breast,
And cleanse of latent ill the stain.
That she, whose pilgrimage below
Was night that never hoped a morn,
That undeclining day may know
Which of eternity is born.

The great transition who can tell?
When from the ear its seal shall part
Where countless lyres seraphic swell,
And holy transport fills the heart.

When the chained tongue, which ne'er might pour
The broken melodies of chase,
Shall to the highest numbers soar,
Of everlasting praise sublime.

When these blind orbs which ne'er might trace
The features of their kindred clay,
Shall scan of Deity the face,
And glow with rapture's deathless ray.

STANZAS.

Written in a copy of the Bible presented to my Daughter.
BY MRS. CORNWALL BARON WILSON.

WHEN in future distant years

Thou shalt look upon this page,
Through the crystal vale of tears
That dim our eyes in after-age;
Think it was a mother's hand,
Though her smile no more thou'lt see,
Pointing towards that 'better land,'
Gave this sacred gift to thee!

Lightly thou esteem'st it now
For thy heart is young and wild,
And upon thy girlish' brow,
Nought but sunny Hope hath smiled!
But when disappointments come,
And the world begins to steal
All thy spirit's early bloom,
Then its value thou wilt feel!

To thy chamber, still and lone
Fly,—and search this sacred page;
When earth's blandishments are gone,
Every grief it will assuage!
Close thy door against the din
Of worldly folly—worldly fear—
Only let the radiance in
Of each heavenly promise here!

When thy bruised spirit bends
'Neath the weight of sorrow's chain,
When of all life's summer friends,
Not one flatterer shall remain;
Lay this unction to the wound
Of thy smitten, bleeding breast—
Here the only balm is found
That can yield the weary rest!

Nor alone in hours of woe
'Search the Scriptures,' but while joy
Doth life's blissful cup o'erflow,
Be it oft thy sweet employ;
So, remembering in thy youth
Him whose spirit lights each page,
Thou shalt have abundant proof
He will not forget thine age!

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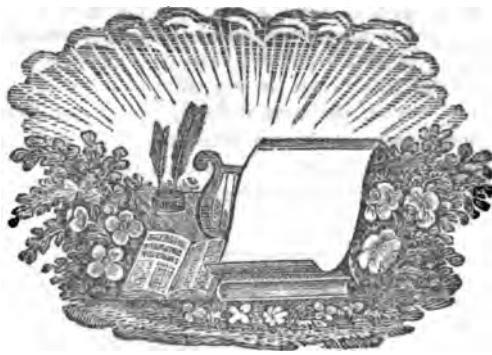
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VOL. XII.—[III. NEW SERIES.]

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1835.

NO. 10.

SENTIMENTAL TALES.

The Brazilian Bride.

BY THE HON. MRS. ERKSKINE NORTON.

[Concluded.]

MR. MORDAUNT had accepted the pressing invitation of Alonzo to accompany him to Brazil: their passage was taken and their preparations well forward. Alonzo paid his farewell visits, and did all that was necessary on the occasion, with the most perfect composure.

A passage was also taken for Viola and her suite in the Lisbon Packet, and the day was fixed for her leaving town for Falmouth. The day following was decided on by Alonzo for the same purpose, but this he managed to conceal from her.

The morning before her departure, he called on the Countess. ' You are come to take leave of Donna Viola,' said her ladyship.

' No, I am not, I am come to take leave of you, (for I also am on the eve of quitting London,) and to thank you for all your kind attention.'

' But why not of Viola?' said the Countess; ' she will be so disappointed.'

' It is better I should not.'

' But what am I to say to her?' inquired she.

' Precisely what I have just said,—that it is better I should not.'

The Countess returned no reply; and with all good wishes on each side, they parted.

The weather was beautiful, and Mr. Mordaunt appeared to enjoy his journey exceedingly; but Alonzo was absorbed in thought, and it was only now and then, when Mr. Mordaunt touched upon his approaching meeting with his father and his old Rio friends, that Alonzo could be roused for a moment. At the inns too he occasionally heard something that attracted his silent attention, of the beautiful young foreigner who had passed the day before.

They arrived at Falmouth in the morning to breakfast. With a beating heart, Alonzo inquired concerning the foreign lady and the Lisbon packet: the lady had gone on board the evening before, and the Lisbon and Rio

packets were to sail early on the following morning.

After breakfast, the two gentlemen were engaged superintending the embarkation of their servants and baggage, and having taken an early dinner, went on board.

It was a lovely evening. Alonzo glanced at the merry and busy town of Falmouth, the numerous vessels, and the broad Atlantic, which lay stretched out before him: then his eye fixed, as though there were nothing else worth looking at, on the small vessel that lay nearest to him. He suddenly left his station, descended into a boat, and was in a few minutes on board.

In the outer cabin he met the duenna, who looked very much surprised at seeing him: but without speaking, threw open the door of the after cabin:—he entered, and the door closed behind him.

Viola lay on a couch, apparently absorbed in reading: the noise startled her, and she looked up; but nothing can express the astonishment painted on her countenance at the sight of Alonzo, who stood fixed as a statue before her. She sprang from the couch, and evidently her first feeling was to run towards him, but probably the strangeness of his look and demeanor arrested her; for she checked herself, and exclaimed, ' Don Alonzo!'

' Viola!' said he, seizing both her hands, and gently forcing her to return to the seat she had left: ' Viola!' (the word seemed to choke him.) ' I cannot live without you—you are yet free, have pity on me!'

' Alonzo,' she asked, in a tremulous voice, ' are you free?'

' I am not *irrevocably* bound.'

In a moment she seemed to recover her self-possession, and replied, ' Then I must tell you, that I *am*. You are laboring under a fatal error; you think I am but engaged—*I am married*.—But stay!' she exclaimed, alarmed at the effect of her communication,—' stay!—one moment!—Alonzo!—I beseech you!'

It was in vain; he almost shook her off, rushed to his boat, and in a few minutes was

on board of his own vessel: he pushed by Mr. Mordaunt, and every body and every thing that impeded his way to his cabin, where locking the door, he threw himself on his bed, in a state of mind not to be described.

Mr. Mordaunt took possession of the boat Alonzo had quitted, went on board the Lisbon packet, and had an interview with Donna Viola.

At day-break the following morning, Alonzo, wrapped in a cloak, and his hat slouched over his brow, stood on the deck, watching with gloomy composure the Lisbon packet getting under weigh: she soon began to move,—a few minutes more, and she was dashing through the water close beside him. Desperate thoughts for an instant darkened his mind; a feeling of revenge and despair, beset him, and he felt a strong temptation to plunge into the wake of the flying vessel,—when one of the latticed windows of the after-cabin was suddenly thrown open; he saw a waving handkerchief, and then the form of Viola herself, her eyes streaming with tears, kissing both her hands, and waving them to him. He had just time to return the salutation: his dark purpose vanished, the weakness of his mother came over him, and he wept; ' She loves me!—that thought alone, single and abstracted, brought back the blood in a rush of transport to his heart: ' She loves me!—and nobly sets me the example of a virtuous submission to our fate!'

A friendly hand at that moment was laid on his; Mr. Mordaunt drew him to his cabin. ' Alonzo,' he said, ' I have been sadly to blame—I ought to have foreseen and guarded against all this. Donna Viola, whom I saw last evening, bade me give you this note,' putting one into his hand.

Alonzo tore it open. ' Alonzo, I conjure you, for the sake of your father—for my sake—struggle against your fatal and hopeless passion! We shall very soon meet again,—let us meet in peace, in innocence, and friendship! Heaven bless you, and heaven forgive us both, for we have been much to blame! Viola.'

Viola was very inexperienced, and Mr.

Mordaunt knew very little about love, otherwise Alonzo had never received this note, which only added fuel to the flame : he kept it next his heart, and read it every day during the passage. He questioned Mr. Mordaunt closely concerning his interview with Viola the preceding evening, and especially inquired whether he could give him any information concerning her husband. 'I am told,' he said, 'that he is a man of high rank, very rich, old, and infirm. He has married the orphan daughter of his friend, merely as a safeguard to her and her property in these dangerous times.' At this intelligence, Alonzo's heart bounded with secret joy : he became comparatively tranquil, but he would not analyze his feelings—he dared not.

A few weeks brought them to Rio. On entering its superb harbor Mr. Mordaunt was struck with admiration at the magnificent and beautiful scenery that surrounded him ; but to the heart of Alonzo it spoke yet more feebly, entwined as it was with all his dear and early associations. He could have kissed the black and barren rock of the Sugar-loaf : it was passed, and threw open the graceful sweep of the Bay of Botafogo, surrounded with its wooded and lofty mountains : this too was passed, and the harbor of Rio appeared. Great political changes had taken place, and the imperial flag waved upon every fort and hill. The visiting boat approached, and by the side of the officer sat Alonzo's watchful and expecting father, who in a few minutes more was locked in the arms of his son. On their landing, friends crowded round them : in the afternoon they visited the good, kind Abbess ; and the evening was employed in renewing Alonzo's recollections of his young female friends, most of whom had now become wives and mothers ; and those whom he had known as children had started up into young women, a process remarkably rapid in that country. He was pleased to observe the vast improvement that, even during the short period of his absence, had taken place at Rio, as far as concerned the comforts and refinements of domestic life. On the following morning he was presented at court :—in short, for two or three days he had not leisure even to look melancholy.

But one morning after breakfast, (a time universally agreed upon for making disagreeable communications,) his father informed him that in about a month, Donna Isabella might be expected with her father and aunt. 'I have taken a temporary residence for you, which I think you will like, at Botafogo—(I say *temporary*, for you will soon be offered, what you most desire, a diplomatic mission to Europe;) and the furnishing and arranging this residence has been my hobby for the last six months. If

you and Mr. Mordaunt have no objection, we will ride to see it this afternoon.' 'If you please, sir,' was the only reply ; and, accordingly, at the appointed time they set out. The house and situation were both delightful ; the furniture tasteful and costly. The apartment peculiarly appropriated to Donna Isabella, and called her garden-room, opened into a delicious parterre ; it contained tables for needle-work and drawing, book-cases filled with a choice collection in English, French, and Italian : there were also a piano, harp, and guitar.

'Is Donna Isabella such a proficient in music?' asked Alonzo with a sarcastic smile. 'She is, I believe, very fond of it,' quietly replied the Marquess. Alonzo, with much warmth and sincerity, thanked his father for the kind pains he had taken ; then sighed, and thought how happy he could be here with—certainly not with Donna Isabella.

After the first novelty of his arrival had worn off, Alonzo relapsed into sadness ; a settled gloom was gathering on his youthful brow, a sickening indifference to all around was gradually stealing over him. His father and Mr. Mordaunt did all they could to arouse and distract his attention. Excursions into the country were frequently made, especially to the botanical garden about six miles from the city. It is arranged with exquisite order and good taste, encircled by bold and rugged inmountain-scenery, opening towards the ocean,—reposing in all its richness of floral beauty, with its shady and stately trees, its leafy bowers and gushing streams, like a gem in the wilderness,—like the decked and lovely bride of a dark-browed warrior in those stern days of 'auld lang syne,' of which one loves to dream in spots like these. Water-parties to the many beautiful islands,—society and study,—were all tried in vain : every day, every hour, seemed to increase the despondency of Alonzo ; but he never complained, never even touched in any way upon the subject that caused it. Upwards of three weeks passed in this manner.

Alonzo was fond of the society of the Abbess ; with the unerring tact of her sex, she managed his present mood ; she would sit opposite to him, employed at her old-fashioned embroidery frame, for an hour without speaking : this was just what he liked. One afternoon he had ensconced himself in his accustomed seat in her little grated parlor : he scarcely observed her entrance, but instead of seating herself at her frame, she stepped towards him.

'Alonzo, I am glad you have come, for I was just going to send for you.'

'To send for me?' repeated he listlessly. 'Yes, a friend of yours has arrived at the convent, and wishes to see you.'

'A friend of mine!'

'You recollect, I suppose, Donna Viola de Montezuma?'

He started from his seat—the shock was electric.

'Viola, did you say!—Donna Viola!—recollect her!—what of her?—what of her?'

'She has become a widow,'

'Go on!'

She arrived at Lisbon just in time to receive the last breath of her expiring husband. After the funeral, she consigned her affairs there into proper hands, and delayed not a moment in returning to this country, where they demand her instant attention. She arrived yesterday, and remains here for a short time. She wishes to see you.'

'I am ready,' said Alonzo.

The Abbess left the room. 'This is too—too much!' he exclaimed aloud, as he paced the little parlor with hurried steps. A slight rustling near the grate arrested him : it was Viola in deep mourning, looking more lovely and interesting than ever. She presented him her hand through the grate—he knelt, and pressed it to his lips, to his heart, to his burning forehead. 'Alonzo,' she said in the kindest and most soothing tone, 'I have heard from the Abbess of your marriage, and fear that I have innocently contributed to render that, which might have proved the highest blessing, a source of bitter misery. What can I do but to entreat you to arm yourself with the resolution of acting right? I confess that your forcing me to lose my esteem for you, would be the greatest pain you could inflict even although your affection for me were the cause. Promise me, Alonzo—'

He hastily interrupted her : 'I will promise nothing—nothing!—Heaven grant that I may do what is right, but, in the present state of my mind, I will pass my word for nothing.'

Viola sighed. 'Well,' she resumed, 'I shall see whether Alonzo be really what I believed him, or not : I shall see whether he be capable of sacrificing the happiness of his young and innocent wife, and of his doting father—his own honor and principles, to the shadow of a shade ; for such is all hope of me. Heaven bless you, Alonzo! and support you through this trial! You have my prayers, my best, my warmest wishes : deserve to be happy, and leave the rest to Providence.'

She disappeared : he still remained kneeling at the grate, apparently wrapt in thought : at length a ray of light seemed to break through the darkness that surrounded him ; a single spark of hope saved him from utter despair. He decided that in his first interview with Donna Isabella, he would reveal every secret of his heart ; he would conjure her, as she valued their mutual happiness, to assist him in breaking the tie that had been

made between them : he would recall to her recollection the fatal hour of their union, when reluctance on his side, and the necessity of absolute force on hers formed but an evil omen of future concord. Since that moment they had never met, had never even corresponded ; he had formed elsewhere a deep and serious attachment, and so perhaps had she. As to the debt he had incurred towards her and her family, with a little time and indulgence it would be cleared, as the property in Portugal was on the eve of being restored to his father. Thus, if they acted with determination, and in unison, there could be no doubt of their succeeding in breaking the galling fetters in which the mistaken zeal of their relatives had bound them. 'If,' he exclaimed, 'she be not utterly devoid of the common pride and delicacy of her sex, there is but one step to take :—she will—she must take it—and I shall become free and happy !'

Full of this thought, he left the convent ; and, on his return home, sought Mr. Mordaunt, and laid his project before him. Mr. Mordaunt listened with the utmost kindness and sympathy : he saw but one objection to the attempt ; if Donna Isabella, in spite of all he could urge, should refuse to enter into his views, how much wider would it make the breach between them ! how much would it diminish their chance of happiness ! But to this side of the picture, Alonzo absolutely refused to turn ; and Mr. Mordaunt, seeing him perfectly resolved, gave up the point, glad, at all events that Alonzo had even this slight support to lean upon until the crisis arrived.

At the top of the Marquess's small and rather inconvenient abode, was a room which, on account of its height and airiness, and the view of the harbor it commanded, the gentleman preferred to breakfast, and to spend the morning in : a spy-glass was fixed here, to which of late the eye of the Marquess had been often and anxiously applied. One morning, about a week after the scene just described, the Marquess seemed more than usually on the alert, watching the approach of a fine Brazilian merchant-ship. 'Is she near the fort ?—here she comes,'—'she is abreast of it,'—'now for it'—and as he spoke, up flew a private signal. The Marquess clasped his hands, and exclaimed in a half-whisper, to Mr. Mordaunt, 'Thank heaven, there they are at last !' and the two gentlemen instantly left the room.

'Well,' thought Alonzo, 'I am not bound to know that there they are at last, until I am informed of it ;' and he tried again to rivet his attention to his study. Three intolerably long hours passed away : a note was then brought to him from the Marquess : 'Donna Isabella, her aunt, and father, have

arrived, and are now at Botafogo. The two ladies are somewhat fatigued, and prefer not receiving you until the evening ; therefore between seven and eight Mr. Mordaunt and the carriage will be at your door.'

Alonzo sent away his untouched dinner ; he dressed *en grande toilette* ; and, taking down Walter Scott's last new novel, strove to fix his attention on its delightful pages. Alonzo had generally the power of exercising great mastery over his mind ; to an indifferent observer he would appear rather cold, reserved, and not easily acted upon in any way ; but, when his feelings once burst their barrier, it was with a violence proportioned to the restraint he had thrown over them.

At half-past seven, the carriage drew up to the door, and Alonzo immediately descended to it. 'I am glad to see you are quite ready,' said Mr. Mordaunt, as he entered : the door closed ; and they drove off.

'You have seen Donna Isabella ?' inquired Alonzo.

'Yes, I have,' was the laconic reply, with evidently a wish of saying no more. After a considerable pause, Mr. Mordaunt asked whether he still kept to his purpose.

'Certainly,' said Alonzo firmly—and no further conversation passed.

Half an hour brought them to their destination : with a throbbing heart, Alonzo descended from the carriage. They were shown into the grand *sala*, brilliantly lighted. Here were assembled Senhor Josef and Senhora Theresa, the Marquess, and the Abbess with an attendant nun ; the old lady had not left her convent for many years, but on this occasion she was determined to be present.

Alonzo saluted Senhor Josef and his sister, with gravity, but perfect and sincere kindness ; he kissed the hand of his aunt ; then turning to his father, begged to know where he might find Donna Isabella.

'She waits for you in her garden-room,' replied the Marquess. Alonzo bowed, and left the *sala*.

He struggled successfully to continue the same appearance of composure, as he passed along the corridor which led to the garden-room : the door was ajar ; he entered and closed it.

The room was only lighted by a single Grecian lamp, suspended from the centre ; the latticed doors leading to the garden were thrown open, and the moon-beams quivered brightly on the rich festoons of flowers and foliage that twined around them. Leaning on the harp near the furthest door, stood a lady magnificently dressed as a bride ; one hand hung listlessly at her side, in the other were gathered the folds of her veil, in which her face was buried. Alonzo advanced, and although somewhat prepared for a favorable

alteration, he was struck with astonishment at the exquisitely fine and graceful form that stood before him. 'Donna Isabella, I believe'—no reply, and no change of position. He approached a little nearer, and ventured to take the unoccupied hand, whose slight and delicate fingers were covered with gems, but on the arm was only a single bracelet, and that was of *pink topaz*. 'Donna Isabella, I venture to claim a few minutes' private conversation with you, on a subject that deeply concerns the happiness of us both : permit me to lead you to a seat.' He paused—the emotion that visibly pervaded her whole frame convinced him that at least he was not addressing a statue. Suddenly she raised her head, clasped her hands, and sunk on her knees at his feet. Alonzo recoiled, as though a supernatural appearance had presented itself, while with a tone that thrilled through heart and brain, she exclaimed—

'Alonzo can you forgive me ?—It was Viola !

'Can you forgive me for all the deception I have practised, and caused others to practise ? May the prize I strove for—my husband's heart— plead my excuse ! I know it will !'

While she spoke, Alonzo in some degree recovered himself. He raised up the beautiful suppliant, and folding her in silence to his breast, kissed her with pure, intense, and devoted affection. He could not speak ; he thought not and cared not how it had all been brought about ; he only knew and felt that his wife was in his arms, and that *that wife was Viola*.

The party in the drawing-room, to whom the duenna was now added, were in an agony of impatient expectation. The Marquess at length led the way, and they all crept softly along the passage : 'May we come in ?'

'Come in,' said Alonzo—the first words he had spoken since the denouement.

Their entrance dispersed, in a great measure, the concentrated feelings of Alonzo, and he became attentive to learn the mechanism by which his present happiness had been effected. It appeared that the prepossession Isabella had conceived for her husband at the altar had produced a striking change on her, as love did on Cymon. Ill health, the absence of the usual means of education at St. Paul's, the ignorance and weak indulgence of those with whom she resided, had allowed weeds to spring up and choke the rich treasures of her mind. However, she accompanied the Marquess from St. Paul's, and was placed by him under the charge of the Abbess, where, in three years, her improvement in health, beauty, and mental attainments astonished all those who observed it. The two years she passed in England, under the most judicious

care, had brought her to that point of persecution to which she had now arrived.

Alonzo had not the slightest recollection of any of her features except her eyes, which on the day of their union had that large size and troubled expression which usually attends ill-health. He could now account for the startling recollection that had passed over him one evening at the chess-board; the look she then gave and that with which she had impressed him on her leaving the oratory, were the same.

'And you my grave and worthy tutor,' said Alonzo, addressing Mr. Mordaunt, 'did you join in this powerful league against me?'

'I confess,' replied Mr. Mordaunt, 'that I was in the service of the enemy; so much so, that on the evening you first met Donna Viola, and were introduced to her at the opera, I knew beforehand that such a meeting and such an introduction would take place. I take this opportunity, however, of hinting, that you may thank your own impetuosity that the discovery was not prematurely advanced on board of the Lisbon Packet; for Donna Viola, terrified at your vehemence, would have revealed the whole truth, could she but have prevailed upon you to stay and hear it.'

'Alas! for my vehemence,' exclaimed Alonzo; and trying to collect his puzzled thoughts, he turned to the Abbess: 'And you too, my dear aunt,—you too, my Lady Abbess! it is well you have the power of absolving yourself for all those little fibs you told me the other day.'

'May Our Lady grant me absolution,' replied the good Abbess devoutly, 'for whatever stain of sin I may have contracted by playing a part in this masque!'

'Supper! supper!' cried out the Marquess, as he marshalled them the way. Alonzo seized his Viola (for thus he ever after named her,) as if he dreaded that some magical delusion would again snatch her from his sight—and never did a set of happier creatures meet than those which now encircle the sumptuous banquet, prepared in honor of this Brazilian Wedding.

BIOGRAPHY.

Miss Sedgwick.

THE subject of the present sketch, as appears by the Farmer's Register of the New England settlers, is descended, on her father's side from Robert Sedgwick, a Major-General in Cromwell's service, who died in the great expedition against the Spanish West Indies.

Her father was the Honorable Theodore Sedgwick of Stockbridge, Massachusetts, who served his country with distinguished reputation in various stations, and particularly

as speaker of the house of Representatives, and as Senator in Congress; and who, at the time of his death, was one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of his state.

Her grandfather by the mother's side was Joseph Dwight, a Brigadier General of the Massachusetts, Provincial forces, and actively engaged in the old French war of 1756.

Miss Sedgwick was born at Stockbridge, Massachusetts, in that beautiful district of country, where the mountains present every variety of beauty, and seem from their nearness to possess and to attract a sort of familiarity not usual in scenery of so much boldness—and where the Housatonic, with its alternately rapid, and scarcely moving, current, winds its way through choked and rocky passages, and beautiful intervals of meadow. Those who have visited these scenes, will, if they have an eye for such things, discern many of the traces of beauty which must have made a deep impression upon Miss Sedgwick's mind, and have constituted an important part of its education.

If the traveler should have the good fortune to meet with a guide as intelligent as he, who pointed out to us the paths which our curiosity might otherwise have sought in vain, he may ascend the very rock, carpeted with fresh moss, from which Crazy Bet poured forth her wild snatches of eloquence, half frenzy and half inspiration. He may view 'the sacrifice rock,' where the noble, the sublime, Magawisca rushed between the descending hatchet of her father and the neck of Evelyn—of Evelyn, for whom she felt a sentiment higher and purer than that of love, if such there may be; for we suppose that the thought of being his wife never visited her maiden dreams, and that she was not even conscious of wishing to be beloved by him.

The sequestered places to which we have referred, possess a peculiar and striking beauty even without the aid of those associations with which the genius of Miss Sedgwick has enriched them; but they receive a still higher interest than any which they could borrow from fiction, when they are regarded as having ministered, at a very early period, to that pure enthusiasm and love of nature which her works so often manifest.

We have often thought, when we have seen young ladies at boarding schools, overlaid with accomplishments, and crammed with the lessons of a dozen masters, how much better it would have been if their hearts and minds had been opened almost at their very dawning, to the silent teachings of nature amidst her majestic woods and hills, and the unnumbered beauties of the garden and of the field. The sentiment which is thus inspired has no sickliness. It cannot be

acquired during one or two excursions of pleasure—like its kindred native products, it must take root and spring up under the open sky, and in the pure breath of heaven.

We know scarcely any writer, certainly not any American writer, who has read with a quicker and more discerning eye, with a better taste, or with a purer devotion, than Miss Sedgwick, 'those sermons in stones and trees, and in the running brooks,' whose wisdom and beauty she has so rapidly transferred to her own pages. This is a topic upon which, if time were allowed us, we should be glad to expatiate, for we are strongly inclined to think that the artificial character of society is unfriendly to a heartfelt love of natural beauty—and that in this age of printing, when the press is prolific beyond all example, the incessant inquiry for new books threatens with neglect the great volume of nature.

Our readers must be aware that the license which is allowed us in the sketch of a lady, precludes us from borrowing from memory or asking from friends, any of those details without which that strong individuality which is, or might be engraven on our own minds, could not be transferred to others. Were it no trespass, we should, to the best of our ability, present those charms of conversation and those traits of moral excellence which render Miss Sedgwick's society and character the objects of admiration, and of the most partial attachment to all who enjoy her acquaintance and friendship.

We may be permitted, nevertheless, to speak as we think, of her writings. The first published of her works was the *New England Tale*. There is a circumstance relating to this work, which, if we have been correctly informed, shows that the public are indebted, not so much to love of literature or distinction, as to accident, for her writings as a novelist. It is quite proverbial that many important events which affect the fortunes of our race, are often independent of any human design, but we are not aware that the annals of literature are often signalized by such occurrences. Be this as it may, the *New England Tale*, (the fact is vouched by the preface of that charming work,) was originally intended for publication as a religious tract. But it gradually grew beyond the necessary limits of such a design. It was thus extended without any intention of publication, and finished solely to amuse the writer. Such was her distrust of her abilities, and so great her reluctance to appear before the public in a work of this magnitude, that her consent to its publication was finally extorted, rather than given.

The portraiture of religious hypocrisy which that work contained, and which we could wish were less true, brought upon its

author the charge of sectarianism. It is altogether probable that in a work originally intended for the class to which that belongs, Miss Sedgwick could never have allowed the general design and interest to be so much interwoven with topics of a debateable character. The plan of the New England Tale did not admit of the variety, the extent, or power of delineation, which her subsequent writings have exhibited; but it contains passages of deep tenderness—descriptions of nature, for example, in the scenery of ‘the Mountain Caves,’—and notes of eloquence in the wild songs or rhapsodies of Crazy Bet, which the author has seldom, if ever, surpassed. She seems to have led us to her favorite resorts on the banks of the Housatonic, or the mountain’s side—to those haunts which her youthful steps have traced; in those bright days, ere a single shadow had been thrown upon the prospect of life, except to enhance its beauty. And as to the inspirations of Crazy Bet, we confess that, like the communings of Madge Wildfire with ‘the lovely Lady Moon,’ their united grace and pathos have occasionally affected us quite as much as was becoming the gravity of our years, or the sternness of our sex.

After the New England Tale, to use a homely phrase, the ice was broken, and it was not long before Redwood was given to the public. The popularity of this work has not been rivaled by any of the author’s productions, unless Hope Leslie be an exception.

The nature of this notice forbids any thing like a critique upon any of the works under consideration. But we must be permitted to say, that we consider Miss Debby Lennox one of the most original and best delineations throughout, with which we are acquainted. It is perhaps impossible to explain the secrets of that wonderful combination by which a writer of genius brings before us the creatures of his imagination, in such a way that we feel them to be as real existences as any persons in history, or among our acquaintances. Analysis may show us what are the component parts of the character, but it scarcely serves to explain the mystery of its influence upon us, better than a dissection can exhibit the living functions of the human frame, or the secret of its life. There are but very few instances in the whole range of fiction, or at least in so far as we are acquainted with it, in which the character throughout, if we may so say, speaks for himself, and not the author for him; or, in other words, in which every expression and motion seem to be those of a real person. Such a character is not a picture, nor a statue, nor an admirable automaton, nor a personification of any nameable qualities; but an independent, self-existent being, a fellow-creature. Such beings come to be of the number of our

associates or friends. The power of such a creation is among the rarest gifts, if not the very highest endowments of genius. And whatever may be the station of Deborah Lennox in this society, she appears to us to be one of its members, as decidedly as Old Mause, or Cuddy Headrigg, or even Jennie Deans herself. So absolute is her identity to our minds, that we think we should recognize her famous ‘lutestring changeable,’ even if it were to walk forth without its proprietor.

Redwood was admired abroad, nearly as much as in this country. It was published in England and translated into French, the translation bearing on its title page a claim to favor, which, perhaps, no other American name could have conferred, being announced as ‘par M. Cooper, auteur d’une histoire de la nouvelle Angleterre, &c. &c.’ The same work soon after appeared in an Italian costume.

We have expressed a doubt whether any other work of Miss Sedgwick ever acquired so much popularity as Redwood. We do not profess, however, to be so good judges as the booksellers, on that point. But we may be permitted to declare the judgment of the select few, to which class the polite reader will, of course, understand that we, and all the critics, belong. With all that select corps, we believe, and with ourselves we are sure, Hope Leslie stands first, we might almost say, stands alone. We have always imagined, with what truth those who know the author better, will judge, that the fine spirit, the delicacy, the purity, the impulsiveness, the generosity, tenderness, piety, and, if we may be permitted to add, weaknesses, or rather womanishnesses of the heroine of the work, for the most part a transcript of the character of the author. If this were not true, we should admire Hope Leslie more than any other creation of the author, but not doubting it, we certainly admire and love her more than any of her sisters, if this relationship may be imputed to all the female descendants of a common parent by literary genealogy.

But even Hope Leslie is not without a rival.—Magawisca inspires a loftier sentiment. She is full of moral grandeur; but there is a feeling of loneliness accompanying and inseparable, from the elevation of her character, which, while it renders it impossible that any one should be the sharer and arbiter of her fortunes, excludes her, perhaps, in some measure, from the fullness of our sympathy. And it must be acknowledged that the author has rendered herself obnoxious to the charge of having transcended all the limits of probability in the extreme refinement, and we may add, polish of character, which she has given to this representative of an injured race; unless, indeed, the ancient canon of criticism,

upon this point, may be considered as abolished by the example of the great magician, in the ‘unimitated and inimitable’ Rebecca.

We have not left ourselves room for any particular remarks upon the residue of Miss Sedgwick’s works. Clarence, the last of her larger productions, is the only one which, as far as we have heard, ever reached a second edition in England, where they have all been republished, and where, as well as we can learn by our countrymen, who have had an opportunity of judging, they have been very justly appreciated.

Le Bossu, which has recently appeared, is greatly and justly admired, and fully sustains the reputation of its author. This is the best of her smaller works, and perhaps the most finished of them all. This tale properly belongs to the class of historical romances. The author has taken the liberty in one or two instances, of which she was doubtless well aware, to transpose the order of events. While we leave to others the vindication of rights of criticism upon this point, we must be permitted to express our satisfaction and delight at the fidelity with which she has transferred to her pages the true impress and spirit of the times of Charlemagne. This tale is equally remarkable for its finished portraiture of individual character, for the dramatis personæ, for the skill and contrivance of the incidents, for the grace of its decorations, and for its constant and spirit-stirring action.

If we might be permitted to advise her upon the subject of literary partnerships, like that of Glauber Spa, we would counsel her never to engage in another. Not that we have any objections to this association in particular—but we prefer Miss Sedgwick by herself. And moreover, we think such associations dangerous for a lady. Not that she would be in any sense responsible for any latitudinarianism, either in morals or taste, which such a work might contain—but nevertheless, in case of such delinquency, she would be associated with it, in the public mind, to a certain extent.—While we are talking of this beautiful tale, we may be permitted to say that a collection of Miss Sedgwick’s contributions to the Souvenirs, would form two delightful, and we doubt not popular volumes.

But we have left ourselves little room to speak of the general character of Miss Sedgwick’s writings, or of the place which they occupy in American literature. A discussion of this last topic may be well spared in this notice, but we would not entirely pass by the first, because we regard these writings as affording, in an eminent degree, an index of the heart, as well as of the mind, of the writer.

It is evident that Miss Sedgwick's mind inclines towards cheerful views of life. There seems to be implanted in her heart a love of goodness, and of the beautiful, which turns as naturally towards serenity and joy, as flowers lean towards the sun. It is manifest that though possessing great refinement herself, her sympathies are not confined to a coterie or a class, but that they are called forth by every manifestation of virtue, even in the most humble circumstances, and that she looks with kind regard upon those gleams of a better nature which occasionally break forth amid prevailing clouds and darkness.

She affects no indifference to the accidental advantages of condition. It would be impossible to diminish her interest in the powers and fascinations of genius and imagination, and she thinks it no duty to attempt it. But her highest favor and affection are reserved for that enduring virtue, which is perfected through much trial and tribulation, and which needs no earthly witness, or outward reward. She delights to see the 'signet of hope upon the brow of infancy,' but she remembers with more satisfaction the last smile of unfaltering faith and love, which even death itself spares for a season.

It is impossible to speak of her works without a particular regard to their moral and religious character. We know no writer of the class to which she belongs, who has done more to inculcate just religious sentiments. They are never obtruded, nor are they ever suppressed. It is not the religion of observances, nor of professions, nor of articles of faith, but of the heart and life. It always comes forth, not as something said or done from a sense of necessity or duty, but as part of the character and inseparable from its strength, as well as from its grace and beauty. It is a union of that which works by love, with that charity which never saileth.

There is another characteristic of Miss Sedgwick's writings which should not be overlooked. We allude to their great good sense, and practical discretion, the nobleness which they evince, and recommend. This is so true, that we recollect having heard a zealous utilitarian declare, after reading one of her works, that political economy might be taught to the greatest advantage through the medium of romances.

We cannot omit a passing remark on Miss Sedgwick's style. We have often thought, that in the hands of a master, the subject of style would afford an admirable opportunity for establishing a new school of philosophy. It is very certain that style affords a truer index of the mind, than the theory of physiognomy, even in the hands of the philosophical Lavater; or that of craniology, in those of Gall and Spurzheim. He who shall set

up for the leader of a sect upon this subject, must be able to furnish us with an experientum crucis, by which we can separate what is adventitious from what is natural; that which is derived from fashion and imitation, however unconsciously, from that embodying of the thoughts, which is, perhaps, not less characteristic than themselves.

Whatever our readers may think of the depths of this philosophy, we are sure that they will agree with us, that there is a peculiar grace, fitness, and beauty in Miss Sedgwick's style: it is entirely devoid of mannerism, and we like it a thousand times better on that account. The rich, grave, drapery of her thoughts is negligee, gay, rich, grave or solemn, as becomes them. There in one particular in which we especially admire her costume: there is no variety of it which ever exhibits a single blue thread, in a certain quarter where that color is but too apt to attract attention. She always leads us to regard her rather as an accomplished lady than as a brilliant author. Her style is never marked by pedantry, and is equally free from stiffness and negligence—it is more distinguished by delicacy and grace than strength. The purity of her English may afford a model to some of our learned scholars; and with that of Miss Edgeworth it furnishes for their consideration the very interesting problem how far a knowledge of the learned languages is essential to an English writer in the use of his vernacular tongue.

Our limits will not permit us to speak of Miss Sedgwick's powers of invention, and imagination, nor of her great truth and skill in the delineation of character. We cannot, however, wholly omit to notice that power, which speaks from heart to heart. In matters of taste, we may adopt the opinions of others, but we must feel for ourselves. On this subject we know not what may be the experience of others, but for ourselves, we hardly know more beautiful specimens of the pathetic, than are to be found in the works of Miss Sedgwick. It takes you by surprise, and finds its way, before you are aware of it, to the fountain of tears, like the heart-broken voice of a child. She never attempts to convulse our hearts with hopeless and unprofitable agonies—and if there be any thing painful in the emotions which she calls forth, it is more than compensated by the healing influence which they possess—the kindly sympathies they elicit, or the sense of justice which they satisfy—and this, we think, is the limit beyond which fictitious misery should never pass.—*Nat. Por. Gal.*

TRUTH.—Truth is a good dog; but beware of barking too close at the heels of error, lest you get your brains kicked out.

MISCELLANY.

A Brother's Love.

There is something transcendently virtuous in the affection of a high hearted brother towards his gentle and amiable sister. He can feel unbounded admiration for her beauty—he can appreciate and applaud the kindness which she bestows upon himself—he can press her bright lips and her fair forehead, and still feel that she is unpoluted—he can watch the blush steal over her features when he tells her of her innocent follies, and he can clasp her to his bosom in consolation when the tears gush from her overloaded heart. With woman there is a feeling of pride mingled with the regard which she has for her brother. She looks upon him as one fitted to brave the tempests of the world, as one to whose arm of protection she can fly for shelter when she is stricken by sorrow, wronged or oppressed; as one whose honor is connected with her own, and who durst not see her insulted with impunity. He is to her as the oak is to the vine, and though she may fear all others of mankind she is secure and confident in the love and countenance of her brother. Nothing affords man such satisfaction, and nothing entwines a sister so affectionately among his sympathies and his interests, as a profound reliance upon her virtue, and strong conviction of her diffidence and delicacy. As these two latter qualities are far the most delicious qualities of a beautiful female, so are they the strongest spells for enticing away the affections of the other sex. A female without delicacy is a woman without principle; and as innate and shrinking perception of virtue is a true characteristic of a pure hearted creature, so it is the most infallible bond of union between hearts that truly beat in response to each other. There is more tenderness in the disposition of woman than man; but the affection of a brother is full of the purest and most generous impulses; it cannot be quenched by aught but indelicacy and unworthiness, and it will outlive a thousand selfish and sordid attachments.—A deep rooted regard for a gentle creature born of the same parents with ourselves is certainly one of the noblest feelings of our nature, and were every other feeling of human nature dead save this, there would still a bright hope remain that the fountain of virtue and principle was not yet sealed.

A Heroine.

The Baltimore Republican relates an instance of female devotion and heroism that would have reflected honor on the sternest Roman matron. While the infuriated populace was in its highest state of excitement it visited the house of Dr. Hintze, in Gay-street,

for the purpose of razing it to the ground. The Doctor had rendered himself obnoxious to the rioters by his active efforts to protect the property of his fellow-citizens, and was compelled to fly. But when the crowd appeared, his wife, who was alone in the house, addressed them, and asked if under such circumstances they would attack it. They told her to leave the house for they were determined to destroy it. She replied, she would not leave it, and if they were resolved to destroy it, *she would stay and perish in the ruins!* Struck by her courage and devotion the crowd retired and the house was uninjured. Had the same spirit animated a few of the citizens, especially the Mayor and the police. Baltimore would have been saved from the horrible scenes which will long paralyze her energies and stain her character.—*Frederick Herald.*

A Test.

A jolly Friar, who was to read a homily to a congregation on a certain occasion, was, while waiting for the time for him to officiate, playing cards in an apartment adjoining the church. He stationed a lad at the door to give him notice when he was wanted; but the moment he was called, he had just ‘dealt’—his own hand was an excellent one, and determined not to lose it, he agreed with his comrades, that each should keep his cards and continue the game after service. Clapping the cards up the sleeve of his surplice, he walked into the desk, holding the end of his sleeve with his fingers.

His subject was the remissness of parents in the moral instruction of their children. As he proceeded in his discourse, he waxed violent in his gestures and motions—till forgetting the deposit in his sleeve, he struck the palms of his open hands together, and out flew the little tell-tales, to the amazement of the congregation. All were disconcerted but the friar. Leaning over the desk, he called to a little urchin of five or six, ‘Boy, pick up one of those cards!’ This done, the priest demanded of the lad, ‘Now tell me what it is.’ ‘It’s the ten of spades,’ said the boy. ‘Behold here, parents,’ said the priest, ‘a proof of what I have told you. I scattered these among you to convince the congregation that this child understood cards better than his prayers!—*Ohio Watchman.*

From Hall's Border Tales.

Beautiful Extract.

Oh! how many ties there are to bind the soul to earth! When the strongest are cut asunder, and the spirit feels itself cast loose from every bond which connects it with mortality, how imperceptibly does one little tendril after another become entwined about it, and draw it back with gentle violence!—He who thinks he has but one love is always

mistaken. The heart may have one overwhelming affection, more powerful than all the rest, which, like the main root of the tree, is that which supports it; but if that be cut away, it will find a thousand minute fibres clinging to the soil of humanity. An absorbing passion may fill up the soul, and while it lasts, may throw a shade over the various obligations and the infinite multitude of little kindnesses, and tender associations, that bind us to mankind; but when that fades, these are seen to twinkle in the firmament of life as the stars shine, after the sun has gone down. Even the brute, and the lilies of the field, that neither toil nor spin, put in their silent claims; and the heart that would have spurned the world, settles quietly down again upon its bosom.

Brain Hunting.

HERMAN GOLTZ passed many years in anatomical examination of that delicate viscus, the dead brain, endeavoring to discover coincidence between its marvelous structure and its important uses. To this end, the whole concentrated force of his acute intellect was directed. Sometimes he thought he had ascertained the source of the reasoning faculty, and the seat in which the passions are generated; but these gleams of success were transient, and were succeeded by total obscurity. At one period he conceived that he had actually drawn aside the curtain, and beheld the mysterious processes that are performed in the occult laboratory of nature; but he confessed himself deceived, and afterwards cordially acknowledged that the curtain itself was a mere delusion. Exhausted by these sudden alternations of hope and disappointment, the fabric of his own understanding gave way, and in a moment of despair, he hanged himself in his dissecting room. Before he accomplished his last resolve, he wrote on a slip of paper these impressive words;

‘For more than twenty tedious years I have pursued a *phantom*, an *ignis fatuus*, that has decoyed me into ruin and misery. Confining myself in a charnel-house, I have been estranged from nature’s fair and inviting prospects; I have cultivated no man’s friendship, nor sought for the affection of woman. I have indeed read of the charms of society—the exhilarations of social life; the delight of a domestic partner, and the blessedness of children; but I have been a solitary student; water has been my only beverage; no female can reproach me with professions, nor can a child curse me for existence. To live longer is useless; the past has been misemployed; the present is intolerable, and I will anticipate the future.’

A CHEERFUL spirit makes labor light and sleep sweet, and all around happy, all which is much better than being rich only.

The Rural Repository.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1835.

THEOLOGICAL DISCUSSION.—A neat little volume has recently been published by P. Price, New-York, entitled ‘A Discussion of the conjoint question; Is the doctrine of endless punishment taught in the Bible? Or does the Bible teach the doctrine of the final holiness and happiness of all mankind?’ Theological discussions, as generally conducted, are calculated not only to lower the combatants in the public estimation, but to bring reproach and contumely on the religion of Jesus; but when as in the present case, a controversy is carried on in the spirit of moderation and humility, and that due regard to the feelings of each other befitting the character of Christian ministers, we would cordially commend it to the attention of our readers, as worthy of their candid and serious perusal. Two questions more momentous than the present, it will be conceded by all, can never be proposed, and two champions more able to lay before the public the different constructions and applications put by their respective sects, upon the same passages of Scripture, than Rev. Dr. Ely, pastor of the third Presbyterian church, Philadelphia, and Rev. Abel Thomas, pastor of the first Universalist church, in the same place, we believe could not readily be found. The reader of this little work cannot fail to reap both pleasure and profit from the Christian charity and deep research displayed therein by the disputants.

¶ The above work may be had at A. Stoddard's Bookstore, Price 62½ cents.

MISS SEDGWICK.—This popular and interesting writer, a brief sketch of whose life and writings we have selected for the gratification of our readers, has recently added another to the list of the charming productions of her pen. It is entitled ‘The Linwoods, or sixty years since in America,’ is said to be full of spirit-stirring incidents and will no doubt increase the literary reputation of the fair authoress.

NEW AGENT.—J. H. Sanborn, Plattsburgh, Clinton Co. N. Y. is authorized to act as Agent, for this Paper.

Letters Containing Remittances,
Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting
the amount of Postage paid.

S. O. Cayuga, N. Y. \$1.00; G. P. Nineveh, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Gaines, N. Y. \$2.00; J. W. S. Buffalo, N. Y. \$2.00; M. C. Amherst, Ma. \$1.00; L. G. Utica, N. Y. \$1.00; A. F. M. Gretna Green, N. C. \$0.75; N. D. New-York. \$1.00; J. L. M. Claverack, N. Y. \$1.00; C. S. Harwinton, Ct. \$1.00; W. J. D. Hinesburgh, Vt. \$1.00; W. L. B. Livonia, N. Y. \$1.00; L. S. L. Cazenovia, N. Y. \$1.00.

MARRIED.

In this city, on Thursday the 1st inst. by the Rev. Mr. Whitaker, Mr. Ferdinand B. Little to Miss Mary E. Hansen. At the same time, by the same Rev. gentleman, Mr. David Van Sicklen to Miss Jane E. Tobey.

On Sunday evening the 4th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Whitaker, Mr. Abijah C. Stevens of Charlestown, to Miss Sarah F. Smith, daughter of the late Mr. Francis Smith of New-Bedford.

In the village of Kinderhook, on the 29th ult. by Dr. J. Sickles, Dr. Daniel Sargent, to Miss Catharine Christina, eldest daughter of Mr. Dennis Harder, all of that village.

At Athens, on Monday the 4th inst. by the Rev. J. Wilson, Mr. William Brown of Albany, to Miss Caroline P. daughter of Elijah Spencer, Esq. of the former place.

At Albany, on Wednesday the 7th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Edward Holmes, Mr. Walter H. Noble, to Miss Margaret A. Reynolds, adopted daughter of Mr. John W. Netterville, all of that city.

At New-York, on the 30th ult. in St. Luke's church by the Rev. John M. Forbes, Henry A. Ten Broeck, merchant, to Delta Maria, daughter of Geo. G. Coffin, Esq. formerly of this city.

DIED.

At Athens, on the 2d inst. Miss Sarah Sales, in the 15th year of her age.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

Rural Life.

How blast the humble cottar's fate!—BURNS.

How quietly the rustic hind
Within the rural vale resides,
His bark, assailed by no rough wind,
Along life's current gently glides.

The clamors loud of rattling carts,
The raging din of noisy strife,
And all the fierce, tumultuous jars
So pregnant in the city life,

He never hears; for all his days
In quietude are sweetly spent;
While round him ever reign mild peace,
Sweet harmony, and calm content.

With pleasure to his rustic toil,
At early dawn, he daily goes,
To cultivate the 'laughing soil,'
While health upon his visage glows.

Oh enviable, happy lot!
There in the peaceful vale retired,
He's favored with an humble cot,
And every thing to be desired.

No rankling cares his mind molest
No longings after empty fame.
Ambition ne'er disturbs his breast,
Nor wishes he for sordid gain.—

His only wish is well to spend
The few short days unto him given,
And that at last, he may ascend,
And safely moor his bark in Heaven.—

Dracut, Sept. 12th, 1835. RURAL BARD.

At the present time, when the last hours of summer are numbered with by-gone years, one cannot fail to be impressed with the beauty and truth in the following lines from Mrs. HEMANS:

The Parting of Summer.

Thou'rt bearing hence thy roses,
Glad Summer, fare thee well!

Thou'rt singing thy last melodies
In every wood and dell.

But in the golden sunset
Of the latest lingering day,
Oh! tell me, o'er this chequered earth,
How hast thou pass'd away!

Brightly, sweet Summer! brightly
Thine hours are floated by,
To the joyous birds of the woodland boughs,
The rangers of the sky.

And brightly in the forests,
To the wild deer wandering free;
And brightly 'midst the garden flowers,
Is the happy murmuring bee.

But how to human bosoms,
With all their hopes and fears,
And thoughts that make them eagle-wings,
To pierce the unborn years?

Sweet Summer! to the captive
Thou has flown in burning dreams,
Of the woods, with all their whispering leaves,
And the blue rejoicing streams.—

To the wasted and the weary
On the bed of sickness bound,
In swift, delicious fantasies,
That changed with every sound.—

To the sailor on the billows,
In longings wild and vain,
For the gushing founts and breezy hills
And the homes of earth again!

And unto me, glad Summer!
How hast thou flown to me?
My chainless footstep nought hath kept
From thy haunts of song and glee.

Thou hast flown in wayward visions,
In memories of the dead—
In shadows, from a troubled heart,
O'er thy sunny pathway shed.

In brief and sudden strivings,
To fling a weight aside—
'Midst these thy melodies have ceased,
And all thy roses died.

But oh! thou gentle Summer!
If I greet thy flowers once more,
Bring me again thy buoyancy
Wherewith my soul should soar.

Give me to hail thy sunshine,
With a song and spirit free;
Or in a purer air than this
May that next meeting be!

Cœur de Lion at the Bier of his Father.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

THE body of Henry the Second lay in state in the Abbey church of Fontevraud where it was visited by Richard Cœur de Lion, who on beholding it, was struck with horror and remorse, and bitterly reproached himself for that rebellious conduct which had been the means of bringing his father to an untimely grave.

TORCHES were blazing clear, hymns pealing deep and slow,
Where a king lay stately on his bier, in the church of Fontevraud,
Banners of battle o'er him rung, and warriors slept beneath,
And light, as noon's broad light, was flung on the settled face of death.

On the settled face of death a strong and ruddy glare,
Though dimmed at times by the censer's breath, yet it fell still brightest there:
As if each deeply furrowed trace of earthly years to show—
Alas! that sceptered mortal's race had surely closed in woe.

The marble floor was swept by many a long dark stole,
As the kneeling priests round him that slept, sang mass for the departed soul;
And solemn were the strains they poured through the stillness of the night,
With the cross above, and the crown and sword, and the silent king in sight.

There was heard a heavy clang, as of steel girt men the tread,
And the tombs and the hollow pavement rang with a sounding thrill of dread;
And the holy chaunt was hushed awhile, as by the torches flame,
A gleam of arms, up the swooping aisle, with a mail-clad leader came.

He came with a haughty look and eagle-glance and clear,
But his proud heart through his breast-plate shook, when he stood beside the bier!
He stood there still with a drooping brow, and clasp'd hands o'er it raised;—
For his father lay before him low, it was Cœur de Lion gazed!

And silently he strove with the workings of his heart,
—But there's more in late repentant love than steel may keep suppress'd!

And his tears break forth at last, like rain—men hold their breath in awe.

For his face was seen by his warrior train, and he rock'd not that they saw.

He looked upon the dead, and sorrow seemed to lie, A weight of sorrow, e'en like lead, pale on the fast shut eye. He stooped—and kissed the frozen cheek, and the heavy hand of clay, Till bursting words—yet all too weak—gave his soul's passion way.

'Oh father! is it vain, this late remorse and deep? Speak to me, father, once again: I weep—behold I weep! Alas! my guilty pride and ire! were but this work undone, I would give England's crown, my sire, to hear thee bless thy son!

'Speak to me! mighty grief ere now the dust hath stirred! Hear me, but hear me! father, chief, my king! I must be heard. Hushed, hushed—how is it that I call and that thou answerest not? When was it thus?—woe, woe, for all the love my soul forgot?

'Thy silver hairs I see so still, so sadly bright? And father, father! but for me, they had not been so white! I bore thee down, high heart! at last, no longer couldst thou strive, Oh! for one moment of the past, to kneel and say—forgive!'

'Thou wert the noblest king, on royal throne e'er seen; And thou didst wear in knightly ring, of all the stateliest mien; And thou didst prove, where spears are proved, in war the bravest heart— Oh! ever the renowned and loved thou wert—and there thou art!

'Thou that my boyhood's guide didst take fond joy to be, The times I've sported at thy side, and climbed thy parent knee! And there before the blessed shrine, my sire! I see thee lie—How will that sad still face of thine look on me till I die?'

From the Lady's Book.

The Land of our Birth.

THERE is not a spot on this wide-peopled earth,
So dear to the heart as the land of our birth,
'Tis the home of our childhood—the beautiful spot,
Which mem'ry retains when all else is forgot.
May the blessings of God ever hallow the sod,
And its valleys and hills by our children be trod.

Can the language of strangers, in accents unknown
Send a thrill to our bosom like that of our own?
The face may be fair, and the smile may be bland,
But it breathes not the tones of our own native land:
There is no spot on earth like the land of our birth,
Where heroes keep guard o'er the altar and hearth!

How sweet is the language which taught us to blend
The dear names of parent, of husband, and friend:
Which taught us to liep on our mother's soft breast,
The ballads she sung as she rocked us to rest.
May the blessings of God ever hallow the sod,
And its valleys and hills by our children be trod!

WANTED.

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THE RURAL REPOSITORY

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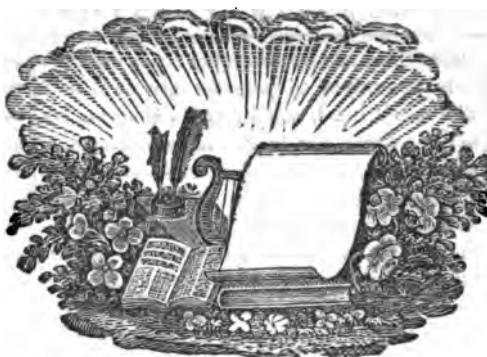
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THE RURAL REPOSITORY.



DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, AMUSING MISCELLANY, HUMOROUS AND HISTORICAL ANECDOTES, SUMMARY, POETRY, &c.

VOL. XII.—[III. NEW SERIES.]

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1835.

NO. 11.

SELECTIONS.

From the New-Yorker.

The Delaware's Revenge.

'Tell me no more, no more
Of the soul's losty gifts ! Are they not vain
To quench its haunting thirst for happiness ?
Have I not loved, and striven, and failed to bind
One true heart unto me !—*Mrs. HEMANS.*

'Oh, deep is a wounded heart, and strong
A voice that cries against mighty wrong ;
And full of death as a hot wind's blight,
Doth the ire of a crushed affection light.'

The Indian nature is now pretty thoroughly analyzed. Cooper has made every body familiar with its peculiarities;—and even if he had not, we of the western land have enjoyed abundant opportunities of investigating it for ourselves. We all know that the Indian predominates in our hearts when the kneeling offender is obliged to ask twice for forgiveness. And our children know that they are traveling 'Indian file,' when they march, one after another in their unwilling peregrinations to school. For some wise purpose, which it becomes not us to inquire into, Providence has designed the Indian, as the African, for a distinct and separate existence. Their assimilation to Europeans, either in manners or disposition, can never be effected to a great degree. We may as easily change their complexions as their natures. This fact various occurrences have established beyond the possibility of refutation.

A friend of mine, residing in Buffalo, once informed me that three or four of the wealthy border chiefs sent their daughters to a boarding school in that city—sent them when very young, and left them under the entire control of the worthy principal, with orders to instruct and 'accomplish' them in all things after the manner of the 'pale faces.' The enlightened preceptress did her best, and her wayward pupils were under the absolute necessity of making some proficiency, though evidently against their inclinations; but, with all her precaution, persuasion, and reproof, the wild-wood peculiarities would make themselves apparent in a variety of ways; and these young ladies,

who became at length well skilled in music, drawing, &c., and perfect adepts in the mysteries of the toilet, could not, while walking the streets, be prevented from trailing along, one by one, after the fashion of their forefathers.

A little farther, and I have done with instances of this kind. An infatuated young lady in one of the Eastern States, whose father had blindly encouraged a school for the education of Indians, became seriously attached to one of those handsome sons of the forest, after he had become apparently well educated and refined, and finally eloped with him to his native wilds. A letter received from her a few months afterwards announced to her afflicted parents a total relapse of her civilized husband into his former habits. Indeed, so far had he forgotten the customs of a better land, that he degraded himself as also his poor wife to the barbarous fashion of lodging on the naked ground of their wigwam with their feet to the fire.

These instances, 'tis true illustrate more properly traits of external character; but if education fails to eradicate these, what can it do with those darker propensities implanted and fostered as it were in the very depths of the soul, some of which are so deadly and carried to such fearful extent that they seem almost to imply demoniac agency? REVENGE, the darling virtue of an Indian, suggested to him by nature, fostered in the recesses of his heart by tradition and example, the exciting prompter of all his warlike deeds, and frequently the sole object of his life—what will he not encounter to obtain it? Danger, fatigue, and even death, are but as straws in his path—his course is onward, and the comforts and destiny of self are seldom taken into the account so long as there is the slightest hope of inflicting misery upon the object of his resentment. A story was related to me the other day which, in my opinion, strongly illustrates this fact; and, if the reader feels half the interest in the perusal that I did in the relation, I shall be amply paid for the trouble of committing it to paper. Many of the Indians who resided some

years ago on the banks of the Susquehannah came from the river Delaware; hence they were called Delawares. They were quiet and peaceable until the descent of Brandt upon the lower settlements, when every one who could draw a bow was obliged to accompany him. Thus all their little towns were left defenceless; and the Wyoming farmers who were driven unceremoniously from their homes, acting upon the principle of self-preservation, and perhaps slightly under the influence of a retaliating spirit, thought no harm in appropriating to themselves the few conveniences which said villages afforded, even to the exclusion of frightened female occupants,—who needed little persuasion to induce immediate departure.

In one of these villages was found a dwelling entirely superior to the rest. It was a small, snugly built log house, with two apartments, each containing a quantity of furs, deer-skins and horns, all arranged in the most perfect order. It was undoubtedly the wigwam of a chief. So said Anthony Williams, as he drew his wife through the door to the inner apartment; 'Tis undoubtedly the dwelling of a chief, that was—for very few of those poor creatures will get back to prove their property. War is a bad game and has little respect to persons, as this bruised arm can bear witness. But what have we here, Lucy?' and the young farmer stepped to the farther corner of the room, and raised carefully the corner of a glistening fawn skin. A loud scream was the consequence,—and the young couple beheld with surprise and admiration the half-clad form of a little Indian girl of perhaps two years of age and apparently just roused from a sound sleep.

'What eyes!' exclaimed Mrs. Williams as her husband raised the terrified little creature in his arms—'What beautiful eyes! Oh, how could her mother thus forsake her?'

The infant gazed tearfully at the speaker for a moment, and then stretched out her little hands in affectionate confidence.

'Mine, mine!' cried his wife, pressing the dark form fondly to her bosom 'She shall

be our own child, Anthony ; see, she loves us already ! we will be her parents.'

' If none other claim her was the considerate reply ;' and they left the place to inform their friends of the singular result of their adventure.

The next Sabbath the little stranger was formally adopted and christened Martha, by Anthony and Lucy Williams. Mrs. Williams had no children, and the little Delaware promised soon to become the idol of her heart. This may seem strange to those who consider the misfortune of color or helplessness an excuse for degrading to the menial servitude of a human being an image of Divinity. But the lady of whom we speak entertained very different opinions. Her heart was warm as the skies of June,—and, with a fancy more tinged with romance than prejudice, the circumstance of the Delaware child's discovery and the dependence thereon attendant laid claim to all her sympathies ; and she would have scorned, as the vilest treason to her nature, the slightest desire to take an ungenerous advantage of her situation. No ; she was her own beloved child—as such she should be—as such she was treated—many of her officious friends to the contrary notwithstanding.

The Indian village soon became a village of very different character—handsome, lively and business-like—a description which will answer for many more at the present day on the same river. It contained churches and academies, and was surrounded by the most romantic scenery in the world. It might almost be said that Anthony Williams was the founder of said village—for his family from its numbers being the least expensive of any in the place and himself acquiring with maturer years a capacity for speculation, he managed to outstrip his humble neighbors, and soon became very wealthy and of course popular. He was a true friend to the public, and was ever the first to propose and lend a helping hand in the execution of public improvements. His wife and adopted daughter of course came in for a share of his influence ; and though it would be an unfaithful delineation of poor human nature to say that no envy rankled in the bosoms of many young misses at the evident superiority both in mind and in person, of the dark haired Delaware, still we are gratified in recording that their ungentle thoughts for some reason or other—perhaps conscience—were seldom known to burst forth in more than half-suppressed murmurs. Mr. Williams gave his favorite (for their young charge was with him also a favorite—he making it a point as all good husbands should, to love whatever his wife considered loveable,) every possible opportunity for education and polite accomplishments ; but the worthy couple beheld with grief and astonishment that a desire to

please them and displease her rivals were her only incentives to perseverance in study. She *would* excel, and for these reasons, but her heart was not in it. A book, except in competition, was her utter detestation ;—and she would on the darkest night forsake her guitar to wander by the rushing waters and to listen to the hoarse and howling winds. Often on these occasions did her anxious guardians whisper to each other the words of the Indian philosopher, who with all the advantages of books, superior wisdom, and the refinements of civilization still turned with tears of regret to ' his blanket tied with yellow strings.'

Mrs. Williams could overlook, however, these national peculiarities—for was not Martha the most affectionate child that ever the eye of doting mother beheld ? The tenderest nurse—the fondest and most confiding friend ? Nor did the good lady in these eulogiums at all overrate the qualities of the Delaware. Her gratitude and love knew no bounds. She was at all seasons attentive to the minutest sense of duty ; and in the last fatal illness of Mrs. W. she left not her bedside day nor night ;—and when the last lamp of life at length went out and the beaming eye was closed for ever, her head fell heavily upon the bosom of her beneficress, and many were the doubts entertained of her recovery.

Martha Williams was not ' just sixteen'—the only time when, if we can credit the popular writers of the day, a young lady is liable either to love or be loved—nor was she ' just seventeen'—the season when so many rose-buds are transferred to canvass and copperplate—but she was exactly somewhere between eighteen and twenty, when Carrington Lee, a young English artist of some eminence, took up his residence at her father's.

Anthony Williams was a lonely man after the death of his wife—and, being pleased with the talents and vivacity of Mr. Lee, he had begged as a favor that he would make his house his home during his stay in the country : which invitation the young artist for various reasons was glad to accept. Martha was still in mourning when their guest first made his appearance at table. She had very seldom of late noticed strangers or even friends, but there was that in the appearance of the artist which drew her almost immediate attention ; and before they had many times met and parted, she found herself singularly interested in him. Carrington Lee was in truth a most strangely fascinating being—as may be said of many of the meteor-like geniuses of his fraternity. He had left the palace halls of his fathers, with all their elegant comforts, for the sole purpose of sketching the woods, waters, and women of the Western World—had left many broken

hearts behind, and was again exulting in the wicked witchery of his trifling mind at the inroads he was not slow to perceive himself making upon the affections of the unsophisticated Indian maiden.

Little did the poor girl suspect the penetrating powers of her now almost constant companion. She knew not that the eye of a skilful artist detects as easily a cloud upon the mind as upon the sky.—Indeed, she was hardly herself aware that she loved ; she was merely certain that Mr. Lee possessed a graceful loveliness of carriage, a touching gentleness of voice and eloquent expression of countenance, which she had never observed in any other ; and she felt happier while listening to his stories of the world beyond the great waters, or watching the careless curvings of his fishing line during their excursions in the woods, than she had ever felt before. Yet had she never appeared to so little advantage before any one as before Carrington Lee. The timidity of a deep idolatrous love chained down her hitherto bounding spirit, and the remembrance of her lowly origin—so considered by the world, and a fear that it might so be considered by him—tended apparently to quench in rustic bashfulness the light of a soul whose beams were destined to dazzle or destroy. The young artist admired her, notwithstanding—yea, he believed he loved as much as his vain and fickle nature was capable of loving any person ; nor was he long in acquainting her with his sentiments, and was far more pleased than surprised at her confession of a similar partiality.—Yet how dissimilar was their love !—his the wild and threatening flame which illuminates the passing cloud—hers the soft and settled light which beams forth from the fountain of purity, and fadeth not till the bitter waters of the world have corrupted its sources.

It was in an evening walk that Carrington Lee alluded more particularly to the feelings of tenderness which he said he had long cherished. He spoke of his beautiful home in England—his kind mother and affectionate sisters—and his deep anxiety to see them. He talked eloquently of the happiness he had enjoyed beneath the hospitable roof of Mr. Williams—happiness which could never be surpassed—he feared never equaled. He reverted with a trembling voice to the hour of parting—an hour which for the sake of his future peace had best be soon—and when he saw the agitated girl ready to sink to the earth with conflicting emotions, when he saw her cheek blanch and her eyes dim with the heart-dews of agony, he ventured to whisper, Inkle-like, in the temerity of an idle hope, of flight—flight from her own home to a sunnier one in England. Not sooner does the lightning look in the black vapors of the sky, than

did the mind of the Delaware penetrate his hidden purpose. The mantle of second sight seemed to have descended to her. She threaded with an eagle eye the hypocritical maze—she beheld on his flushed cheek and quailing brow the dark symbols of the betrayer—and the iron which crushes to powder the awakened heart had entered her very soul. She spoke not—a slight and convulsive wave of the hand and she departed, leaving the disconcerted painter to contemplate at leisure this unforeseen frustration of his plans.

No sleep visited on that night the eyes of the proud daughter of the Delawares. All the long hours did she sit by the open window of her chamber, as silent as the pale stars that beheld her. She moved not, spoke not, but continued gazing upon the moon as intensely as if the destiny of nations depended upon the faithfulness of the vigil. Day dawned; the yellow sunlight fell softly upon the casement; the maiden bowed her head and whispered in a low and troubled voice, as if in reply to the pleadings of one unseen:—‘Mother, ask me no more—he has written death upon my hopes—shall he go unpunished! Mother, ask me no more!’—and she arose and looked out upon the rosy clouds, as they floated in delicate beauty above the unruffled waters. ‘Beautiful, most beautiful!’ she murmured, ‘beautiful to others’ eyes, but never again to mine! The mirror of my soul is defaced—it will reflect the cloud and the sunshine no more. Night is on its surface. Thou Carrington Lee art the spoiler!—I bowed down my spirit to thee with an idolatrous worship, and thou hast required me with the blackest treachery. Can I forgive thee? Never! thy doom is sealed! Thou shalt love as man hath seldom loved—thou shalt mourn as man hath never mourned—even without hope! *Revenge unto death!*’

It was with a faltering step that the young painter, on the following morning sought the breakfast-room. His affection for that injured girl had in a measure been tested—it was far stronger than he had imagined: and though he pursued every argument that could possibly induce a belief of indifference towards her, except as the daughter of a degraded race, still every trial made but deeper the impression of her loveliness. The bitter frown which his dark words had planted on her brow, haunted him through the night; and, for the first time in his life remorse and apprehension deprived him of sleep. What then was his joy on hearing himself saluted in the usual sweet and friendly voice—on seeing her dark eye flash with its accustomed pleasure at his approach? ‘She is but a woman after all!’ said he to himself—‘and as I am Carrington Lee, it would be nonsense to suppose serious offence possible.’

And he could not avoid curling his lip with a slight expression of pride and even contempt at the flattering thought. It escaped not the eye of the Delaware, every sense was awake to the detection of prejudicial symptoms, every faculty absorbed in the means of accomplishing the one stern purpose of her soul. Her path of perseverance was marked out.

Time passed on. She studied the tastes and preferences of her lover. Books, which had hitherto been her abhorrence, became her almost constant though secret companions. The ‘Midnight lamp’ streamed over the glowing numbers of Homer and Tasso, and page after page from these and various other authors was committed to the store-house of memory for future use. She knew that Carrington Lee loved these things—that they were to him pearls of great price—and that he considered the mind a blank without them; but she knew that he loved still better the poetry of his profession, and she became soon a clandestine Mistress of the art. And now was she on a footing with the proud Englishman; his equal; nay his superior. Her timidity was gone, and she appeared in her own natural character, losty and beautiful; received each day additional interest from the improvement of soul flashing intellect, and the excitement attendant upon the exercise of the one strong ruling passion.

I have not described the person of the Delaware—indeed she was a being who barely came within the scope of description. She might have possessed the form and complexion of Cora Munro; but the expression of her face was such as may be dreamed of, but never told—high, heavenly, indescribable. ‘And is this the being,’ asked Carrington Lee of himself one evening, after listening to the wild melody of her voice till his very senses were bewildered, ‘is this the being to whom I once proposed elopement? As soon now would I make such a proposition to the Queen of England. But she must have forgotten the circumstance. She loves me; yes, assurance worth worlds, worth every thing, life itself, *she loves me*. But for this, earth wore a blank, with it, ‘tis all, ‘tis heaven!’ He spoke sincerely, the Delaware had not misjudged her power. He did love, as man hath seldom loved, devotedly, madly. His heart owned no thought in which she was not the first object. Home and friends were forgotten, every thing was forgotten, save the bright Peri of his delusive Paradise.

Mr. W. gave his cordial consent to the union of his adopted child with the young Englishman and, the evening had arrived in which Martha had promised to fix the important day. The lovers appointed to meet on

the bank of the river, at a short distance from the mansion, there to make the final nuptial arrangements.

‘I will be there before him,’ whispered the Delaware, at the same time throwing on her work table a large packet directed to ‘Anthony Williams, esq.’—‘I will be there before him, for I must have one hour’s uninterrupted solitude;’ and she drew her white shawl close around her and hastened to the spot. It was early spring, and the melting snow and rains had raised the river to so unusual a height that the rocky and precipitous banks seem hardly sufficient to restrain the madly swelling flood. Martha continued her course until she reached the center of a high promontory, whose black points projected far above the roaring waters. The extensive prospect enjoyed from this height rendered it a favorite resort to the lovers; and the Delaware seated herself on one of the loose fragments of rock, apparently exhausted with the difficulty of attaining it.

Dark as had the tempter rendered the understanding of this infatuated girl, there were moments when the sunlight of her woman’s heart—yea, when even the bright glimmerings of Christianity shone down on her benighted spirit, and almost unseated the demon to whose scepter every thought had learned to bow. There were moments when the deep love of the artist awakened an answering tenderness in her heart, and made her regret her fearful determination. There were moments when the first impressions of childhood were shadowed beautifully forth on the dial plate of memory; when the voice of her sainted mother whispered the sweet law of forgiveness in her ear, and her resolution would waver. But the midnight specter of Revenge would not forsake her, his dark form closed upon the avenue of virtue, and hurried her down the dreadful precipice. She was agitated by these conflicting feelings on the eventful evening. She looked down into the steep and muddy waters, and drew back with a slight shudder at the prospect. She looked upon the form of her lover, pale and lifeless at the dread sacrifice, and she felt that he was dearer to her than ever. Again did her ear catch the tender pleadings of maternal love, and she involuntarily stretched forth her hands for protection. But another figure arose to her imagination, stern, and ruthless, with one hand pointing to the miserable remnants of this tribe, the other down the steep promontory. ‘Daughter! said he in a hollow voice; daughter! wert thou born in the cabin of a pale face? Our wrongs thou canst not revenge, but will thou forget thine own?’ ‘Never!’ ejaculated she, springing upon a high and jutting crag, ‘never!’ and the woods of the opposite mountain re-echoed the fatal word.

"Martha, dearest Martha!" stammered a scarce audible voice from beneath;—"come down or I shall faint! Oh, to see you in such a perilous spot! Martha! Martha!"

The maiden descended the difficult path and in a moment was at the side of her betrothed. He eagerly caught her hand, while an ashy paleness still lingered on his cheek.

"I would not for worlds," said he "suffer what I have within the last moment. Oh, to think such a thing possible! and who were you calling to? Surely you will never go there again."

"You love me then?" whispered the Delaware quickly, evading his question.

"Love you, Martha! No! Love expresses the faint likes and friendships of others: but it tells little of my feelings; it expresses but slightly the deep devotedness, the—Oh most beautiful of beings! must we, can we ever be separated?"

The Delaware turned away her face, for her proud lip quivered, and a shadow was on her brow: but it passed away, and she replied kindly but calmly:

"Yes, dear friend, we undoubtedly can and must be separated. I will believe, however, that you love me, as you have said; it is of all things that which I most wish to be true. But you must promise me one thing:"

"Any thing! every thing!"

"Nay, not so lightly: it is a solemn promise, and must be solemnly kept. Promise me, swear to me, that you will never commit suicide."

The young artist could hardly suppress a smile at so singular a requisition: but he saw she was serious, and he pledged his true word in all solemnity.

"Yes, enough," murmured the Delaware, "enough. Wait here one moment, and you shall know all."

She stepped aside and ere her wondering companion suspected her design, had reached the very height whence he had lately called her. The moon shone out brightly, the winds were still, and even the tumultuous waves hushed their ungentle voices, as the shadow of the beautiful apparition fell placidly upon their surface.

"Carrington Lee!" exclaimed she in a low subdued voice, at the same time placing her foot upon the farthest point of stone, and folding her hands carefully upon her bosom:

"Carrington Lee! the fiat has gone forth! we can and must part! Rememberest thou, oh faithless Englishman! the icy words which crushed the fondest affection that ever animated the breast of woman? Rememberest thou? Then remember thine oath! Live, as I have lived, with the canker worm of disappointment reveling at thy vitals: with the gleam of a sunset hope alone linger-

ing 'mid the blighted flowers of memory! Remember the Delaware! Remember thy oath! *LIVE ON!*"

There was the waving of a white robe: a wild rush of the waves, a convulsive hand thrown out upon the billows, and darkness overshadowed them! It also overshadowed the intellect of the English artist. He awoke only to the recollection of the insult, the revenge, the dreadful oath, and the sinking form. He is an old man now: his hut is situated near the fatal rock, and its walls are covered with portraits of the unfortunate being whose image alone survives the wreck of an erring and fearful, yet still gifted and noble mind.

J. H. K.

The Residuary Legatee.

A TRUE STORY.

BY MISS MITFORD.

ABOVE half a century ago—for to such a date does my little story refer—Red Lion Square was accounted a genteel, if not a fashionable place of residence, and numbered amongst its inhabitants some of the principal

London attorneys—solicitor was not the phrase in those days—to whom its vicinity to the inns of court rendered that neighborhood particularly convenient. Amongst the most respectable of these respectable persons was Mr. Mordaunt, a widower with five children, whose mingled strength and kindness of character rendered him the very man to educate and bring out his motherless family; just as the union of acuteness and integrity, for which he was distinguished in his professional life, had placed him deservedly at the head of one of the most flourishing firms in the metropolis. He was not rich, for he had begun the world with nothing but industry and talent, had married a lady in the same predicament with himself, and had preferred giving his children the inalienable possession of an excellent education to the accumulation of money for their immediate portions; but, in the prime of life, with an excellent income and still brighter prospects, he lived as became a man of liberal habits and elegant tastes; and generous, both from temper and principle, refused no indulgence to his family, except such as appeared to him inconsistent with their station, or with that wise and liberal economy which is as essential, perhaps even more so, to the affluent as to the poor.

The young people were all of high promise. The eldest, Charles, a youth of extraordinary ability, bringing up to the bar, was on the point of leaving Oxford, where he had distinguished himself greatly, and had recently been entered at the Temple. George, the second son, was in his father's office: and of the three daughters, Catharine, the elder, a girl of eighteen, was eminently pretty; Sarah,

two years younger, and less handsome, had something of her brother Charles's talent; and little Barbara, the pet and plaything of the whole house, was that charming creature—a lively and good-humored spoiled child.

One evening, in the beginning of July, this amiable family were assembled in their pretty drawing-room, fresh hung with India paper, where gorgeous birds were perched amongst gorgeous flowers, and Chinese processions, gorgeous and immovable as the birds, stuck amidst gay pagodas and gilded temples—a bright but unmeaning pageant. The furniture consisted of French chairs and settees covered with blue damask, at once handsome and comfortable, with window-curtains to match; a japan cabinet; a mahogany bureau, of which the top formed a small bookcase with glass doors; a harpsichord—for pianos were not yet in use; two large looking-glasses between the windows, and marble tables with gilt legs, underneath them; a Pembroke table in the middle of the room, and a large fire-screen, with a stupendous bunch of flowers in embroidery, the elaborate work of the fair Catharine, in one corner.

Mr. Mordaunt was writing a letter at one table; his eldest daughter working, or, to use her brother's phrase, flourishing her apron at another; the young men were lounging at the windows; and Bab (for the dignity of that aristocratic name, so often seen in the peerage, and so seldom, elsewhere, was in this young lady's case sadly pretermitted—the very house maid who dressed her called her Miss Bab) was playing with her doll on the floor.

Sarah's employment was different from the rest. She was standing at the harpsichord, busied in arranging in China vases, a quantity of flowers with which it was strewn, and which had just arrived from a small country house, which Mr. Mordaunt called his farm, on Enfield Chase. With intuitive taste Sarah had put the honeysuckles, so pretty by themselves and which mix so ill with gayer flowers, in a large jar on the center of the mantle-piece, flanking it with a smaller pot filled with white Provence roses—so elegant and delicate amongst their own green leaves—on one side, and one of that rose called the maiden's blush on the other; whilst the rest of the old-fashioned beau-pot, pinks, lilies, larkspurs, sweet-williams, and sweet peas, she gathered together in a large China bowl, and deposited on the harpsichord between a pile of music-books and a guitar-case.

"How I wish these flowers had arrived before poor Mrs. Sullivan, went away!" exclaimed Sarah, after standing before them for some minutes to survey and admire her own handywork. "She seemed so out of spirits—poor woman!—and some of these beautiful

Flowers would have comforted her and done her good; at least,' added she, seeing her elder brother smile and shake his head, 'I am sure they would always have cheered me, let me be as melancholy as I might; and she is as fond of them as I am, and was always used to them in her father's fine garden.'

'Kindness must always do good under any form, my dear Sarah,' observed her father, looking up from his letter; 'but I fear that poor Mrs. Sullivan's depression is too deeply seated to be touched by your pretty remedy, and that any thing which reminds her of her father's house is more likely to increase than to remove her dejection.'

'Mr. Darrell, then, continues implacable?' inquired Charles, with much interest.

'Yes,' replied Mr. Mordaunt, 'and I fear will remain so. I am writing to him now in his daughter's behalf, but I have no hope from the result. He sent for my partner yesterday to make his will, evidently to avoid my importunity in favor of these poor Sullivans. Her elopement was a most foolish act—a wrong, a foolish act; but ten years of penitence and suffering might have softened my old friend towards his only child, and one who, spoiled by his indulgence and her own position in society—a beauty and an heiress—can so ill support the penury and neglect under which she now languishes.'

'Was she beautiful?' asked Catharine: I see no remains of former loveliness.'

'She is much changed,' answered Charles; 'but even I can remember her a most splendid woman. She had the presence and air of a queen, or rather of a young lady's notion of a queen. Fancy a stately and magnificent creature, with high features; a dark, clear, colorless complexion; a proud, curling lip; large black eyes—sometimes soft and languishing, but which could light up with a fire as bright as the glow of a furnace; a broad, smooth forehead; a dark, flexible brow; and a smile exquisitely sweet, and you will have some idea of Sophia Darrell before her imprudent and unfortunate marriage. Poverty and her father's displeasure have wrought this change, and perhaps her husband's death.'

'Chiefly want of money,' observed Mr. Mordaunt, sealing and directing his letter. 'She has pretty well got over the loss of Captain Sullivan. Want of money is the pressing evil.'

'I wish I were as rich as Mr. Darrell?' cried Sarah; and then she blushed and stopped, adding, in a hesitating voice 'what a pity it is that good wishes can do no real good!'

'Except to the wiser, Sarah,' replied her father: 'the slightest emotion of disinterested kindness that passes through the mind improves and refreshes that mind, producing

generous thought and noble feeling, as the sun and rain foster your favorite flowers. Cherish kind wishes, my children; for a time may come when you may be enabled to put them in practise. In the meantime,' added he, in a gayer tone, 'tell me, if you were all very rich, what you would wish for yourselves—for your own gratification, ladies and gentlemen?'

'Oh, papa,' exclaimed Sarah, 'a great library!'

'And I,' said Miss Bab, from the floor, 'I'd have a great doll.'

'I'd go to Italy,' said Charles.

'I to Oxford,' said his brother.

'And I to Ranelagh,' said Catharine, laughing. 'In the meantime,' added she, as the footman—it being now six o'clock, for they had dined at the usual hour of three—brought in the tea equipage, followed by the silver kettle and lamp:—'in the meantime, we may as well go to tea, and afterwards take a walk in Gray's Inn Garden as we meant to do, for the evening is beautiful, and my new hat is just come home.'

About two months after, the same party, with the exception of Mr. Mordaunt, were assembled at nearly the same hour in a very different scene. They were then passing the long vacation at the farm, and, it being Bab's birthday, had adjourned to the root-house, a pretty rustic building at the end of the garden, to partake of fruit, and cakes, and a syllabub from the cow, which the enchanted little girl had been permitted to compound herself, under the direction and superintendance of the housekeeper. It was a scene beautiful in itself, and full of youthful enjoyment. The somewhat sombre root-house, with its Gothic painted windows, its projecting thatch, supported by rough pillars clothed with ivy, clematis, passion-flowers, and the virgin-in-the-bower, looked out on a garden, gay with hollyhocks, balsams, Chinaasters, African marigolds, the rich scarlet geranium, and the sweet marvel of Peru. The evening sun gleamed brightly around, shining on the old farm-house, whose basement windows peeped through a clustering vine, on a small piece of water at the end of the garden, and the green common and forest beyond, with an effect of light and shadow, just, as Sarah observed, 'like a real picture'; and the figures scattered about would have pleased a painter's eye almost as well as the landscape in which they were placed.

Catharine, radiant with innocent gayety, blooming as Hebe, and airy as a sylph, stood catching, in a wicker basket, the large bunches of grapes which her younger brother, with one foot on a ladder, and one on the steep roof of the house, threw down to her and Charles, who was at once steadyng the ladder and directing the steps of the adventurous

gatherer. Little Bab, the heroine of the day, was marching in great state down a broad gravel walk, leading from the house to the root-house, preceding a procession consisting of John, the footman, with a tray of jingling glasses—the housekeeper, bearing the famous syllabub, her own syllabub—and the housemaid, well laden with fruit and cakes. Sarah, faithful to her flowers, was collecting an autumn nosegay—cloves, jessamine, blossomed myrtle, mignonette, and the late musk-rose—partly as an offering to Miss Barbara—partly for her father, whose return from town, whither he had been summoned on business, was anxiously expected by them all.

Just as the young people were collected together in the root-house, Mr. Mordaunt arrived. He was in deep mourning, and although receiving with kindness Sarah's offering of flowers, and Bab's bustling presentation of a glass of syllabub, which the little lady of the day insisted on filling herself, was evidently serious, preoccupied, almost agitated. He sat down without speaking, throwing his hat upon the table and pushing away Catharine's guitar, which had been brought thither purposely to amuse him. He had even forgotten that it was poor Bab's birthday, until reminded of it by the child herself, who clambered upon his knees, put her arms round his neck, and demanded clamorously that her dear papa should kiss her and wish her joy. He then kissed her tenderly, uttered a fervent benediction on her, and on all his children, and relapsed into his former silence and abstraction.

At length he said, 'My sadness saddens you, my dear boys and girls, but I am just come from a very solemn scene, Mr. Darrell's funeral.'

'Good gracious!' exclaimed Charles, with much emotion: 'I did not even know that he was dead.'

'Nor I, until I reached London yesterday,' returned Mr. Mordaunt.

'Poor Mrs. Sullivan,' cried Sarah: 'did her father forgive her before he died?'

'He sent her his Forgiveness on his death-bed—an unspeakable comfort!—but still his angry will remains unrevoked. She and her children are starving, whilst his immense fortune descends to one unconnected with him by blood or alliance, or any tie save that of an old friendship. After a few trifling legacies to friends and servants, I am left residuary legatee. The property is large, my children; larger, perhaps, than with your moderate views and limited expectations you can readily apprehend. You may be rich, even beyond the utmost grasp of your wishes, and Catharine may revel in innocent amusement, and Charles in tasteful travel; college with all its advantages is open to his brother;

Sarah may have endless books, and Barbara countless dolls; luxury, splendor, gayety, and ambition, are before ye—the trappings of grandeur or the delights of lettered ease; ye may be rich, my children, beyond the dreams of avarice—or ye may resign these riches to the natural heir, and return to peaceful competence and honorable exertion, reaping no other fruit from this unsought for legacy than a spotless reputation and a clear conscience. Choose, and choose freely. My little Sarah has, I think, already chosen. When some weeks ago, she wished to be as rich as Mr. Darrell, I read her countenance ill, if the motive of that wish were not to enrich Mrs. Sullivan. Choose, my dear children, and choose freely.'

'Oh, my dear father, we have chosen! Could you think that we should hesitate? I answer for my brothers and sisters, as for myself. How could *your* children waver between wealth and honor?' And Charles, as he said this threw himself into his father's arms, the other young people clinging round them—even little Bab exclaiming, 'Oh, dear papa, the money must be *all* for Mrs. Sullivan!'

* * * * *

The relator of this true anecdote had the gratification of hearing it from one of the actors in the scene—the Sarah of her little story, who is now in a green old age, the delight of her friends, and the admiration of her acquaintances. Her readers will probably be as glad to hear as she was, that the family, thus honorably, self-deprived of enormous riches, has been eminently happy and prosperous in all its branches—that the firm distinguished by the virtues of its founder still continues one of the first in London—and that a grandson of Mr. Mordaunt's, no less remarkable for talent and integrity than his progenitor, is at the present time a partner in the house.

MISCELLANY.

A Funeral at Sea.

The following touching description of a funeral at sea, is an extract from a volume recently published by Leavitt, Lord & Co. New-York, entitled 'Ship and Shore; or Leaves from the Journal of a cruise to the Levant, by an officer of the United States Navy.'

DEATH is a fearful thing, come in what form it may—fearful when the vital cords are so gradually relaxed, that life passes away softly as music from the slumbering harp-string—fearful when in his own quiet chamber, the departing one is surrounded by those who sweetly follow him with their prayers, when the assiduities of friendship and affection can go no further, and who discourse of heaven and future blessedness, till the closing ear can no longer catch the tones of the long familiar voice, and who, lingering near, still

feel for the hushed pulse, and then trace in the placid slumber, which pervades each feature, a quiet emblem of the spirit's serene repose. What then must this dread event be to one, who meets it comparatively alone, far away from the hearth of his home, upon a troubled sea, between the narrow decks of a restless ship, and at that dread hour of night when even the sympathies of the world seem suspended. Such has been the end of many who traverse the ocean, and such was the hurried end of him whose remains we have just consigned to a watery grave.

He was a sailor, but beneath his rude exterior he carried a heart touched with refinement, pride and greatness. There was something about him, which spoke of better days and a higher destiny; by what errors or misfortunes he was reduced to his humble condition, was a secret which he would reveal to none. Silent, reserved, and thoughtful, he stood a stranger among his free companions, and never was his voice heard in the laughter or the jest.—He has undoubtedly left behind many who will long look for his return, and bitterly weep when they are told they shall see his face no more.

As the remains of poor Prether were brought up on deck, wound in that hammock, which through many a stormy night had swung to the wind, one could not but observe the big tear that stole unconsciously down the rough cheek of his hardy companions. When the funeral service was read to that most affecting passage—'we commit this body to the deep,'—and the plank was heaved, which precipitated to the momentary eddy of the wave the quickly disappearing form, a heavy sigh from those around told that the strong heart of the sailor can be touched with grief, and a truly unaffected sorrow may accompany virtue, in its most unpretending form, to the extinguishing night of the grave. Yet how soon is such a scene forgotten!

'As from the wing, the sky no star retains,
The parted wave no furrow from the keel,
So dies in human hearts, the thought of death.'

There is something peculiarly melancholy and impressive in a burial at sea; there is here no coffin or hearse—procession or tolling bell—nothing that gradually prepares us for the final separation.—The body is wound up in the drapery of its couch, much as if the deceased were only in a quiet and temporary sleep. In these habiliments of seeming slumber, it is dropped into the wave, the waters close over it, the vessel passes quickly on, and not a solitary trace is left to tell where sunk from light and life one that loved to look at the sky and breathe this vital air. There is nothing that for one moment can point to the deep, unvisited resting place of the departed—it is a grave in the midst of the ocean—in the midst of a vast untrodden

solitude; affection cannot approach it with its tears, the dews of heaven cannot reach it, and there is around it no violet, or shrub, or murmuring stream.

It may be superstition, but no advantages of wealth, or honor, or power, through life, would reconcile me at its close to such a burial. I would rather share the coarse and scanty provisions of the simplest cabin, and drop away unknown and unhonored by the world, so that my final resting place be beneath some green tree, by the side of some living stream, or in some familiar spot where the few that loved me in life might visit me in death.

The Child should be early taught.

EDUCATION of children should be commenced at an early age: We speak of both moral and literary. But the mode and the kind of education are most important. The mind or the capacity of a child is discovered at a very early period. It has perception, and discernment, it notices and observes, usually long before the time its parents undertake to instruct or to form it. We soon discover that it has mind and affections. Should not the business of informing the one and directing the other, then, be early commenced! As to the moral feelings, it is generally true that they are early regarded, and that efforts are made to regulate them. And this is one great part, an essential part, of education. But is it duly considered and attended to by parents? It requires attention, constant attention, judgment, patience, good temper, equanimity; and how few are faithful in these respects? We are impatient, inattentive, variable, passionate; and therefore it is that our children are not duly controlled, directed and governed. We govern too much, or too little; it is a trouble to watch our children, and to instruct, to restrain or to encourage; and we leave it to others, or it is wholly neglected. If parents are not faithful, the child will be perverse, insubordinate, petulant, or positively bad. And whose is the fault? We may attempt to excuse ourselves, by the plea of business, or of the bad disposition of the child. But it is a poor apology. The child has not a bad nature—it is not born wicked; it becomes so, through the strength of its passions, its inexperience, its mistakes, and the want of parental discipline and care. Where then does the blame attach? Let us think of this. There is a great responsibility. We cannot throw it off. The directions of religion and our own experience will enable us to do much, if we are not culpably negligent, in forming the dispositions and habits of our children aright. It is much the same, in their intellectual culture. They are capable of learning much when quite young. Frequent occasions occur for giving them useful in-

formation. They have curiosity, at an early age. Let it be indulged and gratified: gratified, by answers to their questions, and explanations, of what to them is mysterious. But here also, they must not be kept constantly at their books, or required to burden their memories with a variety, which cannot profit, because it is not understood. Compulsion should not be used with very young children, in giving them knowledge, or making them study. They should be allured to it, or led to study voluntarily, by exciting their curiosity, or incidentally informing them of the benefits and pleasures of knowledge. It should not be so much a matter of restraint as of choice; and be represented as a privilege and a blessing. This may be done in various ways.

All this, we are aware, is common place. But what can we justly expect new on this subject? What need are hints or suggestions of what has been found to be useful and important? Those who have the blessing of children, have also a deep responsibility. And to the well-disposed, it is not an irksome task or unpleasant duty, but a pleasure, to witness and to assist in the development of the intellect and the heart of innocent youth. For useful information and human knowledge, there are now most abundant facilities. But the affections cannot be directly improved by these, as commonly applied. A parent's attention and care are necessary in this department. This source of good and evil does not receive its character from the schools and colleges. The love of a parent, of a judicious and conscientious parent only is equal to the task of directing and teaching here. And it cannot be shown too early, too constantly, nor with too much discrimination.

The Summer is Past.

THE three short months of summer have passed, and autumn with its yellow and seared leaf is before us. It seems but yesterday when the earth put forth the flowers and blossoms of spring, and yet during this short period, summer has succeeded to spring, and now autumn to summer. Day follows day and year follows year in quick and rapid succession, and amidst the turmoil and excitement, and bustle of life, we forget how rapidly we are moving on that 'journey from whose bourne no traveler returns.'

The summer is past! What a sad and instructive lesson does the rapid change of seasons leave us of our destiny. In the spring-tide of life our hearts have beat high with the hopes and delightful anticipations of future years of promise. The summer's sun may have risen upon us without a cloud and its last rays of light may have been more beautiful than the first. And when the autumn gathers around us, testing the hopes of our

earliest years, and stamping upon all, either disappointment or success, according as we have treasured up the talents bestowed upon us by our Maker. Then comes the winter of life, when the joyous hopes of boyhood are looked upon as wild enthusiasm, and when the judgment, matured by experience, will unite with the wise man of Israel in saying 'vanity of vanities—all is vanity.'

The summer is past, and perhaps with the writer and reader it has passed forever. To us the balmy breath of spring may never come again. We may never again see the budding rose and springing flower of that beautiful season. Change is stamped upon all things of this world, 'here to-day and gone to-morrow,' and then all that remains of us is a little handful of earth, an affecting comment on our vanity and folly. Ah! did we realize and feel this important truth, how different—how very different would be the course of our lives. Did we in the moments of our temptation, when we find our hearts turning towards the things of this world, but reflect that all its enjoyments are as fading as a dream, how little should we care for all its honors. What to us would be the homage of thousands—what to us the adulations and applause of the multitude? A few rapid rolling years, and our heads will lie as low in the dust as theirs, and 'the places that now know us will then know us no more forever.'

Loves of the Angels.

A YOUNG man named Thomas Gill, the son of an inn-keeper at Sarum, England, has just married Miss Angell, the sole heiress of the great Angell estates in that county. The property of which he will come into immediate possession, amounts to more than one million sterling, or five million dollars! The lady is moreover, young and beautiful! The favored bridegroom drove a mail-cart until the day of his wedding!

I HAVE never seen a Turk work, if there was a possibility of his being idle. I have never seen one stand if by any possibility he could be seated. A blacksmith sits cross-legged at his anvil and seats himself when he shoes a horse. A carpenter seats himself when he saws, bores holes, or drives a nail, planes, dubs with his small adz, or chops with his hatchet, if it be possible to do so without standing.—*Letters from Constantinople.*

AN AWKWARD DISCLAIMER.—Garrick was once on a visit at Mr. Rigby's seat, Mistley Hall, Essex, when Dr. Gough formed one of the party. Observing the potent appetite of the learned Doctor, Garrick indulged in some coarse jests on the occasion, to the great amusement of the company, the Doctor excepted, who, when the laugh had subsided,

thus addressed the party:—' Gentlemen, you must doubtless suppose, from the extreme familiarity with which Mr. Garrick has thought fit to treat me, that I am an acquaintance of his; but I can assure you, that, like most men here, I never saw him but once before, and then I paid five shillings for the sight.' The great Roscius was silent.

' You musn't smoke' here, sir,' said the captain of a North River steamboat, to a man who was smoking among the ladies on the quarter deck. ' I musn't, ha! Why not?' replied he, opening his capacious mouth, and allowing the smoke lazily to escape. ' Didn't you see the sign? All gentlemen are requested not to smoke abaft the engine.' ' Bless your soul, that don't mean me. I'm no gentleman—not a bit of it! You can't make a gentleman of me, no how you can fix it.' So saying he sucked away, and ' took the responsibility.'

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

H. S. S. Buffalo, N. Y. \$2,00; F. C. Ningara, U. C. \$2,00; R. S. S. Housick Falls, N. Y. \$1,00; E. F. Bristol, Ct. \$1,00; P. M. Newbury, Vt. \$1,00; W. H. C. West Edinburg, N. Y. \$1,00; L. P. Stockbridge, Ma. \$1,00; E. H. Saratoga Springs, N. Y. \$3,00; A. A. F. Hinesburgh, Vt. \$1,00; H. P. Oxford, N. Y. \$1,00; P. M. Union Mills, N. Y. \$2,00; C. G. W. Salina, N. Y. \$1,00; G. & W. Bellfontaine, O. \$1,00; J. H. & S. B. Leyden, N. Y. \$2,00; W. A. Canaan, Ct. \$1,00.

SUMMARY.

Hudson Whale Ships Spoken.—Beaver, Gardiner, April 1st 11,00; Martha, Riddle, Feb. 9th, 450; America, Folger, May 26th, 700; Helvetia, Cottle, April 17th, 700.

Thursday, the 3d day of December, is to be a day of thanksgiving and praise throughout Massachusetts.

The population of the city of Hudson, according to the census taken a short time since, is 5,520.

Juan Fernandez, the fabled residence of Robinson Crusoe, it is said, has been swallowed up by the late earthquakes on the coast of South America.

It has been decided in the Circuit Court at Albany, that no vessel navigating the North River, can recover damages for being run foul of while lying at anchor in the night, without a light.

Custom House Regulation.—We understand that a regulation is about to be put in force at the various Custom Houses of the Union, prohibiting the receipt of bank notes of a less denomination than five dollars.

MARRIED,

At Christ Church, on the 21st inst. by the Rev. Mr. Pardee, Edward Clark, Esq. of Poughkeepsie, to Miss Caroline, daughter of A. L. Jordan, esq. of this city.

In Philadelphia, on the 16th inst. by the Rev. W. T. Brantly, Mr. Nicholas H. Raupom, of this city, to Miss Martha Ann Thompson, of the former place.

In Ghent, on the 15th inst. by the Rev. J. Berger, Mr. Charles H. Bramhall, Esq. of Buffalo, to Miss Eliza, youngest daughter of the Hon. Tobias L. Illogboom, of the former place.

At Hilldale, on the 13th inst. by the Rev. H. Truedail, Mr. Solomon B. Collin, to Miss Julia A. daughter of John Bushnell.

At Poughkeepsie, on the 19th inst. at the residence of the Hon. Smith Thompson, by the Rev. Samuel A. Van Vraken, Thomas T. Everlit, M. D. to Miss Jane H. Thompson.

At the same place, on the 20th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Reed, George M. Van Kleeck, of the firm of George Van Kleeck, & Co. merchants, to Miss Eliza Wilson, all of that village.

DIED,

In this city, on the 17th inst. Elizabeth Ann Jacobia, in the 17th year of her age.

On the 18th inst. George D. Fowler, aged 36 years.

On the 20th inst. Zephaniah Coffin, in the 89th year of his age.

On the 22d inst. Mary, wife of Mr. Henry J. Taylor, Merchant of the city of New York, and daughter of William Hudson, esq. in the 20th year of her age.

In Ghent, on the 29th ult. Mr. Daniel H. Ensign, aged 24 years.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG STUDENT.

ALAS! how fragile are the cords of life!
They oft, when least expected, snap asunder,
And to the grave earth's fairest ones consign.
E'en so it was with this departed one:—
He was a lovely and a graceful youth,
And on his brow he wore the smile of kindness.
Within his youthful mind were planted deep,
The seeds of knowledge, piety, and truth;
And there tender germs of intellect
Were putting forth. With diligence he toiled
The flowers of erudition, and he strove
The envied mount to gain where Science lifts
Her lofty head; but just as he'd began
This rugged steep to climb, that demon fell,
Death, with his dart unerring, swept him down
Into the narrow confines of the tomb.
Ah, yes! that lovely youth, with whom oft, hand
In hand, I've rambled o'er the classic fields,
Where Knowledge strews her flowers profusely round,
Has fallen a prey to that dread monster from
Whose iron grasp no one can e'er escape:
And blighted now are all his 'budding hopes,'—
His fond realities of earthly bliss.
O! fading, transitory things of earth!
How unexpectedly they often vanish!
Oft, when our fondest hopes do fairest bloom,
Death comes with withering breath, and blights them all.
Ah, then! ye gay and thoughtless youth!—ye who
Have just embarked upon the boist'rous sea
Of life, this lesson learn! That youth is no
Security against the fell destroyer, Death;
And early be prepared to meet him; so
That when he cuts the 'silver cord' that binds
You to this nether world, you joyfully
May mount, upon the wings of exultation,
To yonder blissful regions in the sky.

RURAL BARD.

Dracut, Mass. 1835.

LIFE'S BUT A DREAM.

Oh, prize thou not too fond, too high,
The passing scenes of earth;
For many a bitter tear and sigh
Proclaim their transient worth:
And the wild heart which stoops to bind
To earth its hopes supreme,
Will find, by sad experience find,
Its promise but a dream.

Genius that strives through toil and pain
To climb the steep of fame.
Seeking with restless mind to gain
An amaranthine name;

When that proud dazzling height is won,
With sick'ning sigh shall deem
That all he fixed his heart upon,
Was but a fleeting dream.

Ask of ambition's poisoned soul
The worth of all his spoils,
When he has reached the tempting goal
Of hope that o'erworn his toils;
And he shall own with aching breast
Which leathes the solemn theme,
That pomp, and power, and glory, rest
Upon a baseless dream.

How fair the front of youthful years,
How lovely and serene!
Where boyhood's laughing eye appears
In all its glorious sheen;

But passions in their darkling rage
Hide its fast fading beam,
And the knit brow of tottering age
Tells peace is but a dream.

Joy after joy is torn away,
Friend after friend departs,
As death with wide unwavering sway,
Breaks the long chain of hearts;
While every leaf that autumn throws
Sere in the forest stream—
And every faded floweret shows
That life is but a dream.

Yea, the unnumbered forms that are
Where the wild waters moan,
In ocean's living sepulchre,
Unnoted and unknown—
And the green countless mounds that sleep
Beneath the night's pale beam,
Whisper in accents stern and deep,
That life is but a dream.

And is there then no stranger clime
Isled in yon glorious sky,
Where the freed soul midst joys sublime,
Shall never fear to die?
Must its high hopes of bliss repose
On time's eventful scheme,
While every pulse of nature shows
That life is but a dream!

Hush! there's a world where changes cease,
And tears are all unknown;
Where every heart is tuned to peace,
And bliss is every tone:
Lo, the immortal spirit swells
Midst the inspiring theme,
And its high hope of being tells
That world is not a dream!

PROTEUS.

From the New England Magazine.

STANZAS.

BY REBECCA THE JEWESS,

If I had Jubal's chорded shell,
O'er which the first born music rolled,
In burning tones that loved to dwell
Amongst those wires of trembling gold;
If to my soul one note were given
Of that high harp, whose sweeter tone
Caught its majestic strain from heaven,
And glowed like fire round Israel's throne:
Up to the deep blue starry sky
Then might my soul aspire, and hold
Communion fervent, strong and high,
With bard and king, and prophet old:
Then might my spirit dare to grace
The path our ancient people trod,
When the gray sires of Jacob's race,
Like faithful servants, walked with God!

But Israel's song, alas! is hushed,
That all her tales of triumph told,
And mute is every voice that gushed
In music to her harps of gold;
And could my lyre attune its string
To lofty themes they loved of yore,
Alas! my lips could only sing
All that we were but are no more!
Our hearts are still by Jordan's stream,
And there our footsteps fain would be;
But oh, 'tis like the captive's dream
Of home his eyes may never see.
A cloud is on our father's graves,
And darkly spreads o'er Zion's hill,
And there their sons must stand as slaves,
Or roam like houseless wanderers still.

Yet, where the rose of Sharon blooms,
And cedars wave their stately head,
Even now, from out the place of tombs,
Breaks a deep voice that stirs the dead.
Through the wide world's tumultuous roar
Floats clear and sweet the solemn word,—
'Oh, virgin daughter, faint no more,
Thy tears are seen, thy prayers are heard.
What though, with spirits crushed and broke,
Thy tribes like desert exiles rove,
Though Judah feels the stranger's yoke,
And Ephraim is a heartless dove;
Yet, yet shall Judah's Lion wake,
Yet shall the day of promise come,
Thy sons from iron bondage break,
And God shall lead the wanderers home!

From the Albany Zodiac.

PARENTAL HOPE.

'Lo, God hath given thee all them that sail with thee.—Acts xxvii. 24.

FATHER! who o'er Time's boisterous tide,
A precious bark art steering:
Mother! who, anxious at his side,
Each distant storm art hearing;
Bind ye the promise to your breast,
Thus by the angel spoken!
Believe ye that your circle blest
Shall gain the port unbroken?

Wide sever'd o'er his voyage course,
Some idol child ye cherish,
'Mid stranger-seas and billows hoarse,
Far from your side may perish;
Still trust ye o'er these waves of care
To meet in God's communion?
Oh! be your life one sleepless prayer
To gain that glorious union.

When stranded on the rock of woe,
Life's last faint watch-light burneth,
And shuddering toward that bourne ye go,
From whence no guest returneth—
Then may each bark your love has launch'd
Gliding with sail unripen,
Send forth a seraph soul, to form
Your 'family in heaven.'

FLOWERS.

With each expanding flower we find,
Some pleasing sentiment combined;
Love in the myrtle bloom is seen,
Remembrance to the violet clinging,
Peace brightens in the olive green,
Hope from the half-closed iris springs;
And victory to the laurel grows,
And woman blushes in the rose.

WANTED

At this Office, a Boy from 12 to 14 years of age, to work by the week.

THE RURAL REPOSITORY

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TERMS.—One Dollar per annum in advance, or One Dollar and Fifty Cents, at the expiration of three months from the time of subscribing. Any person, who will remit us Five Dollars, free of postage, shall receive six copies, and any person, who will remit us Ten Dollars, free of postage, shall receive twelve copies, and one copy of the ninth or eleventh volumes. ~~30~~ No subscriptions received for less than one year. All the back numbers furnished to new subscribers.

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VOL. XII.—[III. NEW SERIES.]

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1835.

NO. 12.

SELECT TALES.

From the Ladies Companion,

The Wife.

A TALE OF AMERICA.

In a darkened chamber, weak and emaciated, was laid the highly gifted Mr. Dale. He, whose talents and ambition had given him a high station in society, and a name not soon to be forgotten, was now surrounded by nurses and physicians. Their subdued whispers, and cautious footsteps were the only sounds he was permitted to hear. He, whose voice had once controlled all who listened to the torrents of eloquence which flowed from his lips, could now only utter a few weak and indistinct murmurs. A disease had long been preying on him—he would not listen to its warnings. It had now prostrated his powers, and confined him, whose energy and ambition knew no limits, to the narrow boundary of his own apartment. His recovery was doubtful—it therefore became necessary to send for his son—his only child—who had been absent about two years, traversing Europe, wherever his inclination led him. Francis immediately obeyed the summons, and was extremely grieved to find his highly gifted parent reduced to such a state—a parent to whom he was attached by the strongest ties of filial affection. The father and son were only allowed a few short interviews, which, after the first emotions of meeting were over, were chiefly employed by Mr. Dale in instructing his son to conduct several important affairs, whose unfinished condition weighed upon and distracted his mind. Francis found it impossible then, to relate to his father all that had befallen him in his absence, though he longed to confide to him the important secret of his heart.

Francis was at first so much occupied by the state of his father's health, the routine of business in which he soon became plunged with the recollections of his own pre-occupied heart, that he scarcely noticed the new inmate of the abode, who had come to reside there during his absence—a young orphan, a ward of his father's, lately from a fashionable

boarding school, and possessing a very large fortune. Rosina Melton—young, rich, beautiful, gay and brilliant, did not often find herself unnoticed, and scarcely understood how it could be possible.

After the arrival of Francis, Mr. Dale revived a little, and strong hopes were entertained of his recovery. He seemed very anxious that his son should enjoy some relaxations from business, and attendance at his bed. He often urged him to partake of the pleasures of society, as it was then the gayest season at Baltimore; and, above all things, seemed desirous he should attend Miss Melton, wherever she went.

Francis could not behold, without admiration, the extreme and fairy-like beauty of Rosina. Her light and graceful form, her flaxen ringlets, and her radiant smiles, attracted the admiration of every one. Sole mistress of a large fortune, she reigned in the gay circles of Baltimore, a little queen. Capricious as the most indulged beauty ever was, she was so enchanting in her caprice, that she found her slaves willing captives—and she received their homage as one to whom homage was due. Such was the being whom Mr. Dale urged his son to accompany to scenes of gaiety and pleasure—scenes where Francis found himself received with much favor on his own account. Mr. Dale had occupied a distinguished station in society; and Francis, handsome, talented, and fresh from his travels, soon became no insignificant personage. It was not in the nature of youth, perhaps, to withstand the intoxication of all this—and Francis found he received more gratification than he had supposed it possible then to experience. But was the past forgotten? no, there were moments when the cherished image of one far distant returned with all its charms, and memory recalled the pure happiness he had once enjoyed with her. Then all his thoughts, all his plans, tended to hasten their re-union, never to be again separated. When his spirits were depressed by cares, or wearied by business, Francis found in the society of Rosina, amusement and relaxation from thought. Whilst her

lovely sallies and playful caprices kept him by her side, he felt not that he was giving to her any thing which had been pledged to another—for he soon perceived she was not capable of arousing those feelings from the profound depths of the soul, which those who possess them feel, can never be awakened but once. He was flattered to find the beautiful, Rosina, the idol of society, preferring him, and he too thoughtlessly followed the impulse of the moment, to indulge his gratified vanity, whilst the homage of his heart was given to another.

One day, when Francis made his daily visit to his father, he found him sitting ~~up~~, and looking much better; a flush of joy was in his countenance when he extended his hand to his son. 'My dear Francis,' said he 'my darling plan for your happiness is almost realized; I am indeed a favored father; all my hopes and wishes for you have been gratified.'

'Oh,' replied Francis, 'have my exertions in the — cause met your approbation?'

'I alluded to a more pleasing kind of business,' said Mr. Dale. 'Why my dear son, have you delayed making your father a participator in your happiness, when all Baltimore knows your attachment and devotion to Miss Melton.'

'My attachment and devotion to Miss Melton!' repeated Francis, 'then all Baltimore knows what does not exist.'

'Oh, Francis,' said his father, 'why will you deny that which every one must know, and which will realize all my wishes for your advantage. Your cousin Thornton has just informed me all about it; how devoted you are to her, and that she smiles on you alone. He, you know, was one of her most favored admirers, before your return.'

'It is only the jealousy of an unsuccessful suitor, which causes him to say so,' said Francis.

'But there is my old friend Walton,' answered his father, 'he tells me the same thing; and he, you know, does not often interest himself with the affairs of beaux and belles—even he, unobservant as he is, has

noticed your attention to Rosina. Then, why should I be the last to be informed of that which would give me so much pleasure to hear.'

'They are all mistaken,' replied Francis, earnestly. 'Rosina and I have only sought amusement in each others society.'

'Indeed,' said Mr. Dale, gravely, 'your conduct, Francis as far as I can learn, has not been worthy of you. You have given Rosina, and all Baltimore, reason to suppose your attentions were to win her affections; and whilst every one thinks you are engaged, you declare amusement was the only object of all your devotion to her. How can you answer for her sentiments? Surely she must have reason to suppose that your intentions were serious. I should have thought her being my ward, her position in this house, might have secured her from being trifled with by you.'

Francis was silent, for he remembered too well, that no one, most desirous of winning Rosina's regard, could have been more devoted to her. He recalled a long series of attentions which he had rendered her, and sat seriously meditating on his father's words, who was intently watching his son's countenance.

'There is but one thing to be done,' at length said Mr. Dale, 'I need not tell you how you ought to act.'

'It cannot be,' replied Francis, and was proceeding to inform his father of his attachment to another, but Mr. Dale sank back exhausted, and faintly said, 'I cannot bear a disappointment now.'

The physician then entered, who declared Mr. Dale had exerted himself too much; and Francis was dismissed from the apartment. He retired, vexed and annoyed to find his father had so earnestly set his heart upon his union with Rosina. With regard to her, he supposed that she, like him, had only followed the impulses of the moment; amusement being her only object—and through whim, more than any preference, she had bestowed her smiles on him. He determined to withdraw from her society by degrees, and put a stop to his father's false expectations. He had engaged to attend her that evening to a large party. He determined it should be the last. When he entered the drawing room he found her fully attired, in her usually tasteful and fanciful manner—all gaiety and animation. Never did she look more lovely, as with a blushing, smiling consciousness, she addressed some playful observations to Francis; but he merely answered gravely, and turned away. Miss Dale, a maiden sister of his father's, who presided as mistress over the establishment, gazed from one to the other of her favorites with evident satisfaction, until she declared it time to depart. Francis offered

to arrange her shawl, but she said she preferred taking care of herself, and desired him to look to Rosina. Francis, however, allowed her unassisted to wrap her shawl around her, and the unusual task detained her a long time. He offered his arm to lead her to the carriage, and she accepted it, much astonished at his unusual manner. They proceeded in silence, and in the same manner he led her through the hall. After she was seated, he retired to another part of the room. Rosina was extremely surprised, and displeased at the change in the manner of Francis. Notwithstanding the exertions of many to disperse the cloud from her brow, he beheld her through the crowd, spiritless and inanimate—no longer the creature of mirth and joy. He, however, turned away, and commenced dancing with another lady. This was too much for Rosina; this rebellion of one of her most devoted slaves. She granted one of the many claimants to her fair hand, the honor of leading her to the dance. Her spirits and animation returned; her eyes once more sparkled with their usual brilliancy—gay and mirthful sallies issued from her lips.

In the course of the evening, as Francis stood rather retired, looking on the gay scene, he overheard a lady say to a gentleman—'What is the meaning of this—Miss Melton and Mr. Dale scarcely speak to each other; he dances in one room, she in another—this is quite unusual.'

'Oh, some lover's quarrel, I suppose,' answered the gentleman; 'or perhaps the little beauty is tired of him; she has probably amused herself awhile, and now has discarded him. Shall we tell it?'

Francis felt his vanity severely wounded, that any one should suppose him an unsuccessful claimant to Rosina's hand. To have it supposed that she, capricious as she was, should have discarded him, was more than he could suffer; flattered and distinguished as he had lately been in society. 'It will not do,' said he to himself, 'to end my flirtation with Rosina so suddenly it will only make inquisitive people suppose that something important has passed between us; it is better to drop off by degrees.' He approached Rosina, intending to ask her to dance with him, but he found her surrounded by admirers, gay and brilliant; apparently engrossed by them. In vain he tried to attract her attention. She turned from him with an air of the most provoking indifference—she scarcely seemed to know or care whether he addressed her. This was so different from her former flattering manner, he felt the change most sensibly. He perceived a smile on the countenances of several as they witnessed his baffled efforts, and he retreated with a feeling of severe mortification.

Miss Dale soon after proposed to return

home. Rosina was ready to accompany her, and accepting the arm of a young gentleman, proceeded to the carriage. Francis attended his aunt, while Rosina continued her gay sallies to her escort, until the carriage drove away. She then sunk back in silence; and to all Francis' attempts to lead her into conversation she only replied by monosyllables, and scarcely vouchsafed an answer.

When they reached the house they all went to the parlor. Miss Dale only paused whilst she lighted her candle, and immediately withdrew to her room, felicitating herself on her consideration for the young lovers. Rosina threw herself on the sofa, and covered her face with her hands. Francis, feeling silence very awkward, by way of saying something, turned to her and hoped she had passed a pleasant evening. The only reply was a burst of tears.

Much shocked and astonished, Francis approached, begging to know what distressed her; but she leaned her head on the arm of the sofa, and continued weeping incessantly. He seated himself beside her, extremely concerned, and endeavored to console her. She reproached him with indifference, and treating her with caprice. He apologized and explained, but she was not to be easily pacified. He became more and more earnest in his expostulations. Touched by her tears, excited by her beauty, and his flattered vanity combined, he uttered he scarcely knew what, until Rosina understood his words to mean an avowal of the love she had never doubted he had long entertained for her; accustomed as she was to the homage of all hearts. Blushing and smiling through her tears, she listened and favorably replied.

When they separated, as she in a flush of joy was running to her room, Miss Dale arrested her footsteps, and drawing her into her apartment, said, 'Come Rose, dear, tell me all about it, I know you and Francis have settled every thing long ago; so let me know, do, dearest.' Rosina, artless and undisguised, threw herself into the arms of her kind friend, and allowed her to draw from her the intelligence she so much wished to hear. After a long, long gossip, in which various minor matters were arranged, Rosina retired to dream of him who had captivated her youthful fancy, while the predominating sensations of Francis were bewilderment and astonishment. He felt as if impelled by a resistless destiny; he attempted not to arrange his thoughts; he scarcely knew what he wished; he only desired to banish reflection. He sank on his pillow as if exhausted; his sleep was deep and heavy. The next morning he awoke with a start from a dream of one far away, and his first thoughts were of her, whose image had been too dearly cherished to be obliterated at once. It

seemed as if those thoughts which had been forcibly banished the night before, now returned with redoubled power, and like a torrent rushed over his soul. He feared he had placed an impassable barrier between himself and the one most loved, and he must banish from his memory, if possible, his hitherto dearest recollections. He could not reason, he could not reflect; and hastily dressing himself, went to pay his morning visit to his father. He found his aunt seated beside his father, in close conversation. The subject which they were discussing appeared to be a pleasing one, for each countenance wore a smiling aspect. Miss Dale arose as he entered, saying, as she left the room 'but here comes one who will tell you the rest of the story better than I can.'

'Well, Francis,' said Mr. Dale gaily, 'you will not attempt to deny it now. Why do you delay making your father a partaker of your happiness? you know nothing can give me greater delight than to call the lovely Rosina daughter. Sister Jane has just been telling me, and Rosina informed her last night, the important declaration has been made, and the favorable answer given; in short you are engaged.'

'Engaged,' said Francis sadly, 'are we?'

'Why, really, Francis,' said his father 'you are the strangest, gloomiest successful lover I have ever beheld.'

'Oh, my father,' replied Francis with a tone which alarmed Mr. Dale, 'if you knew all.'

Mr. Dale eagerly questioned him, as to the cause of his grief; and Francis related to him the long deferred tale of an attachment he had formed with a young girl he had met, under interesting circumstances, in Spain. Whilst traveling through Andalusia, he had taken up his abode for a while in a monastery, to explore, at his leisure, the beautiful scenery in the vicinity. In a retired romantic spot, he had accidentally become acquainted with a young girl who resided there with her governess, a French woman. She had a father living, an Englishman, who had strangely left her in this secluded spot, with no other protection than the good monks in the neighborhood. She had not seen him since her infancy. Francis had accidentally been introduced into their residence, and found in the beautiful Ines, his *beau ideal* of female excellence. She was extremely young, it was true, scarcely emerged from childhood; but he thought he perceived in her all the elements of a lovely woman. She was gifted with a mind and understanding of a superior stamp, and Francis found it a delightful task to arouse the dormant energies, which she was scarcely conscious of possessing; and watch the unfolding of the graces and beauties of her character. He scarcely knew how

deeply he was interested, until aroused by the summons to his father. He felt like one awakened from a dream as delightful as mortal ever knew. And Ines, it is impossible to express her grief and dismay, when she found that they were to separate; for Francis had, as if with the wand of an enchanter, opened a new world to her. Madame —, her governess, had perfected her in many accomplishments, but with Francis she had enjoyed the pleasures of intellect and genius. Before they separated they vowed with all the passionate fervor of youth, let what would betide them, they would live for each other. Francis departed with a determination that their separation should be as short as the nature of circumstances would permit, and in the meantime, Father Iago consented to maintain a correspondence. Since his return he had received one letter from Madame, containing a postscript from Ines. Francis ended his narrative with bitter regret and sorrow for his own conduct.

'Really Francis,' said Mr. Dale, 'I see nothing so terrible in this affair—a mere boyish flirtation with a little girl—quite a child, who has probably forgotten you long before this.'

'Forgotten me!' replied Francis, 'Oh, no, it is impossible, I know the heart of Ines too well. I know the depth and profundity of feeling of which she is capable, and in that solitude every thing will nourish the sentiment. Shall I deceive a trusting and confiding heart? Shall I leave her to watch and wait for my return until she is informed I have chosen another—that I have been false to her—false to Ines?'

'Indeed, Francis,' said Mr. Dale, with a sarcastic smile, 'I was not aware you were so romantic; those wilds of Andalusia must have inspired you. If you use your own good sense and judgment, you will view the affair in a different light. You must see things as they really are, and not form your opinion from the page of fiction. You have had a few weeks acquaintance with a young girl, scarcely fifteen, and you pretend to judge of her heart and character. You behold her wearing out an existence blighted by your inconsistency—believe me, I know the heart of woman better. Her father, who has unaccountably left her so long, will probably take her into the world when she is a woman. In gay scenes and with gay people she will soon forget the youth who, in that solitude—and being the only person she had ever seen—created a youthful fancy in her breast. On the other hand, here is a creature, who to see is to love. Even your romantic temperament might make her the heroine of your vision. She has given you her heart, I cannot say unasked; for has not your conduct been sufficient to convince her of your sentiments.'

Notwithstanding your *first love*, and he sneered, 'it is evident she has powerfully fascinated you—she has chosen you among many, perhaps equally gifted, and the other had seen no one else. Rosina is your countrywoman, too—has the same sympathies; the same prejudices; the same religion as you—and that is much in married life. No foreigners can feel the same union which those of one country, one home, experience—however congenial their characters may be. Persons as young as you are, I know, usually despise worldly consideration; yet when, you arrive at my age, you will perceive they are of consequence. You, I have always considered as possessing judgment above your years—less blinded by the delusions of youth—more free from the follies of an unbridled imagination;—and it would grieve me much, to find myself mistaken just as a noble career is opened to you. Listen to me with coolness, Francis, and let your father's experience be profitable to you. At your age, I was aspiring, ambitious, beyond all limits. I determined to follow a career which should give me a lofty station among men. I knew I possessed talents—and I despised the distinctions of wealth. But the want of it has been my blight—my stumbling block. In vain I have labored—I have been thwarted, frustrated in all my plans.'

'You, my father,' said Francis, 'have you not risen to a high station in society—are you not esteemed, admired—nay, venerated for your unrivaled talents—are you not regarded as an uncommonly successful and prosperous man?'

'Yes, yes,' answered Mr. Dale, 'I know they think so—I know I have risen—I have obtained something; but how far below my aim, my plans. You know not my grasping ambition. The world may call me prosperous, successful—but behold me a disappointed man. I may probably live many years, but never more can I take an active part in the business of life. My constitution is so much shattered, that it will take all my care to keep this feeble frame and lofty-struggling soul together. In you I renew my existence. All my hopes, and all my plans are for your advancement; and for your success I am as ardent as I once was for myself. Now every thing has prospered—every thing encourages me to hope, shall I again be disappointed by a foolish boy's romance? The fortune of Rosina will at once place you where you can act freely, and unrestrained by daily incessant endeavors to support an establishment. It will give you an influence with others, which you can use to great purposes. And has a union with Rosina, for herself alone, no charms? Will she not sweetly sooth your private moments—make your domestic life delightful—strew your

path with flowers? There are few who would not make many sacrifices to obtain her, even were she portionless.'

Francis possessed an ardent and affectionate heart; and from early life it had been devoted to his only parent; his filial love and reverence for his father was unbounded—and it was not wonderful his father possessed great power over him. This influence he exerted now, to advance his worldly and ambitious schemes;—sometimes by arguments—sometimes by flattery and often by the sarcastic manner in which he ridiculed every appearance of romance—and Francis was tremblingly alive to ridicule: he obtained his wishes, aided as he was by the charms of the fascinating Rosina. When Francis beheld her beautiful countenance, suffused with blushes of pleasure at his approach, and was aware of her preference for him, over her many admirers, he could only think of her and the happiness of the present moment. When he perceived he was envied by some, felicitated by all for possessing her entirely his own, he could not help congratulating himself on the inestimable treasure he had obtained. Much does the value we place on any thing depend on the opinion of others. Those who consider themselves most independent of such considerations, are often influenced by it. He surrendered himself to the pleasure of her society, and endeavored to drown the remembrance of Ines—of his broken vows—in the constant dissipation of gay company with Rosina. Every difficulty was smoothed—every thing combined to hasten their marriage. An early day was fixed, and splendid preparations hastily made. A few days before, he received a letter from father Iago, inclosing one from Ines. They informed him that Madame ———, the kind friend, the beloved instructress of Ines, after a short illness, had expired. Father Iago had written to the father of Ines, informing him of the event; but Ines had turned to Francis with a sweet reliance and trusting confidence, for comfort in her desolate state—the destruction of one tie, had more closely united her heart to his. With a feeling of despair, he crushed her letter in his hands, and cast it in the flames; and as he witnessed the destruction of the dictates of a confiding heart, he hoped to erase from his memory the recollection of Ines—of his broken faith; but he felt as if his own heart was withered and scorched like the frail memorial he had cast from him. It was in vain he endeavored to suppress such thoughts—the image of Ines seemed to start into fresh existence; the feelings she had excited he found were still buried in the depths of his heart; in vain he fancied they were destroyed. He rushed from the apartment to the society of Rosina. A gay assembly surrounded her, and Francis

appeared the gayest of the gay; and he gazed on Rosina, and tried to imagine himself the happiest. 'She has given me her young and innocent heart,' said he, 'and she shall never know the divided one she has in exchange. If the most devoted attentions can make her happy, she at least shall be so.'

They were married, and for some time were engaged in a routine of gaiety and company. Francis, too conscious that Rosina was deceived by him, indulged her slightest wishes, and most absurd whims. She was the last person in the world to suspect that his attachment was not all it ought to be. Rosina had been so much accustomed to admiration and flattery, that she took them as a right. In a husband she expected to find an adorer, and the most humble of her slaves. Her exactions increased every day, and Francis every day gave way to them. He found it impossible, however, to satisfy her inordinate love of admiration, and her constant desire for variety. When he wished to settle down to the quiet comforts of domestic life, he found she had no taste or inclination for it. Her appetite for novelty and variety had been so freely indulged, that simple pleasures had now no charms for her. Whenever she imagined he failed in any of his former devotion, tears and passionate upbraids ensued.

These scenes grew more and more frequent as Francis endeavored to attend to other duties. Her brilliant smiles and charming gaiety were only to be obtained by long and painful watching; and whenever he left her for any occupation, he always found a clouded brow awaited his return. By degrees he surrendered more and more of his time to her, until his father began to fear that his gifted son would sink into the slave of a capricious woman. He endeavored to interfere, but he found he only increased the unhappiness of the ill sorted pair. He waited patiently for time to remedy the evil; but time only seemed to rivet the chains of Rosina over the too conscious Francis. Several times Rosina was on the point of becoming a mother, and as often was she disappointed; until her health was completely destroyed. She sunk into a confirmed invalid, with a peevishness of temper which made the home of Francis any thing but a happy one. Nothing now could satisfy her but a continual removal from place to place, in search of health; and only in change of scene could she, as she fancied, obtain it. Francis gave up all occupation, to attend her from clime to clime. Mr. Dale saw, with bitter regret, his ambitious schemes and plans thwarted by a cause apparently insignificant, yet effectual; for Francis thought he could not devote himself too entirely to the suffering and helpless Rosina, to atone for the error he had committed.

[Concluded in our next.]

BIOGRAPHY.

From Goodrich's Lives of the Signers to the Declaration of Independence.

Josiah Bartlett.

JOSIAH BARTLETT, the first of the New Hampshire delegation who signed the declaration of independence, was born in Amesbury, Massachusetts, in 1729. He was the fourth son of Stephen Bartlett, whose ancestors came from England during the seventeenth century, and settled at Beverly.

The early education of young Bartlett, appears to have been respectable although he had not the advantages of a collegiate course. At the age of sixteen he began the study of medicine, for which he had a competent knowledge of the Greek and Latin languages.

On finishing his preliminary studies, which were superintended by Dr. Ordway, of Amesbury, and to which he devoted himself with indefatigable zeal for five years, he commenced the practise of his profession at Kingston, in the year 1750.

Two years from the above date, he was attacked by a fever, which for a time seriously threatened his life. From an injudicious application of medicines and too close a confinement to his chamber, life appeared to be rapidly ebbing, and all hopes of his recovery were relinquished. In this situation, one evening, he strongly solicited his attendants to give him some cider. At first they were strongly reluctant to comply with his wishes, under a just apprehension, that serious and even fatal consequences might ensue. The patient, however, would not be pacified, until his request was granted. At length they complied with his request, and of the cider thus given him, he continued to drink at intervals during the night. The effect of it proved highly beneficial. It mitigated the febrile symptoms, a copious perspiration ensued, and from this time he began to recover.

This experiment, if it may be called an experiment, was treasured up in the mind of Dr. Bartlett, and seems to have led him to abandon the rules of arbitrary system, for the more just principles of nature and experience. He became a skillful and distinguished practitioner. To him is ascribed the first application of Peruvian bark in cases of cancer, which, before was considered an inflammatory, instead of a putrid disease, and as such had been unsuccessfully treated.

This disease, which was called the throat distemper, first appeared at Kingston, in the spring of 1755. The first person afflicted with it, was said to have contracted the disease from a hog, which he skinned and opened, and which had died of a distemper, of the throat. The disease which was supposed thus to have originated, soon after

spread abroad, through the town, and to children under ten years of age it proved exceedingly fatal. Like the plague, it swept its victims to the grave, almost without warning, and some are said to have expired while sitting at play handling their toys. At this time, medical skill was baffled; every method of treatment pursued, proved ineffectual. It ceased its ravages only where victims were no longer to be found.

In the year 1754, Kingston was again visited with this malignant disease. Doctor Bartlett was at this time a physician of the town. At first he treated it as an inflammatory disease; but at length satisfied that this was not its character, he administered Peruvian bark to a child of his own who was afflicted with the disease, and with entire success. From this time the use of it became general, as a remedy in diseases of the same type.

A man of the distinguished powers of Doctor Bartlett, and of his decision and integrity, was not likely long to remain unnoticed, in times which tried men's souls. The public attention was soon directed to him, as a gentleman in whom confidence might be reposed, and whose duties whatever they might be, would be discharged with promptness and fidelity.

In the year 1765, Doctor Bartlett, was elected to the legislature of the province of New-Hampshire, from the town of Kingston. In his legislative capacity, he soon found occasion to oppose the mercenary views of the royal governor. He would not become subservient to the will of a man whose object, next to the display of his own authority, was the subjection of the people to the authority of the British administration.

The controversy between Great Britain and her colonies, was now beginning to assume a serious aspect. At this time, John Wentworth was the royal governor, a man of no ordinary sagacity. Aware of the importance of attaching the distinguished men of the colony to the royal cause, among other magistrates, he appointed Dr. Bartlett, to the office of justice of the peace. This was indeed an inconsiderable honor; but as an evidence of the governor's respect for his talents and influence, was a point of some importance. Executive patronage, however, was not a bait by which such a man as Dr. Bartlett would be seduced. He accepted the appointment, but was as firm in his opposition to the royal governor as he had been before.

The opposition which was now abroad in America against the British government, and which continued to gather strength until the year 1774, had made equal progress in the province of New-Hampshire. At this time, a committee of correspondence, agreeably to

the recommendation and example of other colonies, was appointed by the house of representatives. For this act, the governor immediately dissolved the assembly. But the committee of correspondence soon after reassembled the representatives, by whom circulars were addressed to the several towns, to send delegates to a convention, to be held at Exeter, for the purpose of selecting deputies to the continental congress, which was to meet at Philadelphia in the ensuing September.

In this convention, Dr. Bartlett, and John Pickering, a lawyer, of Portsmouth, were appointed delegates to congress. The former of these having a little previously lost his house by fire, was under the necessity of declining the honor. The latter gentleman wishing also to be excused, other gentlemen were elected in their stead.

Dr. Bartlett, however, retained his seat in the house of representatives of the province. Here, as in other colonies, the collisions between the royal governor and the people continued to increase. The former was more arbitrary in his proceedings; the latter better understood their rights, and were more independent. The conspicuous part which Dr. Bartlett took on the patriotic side, the firmness with which he resisted the royal exactions, rendered him highly obnoxious to the governor, by whom he was deprived of his commission as justice of the peace, and laconically dismissed from his command in the militia.

From this time, the political difficulties in New-Hampshire greatly increased. At length, Governor Wentworth found it necessary for his personal safety to retire on board the Favey man of war, then lying in the harbor of Portsmouth. From this he went to Boston, and thence to the Isle of Shoals, where he issued his proclamation, adjourning the assembly till the following April. This act, however, terminated the royal government in the province of New-Hampshire. A provincial congress, of which Matthew Thornton was president, was soon called, by which a temporary government was organized and an oath of allegiance was framed, which every individual was obliged to take. Thus, after subsisting for a period of ninety years, the British government was forever annihilated in New-Hampshire.

In September, 1775, Dr. Bartlett, who had been elected to the continental congress took his seat in that body. In this new situation, he acted with his accustomed energy, and rendered important services to his country. At this time, congress met at nine in the morning, and continued its session until four o'clock in the afternoon. The state of the country required this incessant application of the members. But anxiety and fatigue they

could endure without repining. The lives and fortunes of themselves and families, and fellow citizens, were in jeopardy. Liberty, too, was in jeopardy. Like faithful sentinels, therefore, they sustained, with cheerfulness, their laborious task; and, when occasion required, could dispense with the repose of nights. In this unwearied devotion to business, Dr. Bartlett largely participated; in consequence of which, his health and spirits were for a time considerably affected.

In a second election, in the early part of the year 1776, Dr. Bartlett was again chosen delegate to the continental congress. He was present on the memorable occasion of taking the vote on the question of a declaration of independence. On putting the question it, was agreed to begin with the northernmost colony. Dr. Bartlett, therefore, had the honor of being called upon for an expression of his opinion, and of first giving his vote in favor of the resolution.

On the evacuation of Philadelphia, by the British, in 1778, congress, which had for some time held its sessions at Yorktown, adjourned to Philadelphia and in different companies proceeded to that place. Dr. Bartlett, however, was attended by only a single servant. They were under the necessity of passing through a forest of considerable extent; it was reported to be the lurking place of a band of robbers, by whom several persons had been waylaid, and plundered of their effects. On arriving at the inn, at the entrance of the wood, Dr. Bartlett was informed of the existence of this band of desperadoes, and cautioned against proceeding, until other travelers should arrive. While the doctor lingered for the purpose of refreshing himself and horses, the landlord, to corroborate the statement which he had made, and to heighten still more the apprehension of the travelers, related the following anecdote. 'A paymaster of the army, with a large quantity of paper money, designed for General Washington, had attempted the passage of the wood, a few weeks before. On arriving at the skirts of the wood, he was apprized of his danger, but as it was necessary for him to proceed, he laid aside his military garb, purchased a worn out horse, and a saddle and bridle and a farmer's saddlebags of corresponding appearance: in the latter, he deposited his money, and with a careless manner proceeded on his way. At some distance from the skirt of the wood, he was met by two of the gang, who demanded his money. Others were skulking at no great distance in the wood, and waiting the issue of the interview. To the demand for money he replied, that he had a small sum, which they were at liberty to take, if they believed they had a better right to it than himself and family. Taking from his pocket a few small

pieces of money, he offered them to them; at the same time, in the style and simplicity of a quaker, he spoke to them of the duties of religion. Deceived by the air of honesty which he assumed, they suffered him to pass without further molestation, the one observing to the other, that so poor a quaker was not worth robbing. Without any further interruption, the poor quaker reached the other side of the wood, and at length delivered the contents of his saddlebags to General Washington.'

During the relation of this anecdote several other members of congress arrived, when, having prepared their arms, they proceeded on their journey, and in safety passed over the infested territory.

On the evacuation of Philadelphia, it was obvious from the condition of the city, that an enemy had been there. In a letter to a friend, Dr. Bartlett describes the alterations and ravages which had been made. 'Congress,' he says, 'was obliged to hold its sessions in the college hall, the state house having been left by the enemy in a condition which could scarcely be described. Many of the finest houses were converted into stables; parlor floors cut through, and the dung shoveled into the cellars. Through the country, north of the city, for many miles, the hand of desolation had marked its way. Houses had been consumed, fences carried off, gardens and orchards destroyed. Even the great roads were scarcely to be discovered, amidst the confusion and desolation which prevailed.'

In August, 1778, a new election took place in New-Hampshire, when Dr. Bartlett, was again chosen a delegate to congress; he continued, however, at Philadelphia, but an inconsiderable part of the session, his domestic concerns requiring his attention. During the remainder of his life, he resided in New-Hampshire, filling up the measure of his usefulness in a zealous devotion to the interests of the state,

In the early part of the year 1779, in a letter to one of the delegates in congress, Dr. Bartlett, gives a deplorable account of the difficulties and sufferings of the people in New-Hampshire. The money of the country had become much depreciated, and provisions were scarce and high. Indian corn was sold at ten dollars a bushel. Other things were in the same proportion. The soldiers of the army could scarcely subsist on their pay, and the officers, at times, found it difficult to keep them together.

During the same year, Dr. Bartlett was appointed chief justice of the court of common pleas. In 1782, he became an associate justice of the supreme court, and in 1788, he was advanced to the head of the bench. In the course of this latter year the present

constitution was presented to the several states, for their consideration. Of the convention in New-Hampshire, which adopted it, Dr. Bartlett was a member, and by his zeal was accessory to its ratification. In 1789, he was elected a senator to congress; but the infirmities of age induced him to decline the office. In 1793, he was elected governor of the state, which office he filled, with his accustomed fidelity, until the infirm state of his health obliged him to resign the chief magistracy, and to retire wholly from public business. In January, 1794, he expressed his determination to close his public career in the following letter to the legislature;

'Gentlemen of the legislature—After having served the public for a number of years, to the best of my abilities, in the various offices to which I have had the honor to be appointed, I think it proper, before your adjournment, to signify to you, and through you to my fellow citizens at large, that I now find myself so far advanced in age, that it will be expedient for me, at the close of the session, to retire from the cares and fatigues of public business, to the repose of a private life, with a grateful sense of the repeated marks of trust and confidence that my fellow citizens have reposed in me, and with my best wishes for the future peace and prosperity of the state.'

The repose of a private life, however, which must have become eminently desirable to a man whose life had been past in the toils and troubles of the revolution, was destined to be of short duration. This eminent man, and distinguished patriot, closed his earthly career on the nineteenth day of May, 1795, in the sixty-sixth year of his age.

To the sketches of the life of this distinguished man, little need be added, respecting his character. His patriotism was of a singularly elevated character, and the sacrifices which he made for the good of his country were such as few men are willing to make. He possessed a quick and penetrating mind, and, at the same time, he was distinguished for a sound and acute judgment. A scrupulous justice marked his dealings with all men, and he exhibited great fidelity in his engagements. Of his religious views we are unable to speak with confidence, although there is some reason to believe that his principles were less strict, than pertained to the puritans of the day. He rose to office, and was recommended to the confidence of his fellow citizens, not less by the general probity of his character, than the force of his genius. Unlike many others, he had no family, or party connexions, to raise him to influence in society; but standing on his own merits, he passed through a succession of offices which he sustained with uncommon honor to himself, and the duties

of which he discharged not only to the satisfaction of his fellow citizens, but with the highest benefit to his country.

MISCELLANY.

Family Government.

Keep your boys in the house on evenings.

This is a duty which many parents seem almost entirely to overlook. If they can get rid of the noise of their boys, and be left to pursue their avocations in peace, they do not stop to inquire where the children are; or are easy, as they are only in the next street, to play with other boys. But O, how often is it, that in this way, is laid the foundation of vices which mar the future character, which in their progress destroy both the body and soul. Here, away from parental restraint, often commences the first oath. I once asked a boy who was conversant in these scenes but who had not got so far in evil as some of his companions, whether there was much swearing among the boys in the streets? He replied, 'Some.' I asked further, is there the most swearing in the day time, or in the evening? Without hesitation he answered, 'in the evening.' This was as I had suspected. I asked him why it was so! He replied he did not know. I presume it was a subject on which he had not reflected, and only spoke the fact as it was recalled to his mind by my question. But I could not help thinking that the darkness of evening, the greater number which collect together, and the feeling that they are then more secure from the observation of others, is the cause; and that these evening gatherings are particularly unfavorable to the morals of our youth.

How can parents, who have the least regard to the morals of their children, suffer them to be exposed to such baneful influence? Better would it be for their own families, and for the community at large, if they would devote their evenings to their children, though other things should be neglected. We have spoken of swearing only—but this stands not alone. The evil practice of smoking tobacco is another thing extensively learned by boys thus congregated together in the street on evenings. This is a practise, which in time usually leads to intemperance. Cold water has a vapid and disagreeable taste to those who become established in cigar-smoking, and something stronger is sought after, to satisfy this corrupt taste. He that would spare himself the pain of beholding his son, when full grown, the victim of intemperance and profaneness, would do well to place an early restraint on his acquiring a love of tobacco, and a frequent mingling with sinful companions in the street on evenings. O, that parental obligation may be more deeply felt,

and that one parent may help and not hinder another in the great work.

The Widow of Naples.

THERE dwelt in Naples a matron named Corsina, wife of a worthy cavalier known as Raomondo del Balzo. Now it pleased heaven to take the husband of Corsina, leaving her an only child, named Carlo, who was in every way the counterpart of his father. Thus the mother resolved that he should inherit all her fortune, and determined to send him to study at Bologna, in order that he might learn all the accomplishments of his age. With this view she secured a master for her son, furnished him with books and every other necessary, and, in the name of heaven, sent him to Bologna. There the youth made rapid progress, and in brief time became a ripe scholar; and all the students admired him for his genius, and loved him for the excellence of his life. In course of time the boy became a young man, and, having finished his studies, prepared himself to return home to Naples, when he suddenly fell into a sickness, which defeated the skill of all the physicians of Bologna. When Carlo found that death was inevitable, he thus ruminated with himself:—‘I am not afflicted for my own sake, but for my disconsolate mother, who has no child save me, in whom she has garnered all her earthly hopes, and from whom she looks for future support, and for the regeneration of our house. And when she knows that I am dead, and that, too, without her even seeing me, sure I am, she herself will suffer a thousand deaths.’—Thus did he lament more for his mother than himself. Now, dwelling on these thoughts, he conceived a plan by which he hoped to lessen the bitterness of his death to his parent; to which end he wrote her a letter in the following words:—

‘My dearest Mother—I entreat that you will be pleased to send me a shirt made by the hands of the most cheerful woman in Naples—a woman who shall be free from every sorrow—every care.’

This letter was dispatched to his mother, who instantly disposed herself to fulfil the desires of her son. She searched throughout Naples, and where from outward appearance, she hoped to meet the woman free from sorrow, there she learnt a story of some lurking grief—some deep, though well disguised affliction. At this Corsina said, ‘I see there is no one free from misery—there is no one who hath not her tribulation: and they, too, who seem the happiest, have the deepest cause of wretchedness.’ With this conviction she answered the letter of her son, excusing herself for the non-fulfilment of her commission, assuring him that, with all her search, she could not discover the person

whom he desired might make the garment. In a few days she received the tidings of her son’s death; it was then she felt the full wisdom of the lesson he had taught her, and with meekness and resignation bowed to the will of God. [The above is from the Italian of Florentio: the original story is disfigured by the faults of the age (1807) in which the author wrote. We have endeavored to present to our readers the exquisite sentiment of the tale, separated from the dross. Florentio, is, we believe, but little known to English readers: he is, however, well worthy of their acquaintance.—*Quarterly Review for July.*

ETERNITY.—Eternity! the only theme that confuses, humbles, and alarms the proud intellect of man. What is it? The human mind can grasp any defined time however vast; but this is beyond time and too great for the limited conception of man. It has no beginning, and can have no end. It cannot be multiplied, cannot be added unto, you may attempt to subtract from it but it is useless. Take millions and millions of years from it, take all the time that can enter into the compass of your imagination it is still whole and undiminished as before—all calculation is lost. Think on! the brain becomes heated and oppressed with a sensation too powerful for it to bear, and reason totters in her seat, and you rise with the conviction of the impossibility of a creature attempting to fathom the Creator; humiliated with the sense of your own nothingness, and impressed with the tremendous majesty of the Deity.

PROPER TIME OF RISING.—Among the curiosities of Apsley House is the truckle bed in which the Duke of Wellington sleeps. ‘Why it is so narrow,’ exclaimed a friend, ‘there is not even room to turn in it.’ ‘Turn in it!’ cried his Grace—‘when a man begins to turn in his bed, it is time to turn out.’

JUDICIAL WIT.—‘Take off your hat, man,’ cried Lord Abinger to an amazon in a riding-dress, who appeared as a witness in a nisi prius court of a certain county town. ‘I’m not a man,’ replied the indignant lady. ‘Then,’ said his lordship, ‘I’m no judge,’

The Rural Repository.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1835.

AUTUMNAL MUSINGS.—The freshness and beauty of Spring—the glory and radiance of Summer, have alike faded away, and Autumn, sad visaged Autumn, the solemn follower of the smiling twain, who came to us, a messenger from the bounteous Giver of all good, laden with the fruits of the earth, is now fast hastening away, his decaying robes already falling about him and crumbling beneath his desolating tread. The sear and falling leaves have ever been

considered as fitting emblems of the mortality of man and the frailty of his earthly hopes. As withereth and falleth the leaf, and is borne away by the breezes of Autumn, so perish, and are whirled down the stream of time, the sublunary hopes of man, and he sees them no more forever. His friends and his neighbors fall around him, and where are they?—‘Man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets.’ Some are borne away in their early Springtime, with the blossoms of hope and happiness fast clustering around them; others in their golden Summer’s prime, or in the Autumn of their days are laid in the ‘narrow house’—‘the house appointed for all living;’ and some, a few, linger till the frosts of age have settled on their heads and the days come when they say we ‘have no pleasure in them;’ but all sooner or later must yield to the fell destroyer. We are wont to dread the Autumnal season, as one of melancholy and of gloom, as bringing with it thoughts of death and decay, of the graveyard and the tomb; as a grisly mentor sent to warn us that the Winter of Death is fast approaching, and that though e’er so long delayed, yet come it will to all. But surely our old friend, of rueful memory, has in his present visit been gentle in his monitions, indulging us, almost to the end of his career, with many sunny days, which like the deceptive bloom that glows on the hollow cheek, and the unnatural fire that gives lustre to the eye of the consumptive, and would feed our hopes and beguile us to the last, it would seem, must be sent but to flatter us into the belief that we have fallen upon the enchanting season of soft-breathing Spring, whose renovating breezes cause the earth to rejoice in newness of life, instead of the season of death and decay. But a truce to all melancholy cogitations, they do but chill the warm current of life and drink up the sluices of the heart—let us give them to the winds that will ere long whistle around us, and when the fiends of a disordered imagination, melancholy and despair, would come, let us look forward to that glorious Springtime; which, when the Winter of Death is past, will bloom for us in a brighter land, and with a more enduring beauty than is given to the short-lived Springs that cheer us on our journey through this vale of tears.

To Correspondents.

The communications of ‘T,’ ‘T,’ ‘Incog,’ and ‘C,’ though we feel ourselves much indebted for their good will, are, for various reasons, unnecessary to mention, declined.

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

P. M. Whately, Ms. \$3.00; H. B. Erieville N. Y. \$2.00; B. Branchport, N. Y. \$0.81; W. C. E. Massillon, O. \$0.75; W. C. Lee, Ms. \$1.00; L. I. D. West Day, N. Y. \$1.00; G. W. C. Wetumpka, Al. \$1.00; P. W. A. West Groton, N. Y. \$1.00; W. D. Pine Plains, N. Y. \$1.00; A. S. Sherburne, N. Y. \$1.00; J. M’K. Livingston, N. Y. \$1.64; M. H. Stockport, N. Y. \$1.00; G. F. Cassville, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Victor, N. Y. \$5.00; N. C. Claverack, N. Y. \$1.00; Eagle Pr. Claremont, N. H. \$1.00.

MARRIED,

In this city on the 4th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Waterbury, Benjamin Clapp, esq. of New-York, to Miss Jane Frances, daughter of Frederick Jenkins, esq.

In Hillsdale, on the 24th ult. by the Rev. Horace Spencer, Mr. Norman Spencer, to Miss Deldamia Terry, all of the same place.

In Coxsackie, on the 5th inst by the Rev. J. Searle, Mr. Peter Winans, to Miss Sarah, daughter of Capt. Jacob Jansen.

At the same place, on the 29th ult. by the Rev. J. Searle, Clinton De Wit, esq. to Elsie, daughter of the late Abram Van Dyck.

DIED,

In this city on the 5th inst. Emaries, daughter of Wm. W. and Sally Truesdall, aged four months and eight days.

health,' said another lady, a friend of theirs ; 'she is excessively nervous—indeed, I once did not expect to see her alive now.'

'There is no danger of her dying,' said Mr. Thornton, 'I wonder Dale has lived through all that he has experienced.'

Poor Francis, he could not help being conscious of the comment such scenes produced ; but it was useless now to argue, reason, or remonstrate with Rosina. Persuasion and reproaches were alike ineffectual. She had too long given way to an uncontrolled temper to restrain herself. When they reached their apartment, in spite of all he could say to soothe her, she poured forth a torrent of reproaches and upbraiding, until she sunk exhausted on her pillow—a high fever raging through her fragile frame. They neither of them appeared that evening. While sounds of music and merriment arose from the gay saloon beneath—and a clear cool moon shone abroad, Francis remained in a close room, watching the feverish slumbers of his invalid wife.

The next day, Rosina was too ill to leave her room. As Francis was returning from the spring, he met Thornton on the piazza. 'Come,' said the latter, seizing him by the arm, 'now let me introduce you to Miss Selmore—now we have an opportunity ; we may never have another, she is just going to ride,'—but Francis declined his offer, and turned away. 'O, come,' said Thornton, 'wifey is not here, and will not be jealous—I will not detain you long.' Francis looked reprovingly at his friend. 'Oh ho,' thought Thornton, 'this is too serious a matter to jest about.' He drew Francis towards a group of five or six, equipped for riding, and introduced him to Miss Selmore and her father, a venerable looking old gentleman. Beneath the close cottage bonnet which shaded her features, he discovered the same lady who had attracted his notice before ; and he could not wonder that Thornton was so strongly interested in her. He observed her attentively, but he could not discover again that peculiar expression in her large dark eyes which had first arrested his attention. Amidst all the changes of her expressive countenance—and they were many—he saw not that look again. A gentleman celebrated for talent was relating something extremely interesting to her, embellished with all the charms of the highest conversationable powers. When she spoke in reply, at the sound of her voice, Francis started and turned towards her—for it produced the same inexplicable interest, the same indistinct reminiscences as that glance of her eyes had done. She observed the intenseness of his gaze, and it seemed to embarrass her for a moment. It was for a moment only—she soon continued in her usual calm and dignified manner.

'Come, Elizabeth,' said her father, 'the horses wait.' She arose and the party proceeded.

'Elizabeth?' repeated Francis, 'her name ought not to be Elizabeth ; it does not suit her,'—but why he could not tell.

Rosina recovered, and was once more able to enjoy society. She exerted some of her former powers of fascination, and was soon surrounded by a select few, who formed a little *coterie*, which was always together in their parties of pleasure. Mr. and Miss Selmore became members of this little circle.

The latter, by her sweet winning ways, soon formed an intimacy with Rosina, and acquired a great influence over her. Francis was much gratified at these circumstances ; for when he became acquainted with Miss Selmore, he found she possessed a mind and heart of a superior order. He had not seen her many times, before he discovered it was her resemblance to the long forgotten Ines, which interested him so much. 'And yet,' thought he, 'they are very different, Miss Selmore is tall, stately, and commanding as the pine of the forest—whilst Ines was a graceful, clinging, dependant passion flower ; open as day, with a heart alive to every impulse, and with feelings which burst from her lips or spoke in her eloquent countenance. Miss Selmore on the contrary, is ever composed and reserved. One would suppose her cold, did she not show so strong an attachment to her father and a few chosen friends.—A transient expression ; the note of their voices may resemble each other, as well as some trait in their very different characters.'

Soon after, Mr. and Miss Selmore prepared to depart from Saratoga. He was the proprietor of a large tract of land on the banks of the St. Lawrence—he had erected a fine house in a beautiful situation, and there they usually passed the summer. The day they were to depart Rosina was too unwell to leave her apartment, and Francis joined a large party who were assembled on the piazza, around Mr. and Miss Selmore to bid them adieu and express their regret at their departure. The carriage was at the door, and they only waited the disposal of the baggage ; whilst they all stood there, a pert smart mulatto girl, a maid of Rosina's, who she had allowed to become a privileged person, came tripping along. As she passed the group, she nodded saucily to Francis and said, 'Mr. Dale, mistress wants you to come to her *immediately*.' Francis hastily took leave of them, and as he retreated he could not help hearing the laugh which went around the party at his expense, and too sensitively felt the ridicule which his apparent submission to domestic tyranny exposed him—but as he hastily turned from Miss Selmore, her countenance wore for a moment that transient

expression of mingled pity and regret, which he had once before observed, and which waked the echoes of his heart like a strain of long forgotten music. He, however, hurried to Rosina, and in complying with her trivial wants and tedious exactions, tried to satisfy himself that he was fulfilling his duties. She soon became wearied with the sameness of Saratoga, and signified her intention to depart ; Francis allowed her to dictate the road they were to pursue—they first visited Lake George, and from thence proceeded through Lake Champlain to Canada.

The health and strength of Rosina seemed to revive every day—whilst at Montreal, she one day expressed a desire to visit an Island some distance up the river, which a gentleman had been telling her was the scene of an interesting Indian legend ; Francis endeavored to dissuade her, as he feared the expedition would be too fatiguing—but the more he disapproved it, the more she was bent on the gratification of her wishes. Opposition only made it a matter of importance to her, and Francis found himself obliged to comply, to avoid one of those bursts of passion, which so much enfeebled her.

After a long ride over a rugged road, which almost dislocated their limbs, they reached the appointed place to embark. A boat was provided with stout oarsmen, well acquainted with the currents of the river—they were guided through the rapids and reached the Island in safety, which was nearer the opposite side. When there, Francis found the beauty of the spot amply repaid him for the trouble and fatigue of reaching it—but Rosina, worn out and exhausted, threw herself on the grass, and declared she was too wearied to enjoy it. Francis spread a cloak to protect her from the dampness of the earth, and surveyed the fairy spot with much interest, until the descending sun warned them to return. In vain, however, he attempted to prevail on Rosina to depart—listless and inanimate, she scarcely listened to his representations, and declared she could not stir. He told her of the dangers of the rapids at night, and the heavy dews which were even then beginning to penetrate her slight garments—but she turned away impatiently, and begged him not to harass her to death, and for once to allow her a short repose. He pointed to some heavy clouds which were rising, and tried to excite her fears of thunder, which he knew, always filled her with terror ; but she only reproached him with endeavoring to tease her, in order to make her as uncomfortable as possible.

At length one of the boatmen approached and told him they ought to hasten to reach the opposite shore, before the shower came on, as it would probably be a heavy one. Francis said no more, but raising Rosina in

his arms, placed her in the boat, notwithstanding her tears and reproaches. She then continued to detain them still longer, by the difficulty she found in arranging herself comfortably. The cloaks and cushions were placed in all possible ways before she could be satisfied: the clouds had gathered with great rapidity, and now darkened the heavens above them—a squall of wind arose, and loud claps of thunder burst around them—the wind raved—the rapids rushed with wild uproar—the vivid lightning seemed to blind them at every flash. Rosina was filled with the wildest terror; at every clap of thunder, she would startle them with her vehement screams; though Francis endeavored to restrain her, yet she would suddenly start up, cast the cloaks from her, and appear like a raving maniac—she would then sink down, and the convulsed movements of her form alone showed she was sensible, until another clap of thunder aroused her. Francis ordered the boatmen to land them at the nearest possible place, and they pulled for the bank of the river, opposite to the place they had originally started from. At length they approached the shore, and attempted to land in safety. Francis informed Rosina they were out of danger, and would soon find shelter. Rosina raised her head, and perceiving they had reached the shore, impetuously started up, intending to spring from the boat, where she had suffered so much—but as she stepped suddenly on the side, her weight, small as it was, overturned the boat, and they were all precipitated in the rushing torrent—her movements were too unexpected for them to guard against; Francis seized the sinking form of Rosina, and in vain, tried to keep her and himself on the surface, as they were borne along by the current. The experienced boatmen immediately reached the shore, and with ready presence of mind, ran down to a spot where they knew a jutting rock would assist them in saving the others. They succeeded in bringing them to the land, though Rosina was insensible; she was borne to a rude log hut which was the nearest habitation, and laid on a coarse untidy bed—every means were tried to restore her to life, but in vain: that pale and inanimate form was all that remained of the once gay and beautiful Rosina. Francis gazed in silence and stillness on those changed features, where death had left his trace, until roused by the entrance of Mr. Selmore and his daughter. It happened that their abode was near, and they hearing of the sad event had hastened to the sufferers. They were much surprised to recognize their recent acquaintance of Saratoga, and tears streamed down the fine face of Elizabeth, as she beheld the lifeless form of Rosina. The body was conveyed to the residence of Mr. Selmore, and soon after

deposited in the grave yard, near the neat church which graced the neighboring town of O——.

Francis lingered some time with his new friends—cheered and soothed by their kindness and sympathy. He departed at length for his own home, where he found another suffering invalid demanding his cares. His father did not linger long; he had only time to rejoice when he beheld his son relieved from the shackles, as he supposed, of his advancement, before he too was laid in the tomb—and Francis felt he was then alone in the world. With a heart rich in all its best affections, Francis became weary of his splendid, though lonely home. He resolved to travel—to again visit Europe, and that spot where he had once indulged in such delicious dreams. Just before his marriage, he had written to inform Father Iago of the event—begging him to communicate it to Ines. He had expressed the warmest wishes for her welfare, and earnestly implored to be informed of it. To this letter he had received no answer, and his endeavor ever after had been to forget her; but now the recollection of her returned, and he wished to ascertain her fate. Before he departed, he resolved to visit once more the grave of his wife, to see if the monument he had ordered to mark the spot where she was laid had been properly placed. In such duties he felt as if making some amends for once deceiving her. He found his orders had been faithfully performed under the superintendance of his kind friends, Mr. Selmore and Elizabeth. He lingered some time at their residence. A year had passed since he left them; and he found Elizabeth more charming—more lovely in the bosom of domestic life, than in the excitement of society. Time passed swiftly, and he had almost forgotten his proposed travels in the pleasure he now enjoyed.

One evening, Francis and Elizabeth were seated together in a small summer parlor. The window opened on a piazza, which was filled with oleandus, cape jasmine, and other tropical plants. It was one of those rare evenings which seemed to come to us from another clime, and occasionally occur in our short summer, to let us know the delights enjoyed by the children of the South. The fragrance of the flowers, the brilliant yellow light of the moon, all served to transport the imagination to other climes. Elizabeth, as if to complete the illusion, taking her guitar, played several Spanish airs. At length she commenced one which Ines formerly played, and was the special favorite of Francis. Memory recalled how often she had played it, again and again, for him; and he then thought he could never be wearied with the repetition of the few and simple words, which seemed the breathings of a constant heart. Every

thing conspired to bring back the recollection of those days; the dreams of his boyhood revived with full force, and the intervening lapse of years was forgotten. He remained some time leaning his head on his hand, giving way to the tide of recollections which brought back the ‘greenest spot’ in ‘memory’s waste.’ At length, forgetting the present, he softly uttered the name of ‘Ines,’—almost fancying her light form beside him.

‘Do you still remember Ines?’ said Elizabeth.

He looked at her with astonishment. ‘You will be surprised,’ continued she, ‘to find I was once acquainted with Ines—and knew all the secrets of her heart.’

‘Can it be possible!’ exclaimed Francis, more and more surprised—‘Oh tell me of her, where I can find her; I was even now on the point of seeking her.’

‘For what purpose would you seek her?’ asked Elizabeth.

‘To ascertain,’ he replied, ‘if she still remembered him, who once awakened an interest in her heart.’

‘And if she has preserved her faith entire for these long, long years, what return have you to offer?’ said Elizabeth,—‘what reparation can you make to her, who gave you all her youthful heart—to her, whom you condemned, first to a long period of hope deferred—then to the certainty of slighted affections. If your return is a suggestion of duty, she will not accept it. You can now offer her only the affections of a heart once inconstant, which chose another—and the freshness of whose feelings are buried in the grave. I know her too well; she will not appreciate the offering.’

‘Elizabeth,’ said Francis, ‘no other ever aroused the feelings once awakened by Ines—though I had endeavored to forget her, when I thought an eternal barrier was between us, yet Rosina was not one to fill her place.’

‘It was then,’ said Elizabeth, with a slight expression of scorn on her beautiful lips ‘for interest, for worldly motives, you deserted Ines—Oh! worse than all.’

‘Hear me, Elizabeth,’ said Francis, ‘and allow me to relate to you how weakly I have suffered myself to be the creature of circumstances, and influenced by others—and tell me if Ines can forgive me the unhappiness I have caused her.’ He then faithfully related all—and whilst she listened, her heart impelled her to forgive and excuse him. Her feelings softened towards him, and the coldness of her manner vanished.

‘If you should succeed in once more meeting Ines,’ said Elizabeth, ‘you must not expect to find her unchanged; many years have past, and she is no longer the little enthusiast you once knew. The bitterness of blighted affection—the misery of misplaced

attachment—the awakening from a dream where all was bright and beautiful, to a world where, at first, all seemed chaos and desolation, have wrought a change in her character, as time has done in her person. I will not dwell upon the misery which she once felt;—God was her refuge, and granted her a peaceful calm. She is now content. You imagine her still in those scenes where first you met; but her father claimed her—brought her into the world; she has traveled much—seen much, since you parted with her.'

A suspicion of the truth suddenly dawned upon Francis, as he listened to Elizabeth;—the tone of her voice, the agitation of her manner, all confirmed it.—'I see her now—Ines is before me—my own Ines!' said he, as he clasped her to his heart.

We will not dwell upon the happiness of Francis; he felt it was more than he deserved, when Elizabeth confirmed his suspicion, and forgave him all the suffering he had inflicted on Ines.

A long and interesting discussion ensued; all that had occurred since their separation was related and explained. Elizabeth informed Francis, that her father had married a Spanish girl, with whom he lived very unhappily. She died, leaving Ines, an infant—but the bitter feelings occasioned by his wife, were visited on his child. He thought he had sufficiently provided for Ines, by placing her under the care of Madame ——. When the latter died, and Spain became convulsed by revolution, he felt himself obliged to send for his daughter, to reside with him; and had since become greatly attached to her. He could not overcome his aversion to her name, which was that of his wife. He therefore wished her called after his own mother; and the sir-name of Selmore, he had taken since his marriage, in consequence of inheriting an estate.

Francis sought Mr. Selmore to obtain his sanction to his union with Elizabeth. It was granted with reluctance, and not until he learnt her happiness depended on it—for she had become so closely entwined around his heart, he could not bear a separation. He had seen her so often insensible to the addresses of others, he considered her at length all his own, and had not supposed the possibility of parting. 'I have no right,' said he, 'to object to Elizabeth's wishes—she has been all that a daughter could be to me, whilst I deserted her during the tender years of childhood, and the important period of opening youth, when she most needed a parent's watchful care. That she has proved so worthy of my affection, is a blessing to which I feel I am not entitled.'

Francis promised there should be no separation; one home could contain them, and the arrangement was equally agreeable to all.

They were united and Francis found that happiness in domestic life, which, during his first marriage, he thought only existed in a poet's imagination.

Elizabeth, or Ines, as Francis still loved to call her—whose heart had been so long like a garden in winter, where beautiful flowers once bloomed, now blighted by frost and covered with snow—cold, spotless and brilliant: once more, when the genial influence of reciprocated affection, as the warm gales of spring were felt, blossomed with richer, rarer plants. Trials had not been sent to her in vain. They had been the means of turning her to the consolations of religion—the only refuge of the afflicted.

E. S.

From the Portland Advertiser.

Our Quality Cousin.

MARM PEABODY has got a proper sight of relations scattered about, here and there, and some of them hold their heads up pretty high in the world. There is Mrs. Gibbins of Portland, and her husband is one of the first gentlemen in the place, for he is a merchant and lives in a fine house and has made a glorious spec in the lands, down east.

She paid us a visit last summer, and liked us so well that she staid a fortnight; and I don't know how much longer she would have staid, if it hadn't been for a northeast storm that come up and drove her away. She is a sort of cousin in a roundabout way, of Marm Peabody's, being akin to the Smiths and Jordans up about Uinbagog. And they are cousins enough to come three miles out of their way every time they go to market to Portland, just to see how we do and put up with us all night, bag and baggage.

Well, no matter how she come by it, Mrs. Gibbins, is Marm's cousin, and so by that means cousin to the whole family—and that aint all—she is one of your first chop ladies. There's no mistake at all about it; she is the top of the pot in Portland; real superfine upper crust; and up to all manner of gentility. I tell ye what we had to mind our p's and q's when she first come here, or we should have disgraced ourselves directly. Hannah, my wife, was scart out of a year's growth at the first sight of her, all dressed out in silks and satins; and shirt sleeves as big as meal bags. It was something just about a hair finer than she ever see before. And even I was put up to all I knew to get along through the ceremonies on the grand occasion. But I am an old hand at your compliments, and I give her some samples that she didn't expect to see.

Good Lordy! just to see me at the table setting up so prim, and mincing and taking small mouthfuls. Hannah was ready to split, and had to look t'other way to save laughing right out. She declares I took two bites at

a bean. But I minded well what I was about, and didn't make a single slip. Catch me wiping my chops upon the table cloth, or picking my teeth with a fork, in such company. Then such apologizing and politeness, and poking the victuals at her! Hannah says if she didn't get enough to eat it wasn't my fault. And whenever the lady said 'Mr. Beedle, I'll trouble you for this thing or that, I always spoke right up with 'O marm, that trouble is a pleasure.'

Finally our cousin had to come and say, that she was surprized to find 'so civilized a being so far up the country.' and she couldn't invent how or where, I had picked up so much politeness, as I had never been to Portland.

Well my lady had hardly been in the house two hours before she began to ask me about the prospects here in the country. O, says I, pretty fair considering. Hay will come in short, owing to the drought in the spring, but the potatoes look well, and corn is going to turn out a grand crop.

'Mr. Beedle,' says she, 'I have heard before that you were a sunny man. I am going to look for myself.' With that she claps on Marm Peabody's old sun bonnet, and out she goes, dragging wife and me after her through the fields. And away she streaked it, through bush and briar, and over fence and stone wall; 'twas neck or nothing, but no whow. And her tongue was running all the time, as fast as her legs every might and grain. Sometimes I understood what she said, and sometimes I didn't. But when I didn't understand, I made out as if I did and she was none the wiser.

'Mr. Beedle,' says she, 'don't you admire the beauties of the country?'

'I used to marm,' says I, 'before I was married; but now you know that wont do at all.'

'O, you are a queer little man, always thinking of the girls. I am speaking of the beauties of nature.'

'O ho, you mean the beauties of nature. Sartin I admire the beauties of nature.'

By and by we got on the top of Bareback hill, and all at once she began to play such antics that I thought she was stung by a bumble bee. 'My stars!' (says she,) what a charming prospect! beautiful, delightful, pictorickstick! Come here, good folks. This is the spot to look from. Isn't that charming.

At this Hannah she stretched her neck and stared all round, without saying a word, for she could make nothing out, and she didn't know how to hide her ignorance. But I blunted right out. 'Ooo! I sniggers!' says I, 'if that dont take the rag off the bush. That bangs every thing. It's equal to cash.'

'I don't see nothing, John,' says Hannah; says she, 'what is it?'

'Why look,' says I, 'can't you see with your eyes?'

'Where where!'

'There there,' says I, and gave a sort of a jibe with my head; for I couldn't point anywhere particular; I had both hands in my pockets but Hannah wouldn't be quiet. 'Shew me what it is John, this minnit,' says she; and so she kept worrying and teasing me, till our cousin spoke up and says she, 'is it possible, Mrs. Beedle, that you have lived here all your life time and never found out the beauties of this spot?' 'Yes,' says I, 'it is possible?'

Hannah now began to get ryled, as I see plain enough. When her under lip begins to curl over downwards, there's no joke in it. But Mrs. Gibbins took her by the hand, and spoke so kind and suant, that she soon brought her to reason. And while she was pointing out and shewing her how many hills and hollows and woods and meadows it took to make a prospect, I had a chance to breathe a little. But I hardly had time to think how nicely I had walked over the pole, before the lady burst out again, and this time she fairly screamed; Faith I'd a good will to cut and run for thinks I, I shall never be able to hoe my row through another prospect as long as I live.

But it was nothing after all—great cry and little wool. It was only the sun setting. It come out of a cloud and show'd a great red face about two minnits and then went down behind the White Mountains. And our cousin made as great a towse about it as if heaven and earth were coming together.

However, our cousin is a right down nice clever woman, any how. Hannah got more than one new wrinkle while she staid. She learnt her to sing, and wanted to learn her to play on the pyanny, but hadn't the means. O, she sets every thing by Hannah. But she didn't like our calling one another 'John and Hannah.' Says she, 'you should say my dear and my love.' But the first time we tried to practise dearing and loving, we burst right out a laughing in each other's faces, and there was an end on't. Says marm, says she, 'they'll never swallow that no how. It won't go down.'

When she was going away, she insisted upon it that we must come down to Portland and pay back the visit. She says I shall be a lion when I get there and take the shine off of all the Portland gentlemen. But she was always joking and jesting with me, and I don't know half the time whether she means what she says or no. Any how I mean to let my whiskers grow (I cut them off last spring at sheep shearing,) and see what will turn up next winter, when sleighing time comes round. Who knows?

Death of Mallesherbes.

The Frenchman's story is one of thrilling interest, and admirably told. It is of the Revolution and its horrors. One passage will speak for the rest. The scene is the *Place de Greve*, where the guillotine was erected in permanence, with a *wagon load* of human beings about to be massacred:

Among these, the most remarkable was a venerable old man, whose bent figure, thin white hair, high wrinkled forehead, and withered complexion, bespoke the extremity of age, yet his manner was firm, and he never forgot for a moment the calm propriety of his demeanor. By his side stood a woman, now no longer young, but retaining much of the beauty and all the dignified elegance of earlier days. She stood erect, and supported, without effort, the arm of the old man, who leaned heavily on hers. The other hand rested on the neck of a fair girl, a mere child, not apparently more than ten years old, whose tear-swollen eyes were fixed on her mother's face with the sad and touching melancholy of childish grief. They spoke not much together; once as the wagon stopped near where I stood, I heard the old man murmur some words of patience and encouragement to his companion; and as he spoke she turned her eyes towards the child; she gazed on that fair young face, and all a mother's love beamed in her eye.

The trial was almost too great for her; her lip quivered; her face grew more deadly pale; but in a moment, by a strong effort, she banished from her look every appearance of weakness. She raised her eyes to heaven: her lips moved, and then as if a prayer for fortitude had been instantly answered, she turned a bright and smiling look on the little innocent; smoothed back the curling hair that clustered around her lovely forehead, and the mother imprinted one long kiss on the brow of her child.—The wagon passed on, and I inquired the name of the victims whose appearance had so strongly interested me. It was Mallesherbes, the honest and able minister, the undaunted advocate, the kind and true friend of Louis Capet; accompanied by his daughter, the Marchioness of Rocambo, and her child, he was about to die on the scaffold. But the child? Surely they will not murder the child? And why not? The old man's crime was his innocence and purity of character; how then could the child escape?

The wagon was drawn up beside the guillotine, and all was soon ready for the first execution. Mallesherbes stood nearest the steps, and he was about to descend, when a savage voice cried out 'The child first!' The old man would have remonstrated, but his daughter checked him. 'Tis but a moment my father,' said she 'tis but a moment;' she raised the child in her arms, and herself

handed it to the executioner. The little creature, frightened by the savage looks of the man screamed out, 'Don't leave me mother, come with me, don't leave me.' 'I will not leave you, my child, *I will be with you in a moment.*' The child was pacified, and the mother turned towards the aged parent, and buried her face in his neck, he too bent forward till his white hair flowed over her shoulders. Thus they saw nothing, yet they were so near they must have heard the jerk of the string that loosened the ponderous axe, its clatter as it fell. A strong shudler shook the frame of the mother, but when the executioner called out, 'Now for the woman,' she raised her placid face from her father's neck, looked fondly in his face, kissed his cheek. 'Farewell a brief moment, farewell my father.' She stepped with a light, firm tread from the wagon; mounted the scaffold, and in a moment she was with her child.

Mallesherbes came next, he had summoned all his energies for this last scene in his life's drama, and he played it nobly. Never in the proudest days of his power had the minister looked or moved with a lostier dignity. With a wave of the hand he repulsed the advances of one of the guard, who would have assisted his descent from the wagon. Self-sustained in body and in mind, he advanced slowly to the scaffold, even the fiends who surrounded it were awed, they shrunk back and allowed the old man to place himself unassisted on the platform. They would have bound him, but he gave a forbidding look, it was enough, the executioner retired, the plank was pushed forward, and for a moment the old man must have seen in the basket below, the heads of his children. This additional pang, if it was one, was short, the executioner jerked the string and all was over.

MISCELLANY.

The Door Latch.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A MARRIED MAN.

'Go back and shut the door!' roared I in a voice of thunder.

'How can you, my dear,' said Julia with a supplicating glance, 'speak so *very* loud, when I have just told you that my head is bursting with pain?'

'Because,' said I, 'I can bear it no longer. It is now ten years since we moved into this room, and ten times every day have I been compelled to get up and shut that door one after another. I have talked—and talked—but it is all of no use; the door still stands wide open, and I cannot bear it—No! and I *won't* bear it any longer—I'll sell the house sooner than endure it another week.'

Her tiny white hand was pressed against her throbbing forehead, as I finished the sen-

tence with a glance at her of undissembled sternness, and the mild look of patient suffering and imploring submission with which she returned my angry frown—it cut me to the heart! I could read my own death-warrant at this very hour with less pain than I felt at that moment, as she raised her blue eyes glistening with suppressed tears, and with all the innocence and affection of an expiring saint, begged me in the silent eloquence of nature to spare her whom I had promised to ‘cherish and to love.’

‘I never have seen you troubled,’ said she (uncomplaining spirit! there was no emphasis—no! not the *least*, on the word *troubled*!) ‘I have never seen you troubled at any thing except that door—and gladly would I remedy it, but you know I cannot. Were a very little filed off from the inside of the catch it would shut without difficulty—I should never think of it,’ said she, after a pause, ‘on my account, but it causes *you* so much vexation.’

It was true as she had said, that I felt more anger in consequence of that unfortunate door than all the other untoward events which I had experienced from the time of my marriage. A *heavy loss*—a *sore* disappointment—a *great calamity*, I could endure with composure. The trial required philosophy for its support, and the exercise of philosophy was a gratification to pride.—But a door-latch! What occasion could that give for philosophy? None, and therefore I felt it gall me to the quick! It was, as I observed, so easy, to shut it, with a little care—such a little thing, if only attended to. ‘True?’ whispered Philosophy in my ear, ‘but such a “little thing” to get angry about! such a “little thing” to make you miserable for an hour every day! for shame, Mr. Plowman!’ To tell the truth I began to feel a little ashamed when I recollect how much unhappiness it had caused not only myself—but through me my dearer wife.

‘I declare, my dear!’ said I, ‘that if the door-latch had only been filed ten years ago, it would have saved each of us one year of pain before this time!’

Thomas had brought in a file before my speech was finished, and in a few moments the door shut as easily and firmly as ever door did. I swung it a few times on the binges with an air of triumph and I verily believe that the work of that single moment conferred more happiness on Julia as well as myself, than all the blood-bought triumphs ever yielded to the conqueror.

‘The root of bitterness,’ said I, ‘is removed at last, and I can only wonder at my own stupidity in not thinking of the simple remedy before—but Heaven forgive me! I had entirely forgotten your headache: the sound of the file must have been torture to you.’

She smiled sweetly as she leaned her head on my shoulder, declaring—although her forehead, burnt and the blood was *raging* through her veins, that it was ‘quite cured, since the door shut so easily.’ Uncomplaining, devoted, self sacrificing treasure of my heart! How could I do less than clasp her to my bosom and swear to cherish her with tenfold care, and pray—while I kissed away the tear from her eye—that my own cruel thoughtlessness might never fill its place with another.

Such pleasure was too rare and valuable to be interrupted at the moment of its birth—so I took my arm chair from the corner, and sitting down at the side of Julia, who, while she held my hand, looked me in the face with very much of that expression of innocent delight, which so rarely survives childhood. I pursued my cogitations somewhat in the following order. ‘Life is made up of moments. Our happiness or unhappiness during any one of these moments depends almost invariably upon the mere trifles. If these inmomentary trifles are in the scale of happiness, life is happy. Take care then of trifles, and great events will take care of themselves. (Somewhere about here I began to think aloud!) I lost a grandfather—an amiable, excellent, and most affectionate grandfather—and my grief was great. Nevertheless, I do believe that if the hard-bottomed chair, in which I have sat for the last eight—yes! nine years—if this chair had but been well covered with a good, soft sheepskin—that sheepskin—purchased at the cost of ninepence,—would have saved me from a greater grief than the death of my grandfather!’

‘It is a mortifying reflection,’ said Julia interrupting my soliloquy, ‘and one which at first thought would seem to speak little for your heart—yet a true one perhaps; and yet not more true with you than many others.’

‘And still,’ said I, ‘I am without the sheepskin. Why? Because the pain endured in a single moment is so trifling that if we do not take the trouble to add all the moments together and look at the pain in the aggregate, one would hardly turn his hand upside down to be freed from it.’

‘But why not purchase the sheepskin, now that you have added the moments together?’ said she.

‘After all my reflection I should never have thought of that but for you. But a sheepskin! It will never do! A green velvet cushion may answer instead; and as the old one in your rocking chair seems to be somewhat worn I must even buy a new one for you.’

‘Oh! green velvet by all means!’ said she. ‘It will correspond so well with the carpet and the new hearth rug which you promised me a month since. That was to have green for its border, you know.’

I could not withstand the hint, and brought in the rug with the cushions that evening—and, to one who has ever seen my wife, I need not say that the smile that lit up her face and beamed from her eye was worth the price of a thousand.

Poverty is no Disgrace.

Not many days since we rambled a short distance from the more compact and thickly settled part of the town, both for exercise and to breathe a purer air than can be found amidst a dense population. We saw by the way-side a little urchin, apparently about six or eight years old, busily engaged in picking barberries. His clothes were neat and clean, but patched with many colors. His countenance open, frank, and the emblem of innocence. We stopped a moment to look at and admire the apparent contentment and industry of the little fellow, and while so stopping, a very respectable and fine looking middle aged lady, with a lad of about ten years came up, who like ourselves, were walking to take the morning air. On seeing the little fellow among the barberry bushes, the lad of ten with finer clothes, but a coarser heart, abruptly accosted him with ‘I say, boy, what do you wear your clothes patched up so for?’ With a countenance that bespoke his wounded feelings, he readily replied, ‘I have no father—my mother is poor, with four smaller children than I am, and not able to give me better clothes. I work in the factory most of the time, but the water is low, and I have not work to-day, so I am picking barberries for my mother to buy me a new jacket with.’ A tear coursed down the cheek of the lady, who was not an inattentive spectator of the scene. ‘George, my son,’ said she, ‘is it kind in you thus to address this poor boy, who is not, as you are, blest with an indulgent father to provide him with food and clothes?’ The kind-hearted woman had touched a tender cord, for George was not destitute of tenderness and manly feelings. He burst into tears, and entreated his mother to give the poor boy some of his clothes. The barberries were immediately purchased of the little fellow, for which he received enough to buy him a jacket and trowsers. Nor did the kind-hearted mother of George confine her liberality to the boy with his barberries. The poor boy’s mother has since shared liberally of her munificence, which she ever receives with the utmost gratitude.—*Fall River Monitor.*

Real Heroism.

MADAME DE GENLIS, in one of her interesting works for youth, gives a touching example of the gratitude of a young female servant, who after the death of her mistress, devoted

herself to the accomplishment of a design which that lady had formed, but which death prevented her carrying into execution.

This young person, the offspring of poor parents, had been left an orphan at an early age. Mrs. S. took compassion upon her, received her into her house, and gave her a useful education, so that she was soon capable of becoming her servant. This beneficent lady was far from rich, yet she devoted herself to the improvement of the condition of her poorer neighbors. She formed the plan of founding a school for female children, and began to save, out of her small income, a sum sufficient for its establishment. Whilst occupied with this intention, she was seized with a dangerous illness—she felt that her end was near, and she lamented to her young attendant that the design she had formed must now fail—that she should die—and there would be no school. Her words proved true; she died, and with her, apparently, terminated this fondly cherished plan.

We will not dwell on the grief of the poor young woman thus suddenly deprived of her early friend. Better thoughts than those of lamentation filled her mind and raised it above the consideration of self.

She left the cottage, and entered into a new service, and by the continued practise of the most rigid economy, succeeded, at the end of three years, in acquiring the sum necessary to found the school her mistress had been so anxious to establish. The circumstances here narrated took place in France, where less money was requisite for such an undertaking than would be required in England. Fifty crowns was the sum amassed by this heroic girl, through the means of industry and the practice of self-denial.

She wrote to the clergyman of the village, enclosing her little savings, begging him to carry into execution the wishes of her deceased mistress, with which he had been made acquainted; adding that she should herself have been the bearer of the money, but that she had not sufficient left to defray the expenses of the journey.

The Road to Wealth and Preferment.

A few years ago, and but a very few years, for it is within the recollection of so young a man as the writer of this paragraph, there might have been seen in one of the obscure towns in Western Massachusetts, a sturdy but youthful adventurer, with health and hope in his countenance, and a bundle suspended from the handle of a broad blade, an implement of his craft, over his shoulder, bidding adieu to friends and home, and commencing a journey with a light purse and lighter heart, to seek his fortune. After the lapse of the aforesaid few years, a splendid

pageant is exhibiting in the great commercial metropolis of our country, and the people are doing honor to an individual who, by the aid of strong natural powers, with great industry and probity of character, has won their esteem, nay, their love and confidence, and they are bestowing upon him their highest municipal dignity and honor. Toil, and care and ripening years had each its distinct mark in his manly and cheerful countenance, but they had not so far changed it that an old friend could not discern there the lineaments of that same youthful and obscure New-England adventurer. GIDEON LEE, the Tanner and Currier, is now a candidate for Congress, from the City of New-York.—*Newburgh Telegraph.*

AN EXTRACT.—‘There are some members of a community,’ said the sagacious and witty Thomas Bradbury, ‘that are like a crumb in the throat: if they go the *right way*, they afford but little nourishment; but if they happen to go the *wrong way*, they give a great deal of trouble.’ There are others, it may be added, who have the inclination and ability to do much good, who yet, by their rashness or ill-humor, produce such a fearful proportion of mischief, as to make it at least doubtful whether we are better with or without their exertions. Those are the truly estimable characters in every community, of every scale, who, in doing good, do no evil; who have energy, but whose energy is reined and regulated by discretion.

A STRIKING AND BEAUTIFUL EMBLEM OF IMMORTALITY.—The Greeks sculptured the butterfly upon their tomb-stones—the poetical and philosophical genius of the people seeing in its transformations a type of futurity which they believed, but did not understand. They placed it there as a representative of the soul. The image is beautiful and touching; and Sharon Turner, taking up the same idea, has expressed a belief that the Creator appointed insect transformations to excite the sentiment in the human heart of death being only one step in the path of life.

COMPLIMENT TO A POET.—The beautiful Marguerite d'Escosse, wife of Louis XI. having discovered Alain Chartier, the poet, one day asleep in the King's ante-chamber, bestowed on him a kiss, saying that it was not the *man* she saluted, but the mouth from whence issued so many fine sentiments and so many charming words.

SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY.—During the thunder-storm on Friday the 21st ult. a philosophical cotton-spinner, in Craggvalley, went in high glee to consult his Barometer, when lo! to his great amazement and dismay, he found

the rebellious quicksilver getting up! In a paroxysm of rage and despair, he actually turned the guilty instrument topsy-turvy exclaiming, ‘I am determined we *will* have rain.’

A COMPLIMENT.—Speaking of a division of the English volunteers to Spain, who were lately on the point of being wrecked in their passage to that country, a London paper says—‘No expedition ever yet sailed in which the peril of drowning was less to be apprehended.’

HOSPITALITY.—The late Dr. Thyne, so well known for his love of good eating, called one day to pay a visit to the eccentric Lord R.—He was shown into the dining room, where he found his lordship alone, and engaged in the discussion of an exquisite little dinner. After talking sometime. ‘My lord,’ said the Doctor, (excited by the odor) ‘I think it would be no great stretch of hospitality were your lordship to say, ‘Doctor, pray do as I am doing.’’ Well Doctor,’ said his lordship, ‘pray do as I am doing—go home and eat your own dinner.’

Letters Containing Remittances,
Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting
the amount of Postage paid.

W. A. C. Barton, Vt. \$0.62; W. E. Stafford, N. Y. \$1.00; C. M. Kent, Ct. \$1.00; A. S. Walatfield, Vt. \$2.00; N. M. New-Britain, N. Y. \$1.00; C. E. T. Shoreham, Vt. \$1.00; E. B. K. Galena, Ill. \$5.00; G. W. W. Ann Arbor, M. T. \$3.00; J. C. Whitingham, Vt. \$4.00; J. B. Jericho, Vt. \$1.00; N. W. Canaan & Corners, N. Y. \$1.00; J. P. H. Quaker Hill, N. Y. \$1.00; R. C. Pawtucket, R. I. \$1.50; A. M. M. Potsdam, N. Y. \$1.00; E. S. J. New-York, \$2.00; H. B. Brattleborough, Vt. \$5.00; S. C. Buffalo, N. Y. \$1.00.

SUMMARY.

WHALE SHIPS SPOKEN.—The bark Washington, Clark, 1004th of May; bark Huron, Lawrence, 100030th of April. **IMPORTANT INVENTION.**—Mr. J. C. F. Salomon, of Philadelphia, has just invented and patented a safety boiler, which it is said will resist almost any pressure. We await further details, understanding that it is to be tried in a few days.

CANADARIE AND CATSKILL RAIL ROAD.—The surveys have been completed and contracts will soon be offered. Our canal tolls from April 15th to Oct. 31st, amount to \$1,354,000.

Theodore S. Fay, Esq. one of the Editors of the New-York Mirror, arrived in this city yesterday from London. On the day that Mr. Fay sailed, N. P. Willis, Esq. the junior Editor of the Mirror, was married, and we are happy to add to a young lady of fortune.—*N. Y. Eve. Star.*



MARRIED,

In this city, on the 18th inst. at Christ Church, by the Rev. Isaac Pardee, Thomas R. Newbold, Esq. of Philadelphia, to Julia Sarah, daughter of James Fleming.

At Kingston, on the 12th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Borgardus, Mr. Thomas G. Luyc of this city, to Mrs. Maria Elmendorf, of the former place.

At Stuyvesant, on the 11th inst. by the Rev. A. N. Kittle, Mr. Abraham Van Allen, to Mrs. Catharine, widow of the late Garret Van Slyck, of Coxsackie.

At Stockport, on the 16th inst. by H. N. Dryer, Esq. Mr. William Barker, of Poughkeepsie, to Miss Abigail Raymond, of the former place.

DIED.

At Kinderhook, on the 12th inst. William Manton in the 56th year of his age.

In New-York, on the 17th inst. Mrs. Sally B. Pickering, wife of the Rev. David Pickering, recently of Providence, R. I.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

November.

Loud Boreas sweeps across the plain,
Proclaiming wild November's reign;
While Nature wears a sullen mein,
And not a charm
O'er all her visage wan is seen,
The breast to warm.

The hills and dales no longer bloom,
To shed around their sweet perfume,
But fields and forests all assume
An aspect drear;
And Winter dread is coming soon,
To close the year.

But though all round looks dark and drear,
And not an object doth appear
On Nature's phiz the heart to cheer,
Yet let us raise
Our voice to Him who rules the year,
And chant His praise.

For He it is that makes the rain
Descend in showers upon the plain;
'Tis He that bids the earth its grain
In season bear,
And His blest, heavenly seat to gain
Let us prepare. RURAL BARD.

From the Tioga Phoenix.

Reply to—"Where shall I meet thee?"

BY MISS MARY EMILY JACKSON.

Not at the festive hall,
Not by the flaming board,
Not where bright glances fall,
And the red wine is poured;
Not where the dancers meet,
Thou shalt not find me here,
This is no time to greet
Friends who are dear.

But where the fires of home
Shine on a quiet hearth,
Where no rude voices come
With their wild sounds of mirth:
There, through the lapse of years,
Dreaming in thought profound,
Smiling, perhaps, through tears
Shall I be found.

From the Token and Atlantic Souvenir.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

THERE lay upon its mother's knee,
In love supremely blest,
An infant fair and full of glee,
Caressing and caret—
While syren Hope, with gladness wild,
And eye cerulean blue,
Bent sweetly down to kiss the child,
And kissed the mother too.

Then Memory came with serious mein,
And looking back the while,
Cast such a shadow o'er the scene,
As dimmed Affection's smile,
For still to Fancy's brightest hour,
She gave a hue of care,

And bitter odors tinged the flowers,
That wreathed her sunny hair.
But in the youthful mother's soul,
Each cloud of gloom is brief,
Too pure her raptured feelings roll
To take the tint of grief,
Firm Faith around her idol boy,
A radiant mantle threw,
And claimed for him a higher joy
Than Hope or Memory knew.

'Not quite yet, Sister.'

Not quite yet, sister, no not quite yet,
Thy finger on my eye;
It hath a shadowy light yet,
Tho' soon that light may die.

Not quite yet—for the pulse is beating,
Tho' feeble—feeble now,
And soon the flood of life, retreating,
To the chilled heart may go.

Not quite yet—tho' the cords are breaking
Which have the soul confined,
And, almost now, its flight is taking
The disengumbered mind.

Not quite yet—tho' the deeds recorded
These wasted hands have done,
Are now sealed up, to be rewarded
By the unerring One.

Not quite yet—tho' I seem to hear them,
The voices of the blest,
And, sister, soon I may be near them
From all this pain at rest.

A little, yet a while I linger
Thus hoping for the skies—
Now sister, now thy blessed finger
Upon my dying eyes.

The Nun.

BY EMMA C. MANLY.

SHE was very fair,
And intellect had poured its richest light
Upon her nature; but alas for her!
She had a woman's heart, and love too soon
Twined his light fetters round her spirit's wing,
Binding it down to earth. Her life had been
Like a calm summer day, and she had dreamed
Its hours away 'mid those sweet fantasies
That youthful feeling loves. No threatening cloud
Had darkened her pure heaven of sinless thought.
She looked on all things with the loving eye
Of happy innocence, and her sweet voice
Was like the carol of young birds in spring—
The echo of a glad and joyous heart,
Alas! alas! that grief should enter here!
But never yet was gentle woman led
By intellect to happiness. The light
Of genius serves but to illumine the waste
Of blighted hope, and she who rashly fans
The sacred flame, like the poor Hindoo wife,
Lights her own funeral pyre. Ay, Aline loved
As the heart loves in youth—as women love
In every season. Genius, beauty, all
That man can prize, or woman boast, were given
As offerings to one deity. She lived
But in his presence. Absence was to her
The soul's deep midnight; for he was the sun
Of her bright world of dreams, and her young heart,
Like Memnon's harp, beneath his eyes alone,
Gave out its hidden music. It was deep,
Intense devotion, pure as infancy.
Yet strong as death which dwelt within her breast.

A life of tenderness would scarce repay
Such self-forgetting love. But ah! the lot
Of woman was upon her, and she met
A woman's recompense.

The time had come

For their first parting now, and days passed on;
Yet bright anticipations filled her heart,
And she was happy. But long weeks and months
Rolled by, and yet he came not. Then the rose
Faded from Aline's cheek; yet she was calm,
And, though her lip grew paler, it still wore
Its quiet smile; but oh! what eye could trace
The daily withering of her heart, the slow
Protracted martyrdom of hope? At length
They told her he was married! No reproach
Broke from her lips, but meekly, like a flower,
She sunk beneath the blow. The heavy hand
Of sickness fell upon her, and she prayed,
But death came not; and when the healthful flow
Of life's pure current came again, she turned
From all her former joys, and found her home
Within a convent's walls.

When I first saw her, five long years had past,
And peace again dwelt in her heart. Her cheek
Was pale as marble, and her features were
The settled calmness of a spirit schooled
By early suffering. The fierce storm had past,
But left its trace of desolation. Time
Had done his kindly work, and she could smile
Again with cheerfulness; but when she spoke
Of earlier days, a soft and dewy light
Shone in her dove-like eyes, as if a tear
Had burst from its sealed fountain.

The Infant's Evening Prayer.

BY MRS. ABBY.

THE day is over, my frolic child!
Thou hast left thy sports of glee;
With looks composed, and with accents mild,
Thou hast sunk on thy bended knee;
And the moonbeams play on thy hazel eye,
And shine on thy flaxen hair,
While thy voice is raised to the Power on high,
In a simple Evening Prayer.

Few are thy words, my gentle boy,
Thou art but of infant years,
Thou canst not tell of the world's vain joy,
Its temptations, toils, and years;
But thou still canst ask from the Lord above,
His protecting grace and care;
And each earthly friend who has won thy love,
Is named in thy Evening Prayer.

Ere thy lips could a lengthened sentence frame,
Or utter a perfect tone,
We taught thee to lisp thy Maker's name,
And bow at his heavenly throne;
We bade thee gaze on the bright blue skies,
And told thee his home was there,
And he will not the simple words despise
Of our infant's Evening Prayer.

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VOL. XII.—[III. NEW SERIES.]

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1835.

NO. 14.

SUBJECT TALES.

From the Token and Atlantic Souvenir for 1836.

New Year's Day.

BY MISS SEDGWICK.

'I WISH I could find a solution for one mystery,' said Mary Moore, to her mother, as during the last hour of the last night of 1834 they sat together, not over the inspiring embers of a nutwood fire, as in good old times, but within the circumambient atmosphere of a grate glowing with Schuylkill coals.

'Is there but one mystery in life, that puzzles you, Mary?' asked her mother.

'One more than all others, and that is, why Lizzy Percival is so tormented!'

'Lizzy tormented? She seems to me to be the happiest girl of all our acquaintance.'

'Mother! did she not begin with the greatest of all earthly plagues,—a step mother.'

'A step mother, my dear child, is not of course a plague.'

'But Lizzy's was, you know, mother!'

'A plague to herself, undoubtedly, but the greatest of all blessings to Lizzy.'

'A blessing to Lizzy! what do you mean, mother!'

'I mean that the trials of Lizzy's childhood and youth, developed and strengthened her virtues. Lizzy's matchless sweetness of temper was acquired, or at least perfected, by the continued discipline which it required to endure patiently the exactions and indolence of her step mother. In short, Mary, Lizzy has been made far better by her relation with her step mother. She has overcome evil, and not been overcome by it. I wish, my dear Mary, that you could realize that it is not the circumstances in which we are placed, but the temper in which we meet them; the fruit we reap from them, that makes them either fortunate or unfortunate for us.'

'Well mother I suppose if I was as old, and as wise, and above all as good as you are, I should think as you do, but in the mean time, (an endless mean time) I must account such a step mother as Lizzy Perci-

val's the first and chiefest of all miseries.—And then, when it pleased kind heaven to reward Lizzy's virtue by the removal of this gracious lady, you know, she left behind her half a dozen little pledges, to whom poor Lizzy has been obliged to devote and sacrifice herself.'

'And this devotion and self-sacrifice has made her the exemplary and lovely creature she is. Her youth, instead of being wasted in frivolity, has been most profitably employed. Duty is now happiness to her, and she is rewarded a thousand fold for all her exertions, by the improvement of her character, and the devoted love of her little brothers and sisters.'

'Well, mother, you are very ingenious, but I think it will puzzle you to prove, that there is more profit than loss to Lizzy in being thwarted in her affections. Never was there a truer, a deeper, or better merited love than Lizzy's for Harry Stuart; never any thing more unreasonable, nor more obstinate than Mr. Percival's opposition to their engagement, and if I were Lizzy—she hesitated, and her mother finished the sentence.

'You would take the matter into your own hands!'

'I do not say that; but I would not submit implicitly, as she does, toiling on and on for that regimen of children, and trying while she is sacrificing her happiness to appear perfectly cheerful, and what provokes me more than all, being so the greater part of the time in spite of every thing!'

'Ah, Mary, a kind disposition, a gentle temper, an approving conscience, an occupation for every moment of a most useful life, must make Lizzy happy even though the current of true love does not run smooth.'

'But Lizzy does flag, sometimes; I have seen her very sad.'

'For any length of time?'

'Oh, no! because she has always something or other to do.'

'True, Mary, 'tis your idlers who make the most of misery, and create it when it is not ready made to their hands. Lizzy will

finally have the reward of her virtue; her father will relent.'

'Never—never, mother. You hope against hope. Mr. Percival is as proud and obstinate as all the Montagues and Capulets together. He is one of the infallibles. He prides himself on never changing a resolve, nor even an opinion; on never unsaying what he has once said, and you know he not only said, but swore, and that in Lizzy's presence too, that, she should never marry a son of Gilbert Stuart.'

'Yes, I know. But continual dropping wears the rock, and the sun, if it were to shine long enough, would melt polar ice.—Mr. Percival's heart may be hardened by self will, but he cannot forever resist the continual unintermitting influence of such goodness as Lizzy's. He is not naturally hard hearted. His heart is soft enough if you can penetrate the crust of pride that overlays it.'

'Oh mother, you mistake, it is all crust.'

'No, Mary, the human heart is mingled of many elements, and not, as young people think, formed of a single one, good or evil.'

The scene changes to Mr. Percival's house. The clock is on the stroke of twelve. A lovely creature, not looking the victim of sentiment, but with a clear serene brow, her eye, not 'blue and sunken,' but full, bright, and hazel, and lips and cheeks glowing like Hebe's, is busied with a single handmaid, preparing New Year's Gifts for a bevy of children. Lizzy Percival's maid Madeline, a German girl, had persuaded her young mistress to arrange the gifts after the fashion of her *father land*, and accordingly a fine tree of respectable growth had been purchased in market, and though when it entered the house it looked much like the theatrical presentation of 'Birman Woods coming to Dunsinane,' the mistress and maid had contrived, with infinite ingenuity, to elude the eyes of the young Arguses, and to plant it in the library, which adjoined the drawing-room, without its being seen by one of them.

Never did Christmas tree bear more multifarious fruit—for St. Nicholas, that most benign of all the Saints of the calendar, had

through the hands of many a ministering priest and priestess, showered his gifts.—The sturdiest branch drooped with its burden of books, chess men, puzzles, etc. for Julius, a stripling of thirteen. Dolls, birds, beasts, and boxes, were hung on the lesser limbs. A regiment of soldiers had alighted on one bough, and Noah's ark was anchored to another, and to all the slender branches were attached cherries, plumbs, strawberries, and peaches, as tempting and at least as sweet as the fruits of paradise.

Nothing remained to be done, but to label each bough. Miss Percival was writing the names, and Madeline walking round and round the tree, her mind, as the smile on her lip and the tear in her eye indicated, divided between the present pleasure and the recollection of by-gone festivals in the land of her home, when both were startled by the ringing of the door-bell.

'It is very late,' said Miss Percival, with a look at Madeline which expressed, it is very odd that any one should ring at this hour. 'Close the blinds, Madeline,' she added, for the first time observing they were open. The ring was repeated, and as at first very gently.

'Whoever it is, is afraid of being heard,' said Madeline, 'but,' bristling up with a coward show of courage, 'there's nothing to fear, Miss Lizzy,' she added, 'and if you'll just come with me into the entry, I'll find out before I open the door who it is.'

'You hold the lamp Madeline, and I will open the door,' replied Lizzy, who had a good deal more moral courage than her domestic.

'Oh no, that would shame me too much, dear Miss Lizzy.'

'But I am not afraid Madeline;' so giving Madeline the lamp she sprung forward, and with her hand on the bolt, asked in a tone that might have converted an enemy into a friend, 'who is there?' A voice low, anxious and thrilling, answered, 'Lizzy.'

Now indeed her cheek paled and her hand trembled, and Madeline, naturally inferring that these signals betokened fear, said, 'shall I scream for your father?'

'O, no, no, not for the world; stand back, wait one moment,' and while she hesitated whether she might turn the bolt, an earnest, irresistible entreaty from without prevailed. 'For Heaven's sake open the door, Lizzy, I will not enter, I will not even speak to you.' The bolt was turned, and Lizzy said, with the frankness which characterized her, 'if I might ask you in, you know I would Harry.' Stuart seized her hand, and slipped into it a note, and impressed with his lips the thanks that, true to the letter of his promise, he dared not speak, and then hastily retreated, and the door was re-closed.

'It was Mr. Stuart, Madeline.'

'Yes, Miss Lizzy, I saw it was, but I promise you I shall not tell—'

'No, do not, Madeline, for I shall tell papa, who is the only person who has a right to know.'

'You are quite different from other young ladies,' said Madeline, with an expression of honest wonder. But not entirely different was Lizzy, for she forgot to finish the little that remained undone, and hastily dismissing Madeline, she hurried to her apartment, and opened the twisted note Stuart had given her. It enveloped a ring, and contained the following in pencil: 'Dearest Lizzy, I have been walking before your window for the last hour, watching your kind preparations for those who are every day blessed with the brightest and softest of all lights—the light of your countenance. Your very happy face has made me sad; for my selfish thoughts tell me this happiness is quite independent of me. Shame, shame to me! There is my Lizzy, I have said, giving gifts and receiving them, making others happy, and made happy herself, and bestowing no thought on me! I have wrapped up this little ring, on which is enamelled a forget-me-not, and bade it speak to your heart the cravings of mine.'

'Forget me not, dear Lizzy! The ring is indeed too true an emblem of the endless circle of my sorrows. No beam of light is there in the parting,—none in the dawning year for me!'

Lizzy read and re-read the note—very like all lovers' notes—but as she thought, peculiar, and most peculiarly heart-breaking.—The ring she put on her finger, and went to bed holding it in the palm of her other hand, and before morning she had dreamed out a very pretty romance with a right pleasant and fitting conclusion. The morning came, New Year's morning, with its early greeting, its pleasant bustle, its noisy joys, and to Lizzy its cares; for there is no play day in the calendar of an American mistress of a family, be she old or young. Lizzy, the *genius loci*, was the dispenser general of the bounties of the season. The children waked her at dawn with their kisses and cries of Happy New Year, sister; the servants besieged the door with their earnest taps, and their heart-felt good wishes, and each received a gift and a kind word to grace it.

After breakfast the library door was opened, and the land of promise revealed to the little expectants. Then what exclamations of surprise! What bursts of joy, and what a rush as each sprang forward to pluck his own fruit from the laden tree! Each, we said, but little Ella, the youngling of the flock, clung to Lizzy, and leading her to the extremity of the room, uncovered a basket, containing various souvenirs, saying, 'papa

said we might all *div* something to the one we loved best, and so we *dived* this to you, sister.'

And now in the happy group around the tree was apparent the blossoming of that fruit which the sister had planted and matured in their hearts. 'Thank you, sister,' said Julius, taking from his branch a nice book, filled with copies for him to draw after; 'how much pains you must have taken to do this for me! how much time and trouble you have spent upon it; I hope I shall never feel tired of doing any thing for you.'

'O, sister Lizzy,' exclaimed little Sue, 'I did not know when I spilt all your beads that you was knitting this bag for me: but you was so good natured that I was sorry as ever I could be.'

'Sister, sister, did you paint these soldiers?' cried Hal; 'kiss me, you are the best sister that ever lived!'

'O Anne, your doll is dressed just like mine; sister has even worked their pocket handkerchiefs. But you have a paint box, I am glad of that!'

'And you have an embroidered apron and I am glad of that; oh papa, does not sister do every thing for us!'

'She does, my dear children,' said Mr. Percival, who though not of the melting order, was affected even to tears by this little house scene. 'Come here to me, Lizzy,' he said, drawing her aside and putting his arm around her, 'tell me, my dear good child, what I shall give you?'

Lizzy held her blushing face for a moment on her father's bosom, and then courageously drawing back her head and raising her hand, and pointing to her ring, she replied, 'give me leave, sir, to wear this gift from Harry Stuart?'

Mr. Percival's brow clouded, 'how is this Lizzy? did I not command you long ago to dismiss him from your thoughts?'

'Yes papa, but I could not obey you.'

'Nonsense, nonsense, Lizzy.'

'I tried sir, indeed I did, but the more I tried the more I could not.'

'And so by way of aiding your efforts you wish to keep this gewgaw with a forget-me-not engraved on it?'

'With your leave, sir, I would wear it. It will make no difference, papa. Harry has engraved the forget-me-not on my heart.—There it is cut in, as the engravers say.'

Lizzy's frankness and perseverance astonished her father, there was something kindred to his own spirit in it. He felt it to be so, and this it was perhaps, that mitigated his displeasure as he paced the room, his hands behind him, as was his wont, when perplexed. 'I must not be fooled out of my resolution,' he thought, 'it was very presuming of Harry Stuart to give this ring to

Lizzy when he knows my determination is invincible.' He turned to claim the ring, when Madeline, who a few minutes before entered with a little packet directed to him, caught his eye. He opened it, and found it contained a pair of slippers, Lizzy's new year's gift to him, beautifully wrought by her own hands. This was not all, there were several pairs of fine woollen hose she had knit for him, in her intervals of leisure.—They were just such as he liked, just such as he could not buy, just such as nobody but Lizzy could knit, at least so he thought, and thanking and kissing her, he said, 'Well, Lizzy, wear the ring to-day, and after that—'

'I may still wear it, papa?'

'I'll consider of it my child.'

'C'est le prenier pas qui coute!' thought Lizzy, and with a light heart and joyous face, she bounded away to perform her next duty. Lizzy's duties were so blended with pleasure, that she no more separated them, than the naked eye separates the twisted ray of light.

[Concluded in our next.]

The Three Advices.

AN IRISH TALE.

THE stories current among the Irish peasantry are not very remarkable for the inculcation of any moral lesson, although numberless are the legends related of pious and 'good people,' the saints and fairies. The following tale of the Three Advices is the only one of a moral character which I remember to have heard. It was told to me by a professional story-teller, whose diction I have endeavored to preserve, although his *soubriquet* of 'Paddreen Trelah' or Paddy, the Vagabond, from his wandering life, was not a particularly appropriate title for a moralist. The tale is certainly very ancient, and has probably found its way into Ireland from Wales, as it appears to be an amplification of a Bardic 'Traid of Wisdom.'

There once came, what of late has happened so often in Ireland, a hard year. When the crops failed, there was beggary and misfortune from one end of the island to the other. At that time many poor people had to quit the country from want of employment, and through the high price of provisions. Among others, John Carson was under the necessity of going over to England, to try if he could get work; and of leaving his wife and family behind him, begging for a bite and a sup up and down, and trusting to the charity of good Christians.

John was a smart young fellow, handy at any work, from the hay field to the stable, and willing to earn the bread he ate; and he was soon engaged by a gentleman. The English are mighty strict upon Irish servants; he was to have twelve guineas a year wages, but the

money was not to be paid until the end of the year, and he was to forfeit the entire twelve guineas in the lump, if he misconducted himself in any way within the twelve months. John Carson was to be sure upon his best behavior, and conducted himself in every particular so well for the whole time, there was no faulting him late or early, and the wages were fairly his.

The term of his agreement being expired, he determined on returning home, notwithstanding his master, who had a great regard for him, pressed him to remain, and asked him if he had any reason to be dissatisfied with his treatment.

'No reason in life, sir,' said John; 'you've been a good master and a kind master to me; the Lord spare you over your family: but I left a wife and two small children of my own at home, after me in Ireland, and your honor would never wish to keep me from them entirely. The wife and the children.'

'Well, John,' said the gentleman, 'you have earned your twelve guineas, and you have been, in every respect, so good a servant, that, if you are agreeable, I intend giving you what is worth the twelve guineas ten times over, in place of your wages. But you shall have your choice—will you take what I offer, on my word?'

John saw no reason to think that his master was jesting with him, or was insincere in making the offer; and, therefore, after a slight consideration, told him that he agreed to take for his wages whatever he would advise, whether it was the twelve guineas or not.

'Then listen attentively to my words,' said the gentleman.

'First—I would teach you this—Never to take a bye road when you have the highway.'

'Secondly—take heed not to lodge in the house where an old man is married to a young woman.'

'And thirdly—Remember that honesty is the best policy.'

'These are the three advices I would pay you with; and they are in value far beyond any gold; however, here is a guinea for your traveling charges, and two cakes, one of which you must give to your wife, and the other you must not eat yourself until you have done so, and I charge you to be careful of them.'

It was not without some reluctance on the part of John Carson that he was made to accept mere words for wages, or could be persuaded that they were more precious than golden guineas. His faith in his master was, however, so strong, that he at length became satisfied.

John set out for Ireland the next morning early; but he had not proceeded far, before he overtook two pedlars who were traveling

the same way. He entered into conversation with them, and found them a pair of merry fellows, who proved excellent company on the road. Now it happened, towards the end of their day's journey, when they were all tired with walking, that they came to a wood, through which there was a path that shortened the distance to the town they were going towards, by two miles. The pedlars advised John to go with them through the wood; but he refused to leave the highway, telling them, at the same time, he would meet them again at a certain house in the town where travelers put up. John was willing to try the worth of the advice which his master had given him, and he arrived in safety, and took up his quarters at the appointed place. While he was eating his supper, an old man came hobbling into the kitchen, and gave orders about different matters there, and then went out again. John would have taken no particular notice of this, but immediately after, a young woman, young enough to be the old man's daughter, came in, and gave orders exactly the contrary of what the old man had given, calling him, at the same time, such as old fool, and old dotard, and so on.

When she was gone, John inquired who the old man was. 'He is the landlord,' said the servant; 'and, Heaven help him! a dog's life has he led since he married his last wife.'

'What,' said John, with surprise, 'is that young woman the landlord's wife? I see I must not remain in this house to-night;' and, tired as he was, he got up to leave it, but went no further than the door before he met the two pedlars, all cut and bleeding, coming in, for they had been robbed and almost murdered in the wood. John was very sorry to see them in that condition, and advised them not to lodge in the house, telling them, with a significant nod that all was not right there; but the poor pedlars were so weary and so bruised, that they would stop where they were, and disregarded the advice.

Rather than remain in the house, John retired to the stable, and laid himself down upon a bundle of straw, where he slept soundly for some time. About the middle of the night, he heard two persons come into the stable, and on listening to their conversation, discovered that it was the landlady and a man, laying a plan how to murder her husband. In the morning John renewed his journey; but at the next town he came to, he was told that the landlord in the town he had left had been murdered and that two pedlars, whose clothes were found all covered with blood, had been taken up for the crime, and were going to be hanged. John, without mentioning what he had overheard to any person, determined to save the pedlars if

possible, and so returned, in order to attend their trial.

'On going into the court, he saw the two men at bar, and the young woman and the man whose voice he had heard in the stable, swearing their innocent lives away. But the judge allowed him to give his evidence, and he told every particular of what had occurred. The man and the young woman instantly confessed their guilt; the poor pedlars were at once acquitted; and the judge ordered a large reward to be paid to John Carson, as through his means the real murderers were brought to justice.

John proceeded towards home, fully convinced of the value of two of the advices which his master had given him. On arriving at his cabin he found his wife and children rejoicing over a purse of gold, which the eldest boy had picked up on the road that morning. Whilst he was away they had endured all the miseries which the wretched families of those who go over to seek work in England are exposed to. With precarious food, without a bed to lie down on, or a roof to shelter them, they had wandered through the country, seeking food from door to door of a starving population; and when a single potatoe was bestowed, showering down blessings and thanks on the giver, not in the set phrases of the mendicant, but in the burst of eloquence too servid not to gush direct from the heart. Those only who have seen a family of such beggars as I describe, can fancy the joy with which the poor woman welcomed her husband back, and informed him of the purse full of gold.

'And where did Mack my boy, find it,' inquired John Carson.

'It was the young squire, for certain, who dropped it,' said his wife; 'for he rode down the road this morning, and was leaping his horse in the very gap where Micky picked it up; but sure, John, he has money enough besides, and never the half-penny have I to buy my poor childer a bit to eat this blessed night.'

'Never mind that,' said John; 'do as I bid you, and take up the purse at once to the big house, and ask for the young squire. I have two cakes which I brought every step of the way with me from England, and they will do for the children's supper. I ought surely to remember, as good right I have, what my master told me for my twelve months' wages, seeing I never, as yet, found what he said to be wrong.'

'And what did he say,' inquired the wife.

'That honesty is the best policy,' answered John.

'Tis very well; and 'tis mighty easy for them to say so that have never been sore tempted, by distress and famine, to say otherwise, but your bidding is enough for me, John.'

Straightway she went to the big house, and inquired for the young squire; but she was denied the liberty to speak to him.

'You must tell me your business, honest woman,' said the servant, with a head all powdered and frizzled like a cauliflower, and who had on a coat covered with gold and silver lace and buttons, and every thing in the world.

'If you knew but all,' said she, 'I am an honest woman, for I've brought a purse full of gold to the young master; for surely it is his; as no body else could have so much money.'

'Let me see it,' said the servant. 'Ay, its all right—I'll take care of it—you need not trouble yourself any more about the matter;' and so saying, he slapped the door in her face. When she returned, her husband produced the two cakes which his master gave him on parting; and breaking one to divide between his children, how was he astonished to find six guineas in it; and when he took the other and broke it, he found as many more. He then remembered the words of his generous master, who desired him to give one of the cakes to his wife, and not to eat the other himself until that time; and this was the way his master took to conceal his wages, lest he should have been robbed, or have lost the money on the road.

The following day, as John was standing near his cabin door, and turning over in his own mind what he should do with his money, the young squire came riding down the road. John pulled off his hat, for he had not forgotten his manners through the means of traveling to foreign parts, and then made so bold as to inquire if his honor had got the purse he lost.

'Why, it is true enough, my good fellow,' said the squire, 'I did lose my purse yesterday, and I hope you were lucky enough to find it; for if that is your cabin, you seem to be very poor, and shall keep it as a reward for your honesty.'

'Then the servant at the big house never gave it to you last night, after taking it from Nance—she's my wife, your honor—and telling her it was all right?'

'Oh, I must look into this business,' said the squire.

'Did you say your wife, my poor man, gave my purse to a servant—to what servant?'

'I can't tell his name rightly,' said John, 'because I don't know it; but never trust Nance's eye again if she can't point him out to your honor, if so your honor is desirous of knowing.'

'Then do you and Nance, as you call her, come up to the hall this evening, and I'll inquire into the matter, I promise you.' And the squire rode off.

John and his wife went up accordingly in the evening, and he gave a small rap with the

big knocker at the great door. The door was opened by a grand servant, who, without hearing what the poor people had to say, exclaimed. 'Oh, go!—go! what business can you have here?' and shut the door.

John's wife burst out a crying—'There,' said she, sobbing as if her heart would break, 'I knew that would be the end of it.'

But John had not been in old England merely to get his twelve guineas packed in two cakes. 'No,' said he, firmly; 'right is right, and I'll see the end of it.' So he sets himself down on the steps of the door, determined not to go until he had seen the young squire, and as it happened, it was not long before he came out.

'I have been expecting you for some time, John,' said he; 'come in and bring your wife in;' and he made them go before him into the house. Immediately he directed all the servants to come up stairs; and such an army of them as there was! It was a real sight to see them.

'Which of you,' said the young squire, without making further words—'which of you all did this honest woman give my purse to?' but there was no answer. 'Well I suppose she must be mistaken, unless she can tell herself.'

John's wife at once pointed her finger towards the head footman; 'there he is,' said she, 'if all the world were in the fore—clergyman, magistrate, judge, jury and all—there he is, and I am ready to take my bible—~~book~~ to him—there he is who told me it was all ~~right~~ when he took the purse, and slammed the door in my face, without as much as thank ye for it.'

The conscious footman turned pale.

'What is this I hear?' said his master. 'If this woman gave you my purse, William, why did you not give it to me?'

The servant stammered out a denial; but his master insisted on his being searched, and the purse was found in his pocket.

'John,' said the gentleman, turning round, 'you shall be no loser by this affair. Here are ten guineas for you; go home now, but I will not forget your wife's honesty.'

Within a month John Carson was settled in a nice slated house, which the squire had furnished and made ready for him. What with his wages, and the reward he got from the judge, and the ten guineas for returning the purse, he was well to do in the world, and was soon able to stock a little farm, where he lived respectably all his days. On his deathbed, he gave his children the very three advices which his master had given him on parting:

Never to take a buy-road when they could follow the highway.

Never to lodge in a house where an old man was married to a young woman.

And, above all, to remember that honesty is the best policy.

BIOGRAPHY.**Captain John Smith.**

JOHN SMITH may justly be ranked among the early distinguished navigators, on the American coasts, from Virginia to L'Acadie, or Nova Scotia; a bold adventurer, and one of the most efficient characters to whose perseverance a colony was planted and sustained at James' River, the first English settlement on this Continent. Captain Smith was born in 1580, and was early distinguished for bold adventure and daring exploits. At an early age, after some romantic incidents evincing a high spirit for enterprise, however hazardous, he sailed up the Mediterranean, and visited Alexandria in Egypt. Thence he coasted the Levant, and assisted in capturing a richly-laden ship belonging to Venice. He traveled through Italy, and thence into the dominions of the Archduke of Austria. There was then, as often since that period, a war between the Turks and Austrians, and Smith engaged, as a volunteer, in the service of the latter. His conduct for activity was such that he was made commander of a troop of horse, consisting of two hundred. He encountered several Turks, in single combat, on a challenge from each of them, and was victorious in every instance.

On his return to England, he met with Gosnold about the year 1606, who had before visited the coasts of Northern Virginia, (or New England, as afterwards called,) and was persuaded by him to join a company for a settlement on James' River. He was accused, with what justice we know not, of intending to usurp the authority of the proposed colony, and of meditating the murder of the chief men of the company: and he was kept some time in confinement on this accusation. He was afterwards set at liberty, but had no formal trial on the charges made against him; and he rendered himself highly useful to the settlement, by his courage in action, and his policy when in the hands of the natives. Many adventures are narrated, in which Captain Smith was the chief actor, and in which he discovered equal judgment and bravery. In one of his excursions into the country, he was taken prisoner by the Indians, who were lurking in the forests. He was carried before Powhatan the great Sachem of that territory, and was about to be executed, when the Sachem's daughter interceded in his behalf, and procured his liberation. After this and other trials and dangers, Captain Smith was tried on the charge before mentioned, and acquitted. He recovered heavy damages of his accusers, and generously gave the amount to the colony.

There were difficulties and divisions among the early adventurers to Virginia, which proved very disastrous to the interest of the

infant colony. Captain Smith had personal enemies, though he rendered the settlement important services on several occasions. He is represented as of a warm temperament, and sometimes might have given occasion for the opposition which was made to him. During the first year of the colony, many of the leading men died of fever. One Ratcliffe was chosen President, but Captain Smith was really the chief support of the company. Sometimes after this, Smith returned to England; and in 1614 engaged in another expedition for discovery and trade in North Virginia. He had two vessels at his command, and he examined the coasts and bays from Penobscot to Cape Cod. Hunt was commander of one of these vessels, and was left on the coast by Captain Smith, when he sailed for England. This was the Captain Hunt who forcibly carried off two of the native Indians from Cape Cod, which was the cause of great enmity and trouble from the tribes in that vicinity. Captain Smith prepared a map of the coasts of North Virginia, then so called, and on his return presented it to Prince Charles, (afterwards Charles I.) who gave the country the name of New England; or rather confirmed the name previously suggested by Captain Smith himself. In 1618, he received the title of Admiral of the country which he had visited and explored; and he fitted out another expedition intended for America, when he was taken by the French and treated with great severity, on pretence that he was a pirate. He traveled through most parts of England and Scotland after these disasters; and about 1620—1, he published an account of his voyages and adventures in distant countries. He also wrote a History of Virginia, relating to the country and to the events which occurred during his connection with the colony. Other volumes or tractates were published by Captain Smith before his death, which occurred in 1631; which detailed his adventures in the East, prior to his first visit to America. Perhaps full justice has not been done to the character of this brave and adventurous navigator and traveler. He was inferior to few of the daring men of that and a former age, who made discoveries in this western continent, at great dangers and perils; and may justly be ranked near to Columbus, the Cabots, Raleigh, Gosnold, Gorges and Hudson.

MISCELLANY.**Hints to Mechanics.**

Avoid giving any long credits even to your best customers. A man who pays easily will not thank you for the delay; and a slack, doubtful paymaster is not too valuable a customer to dun sharply and seasonably. A fish may as well attempt to live without water, or

a man without air, as a mechanic without punctuality and promptness in collecting and paying his debts. It is a mistaken and ruinous policy to attempt to keep or get business by delaying collections. When you lose a slack paymaster from your books you only lose the chance of losing your money, and there is no man who pays more money to lawyers than he who is least prompt in collecting for himself.

Take care how you agree to pay money for your stock, your provisions, your rent, or your fuel, and take dog-skins for your work. One hand must wash the other, as Poor Richard says, or both will go to jail dirty. Every man's trade ought to bring him money enough to pay all money demands against him, and no man can stand it long who does not get money enough from his business to pay the cash expenses of carrying it on.

The Bells of St. Mary's, Limerick.

"Those evening bells—those evening bells."

MOORE'S MELODIES.

HARK! one sound alone reaches us here; and how grand, and solemn, and harmonious in its monotony! These are the great bells of St. Mary's. Their deep-toned vibrations undulate so as to produce a sensible effect on the air around us. The peculiar fineness of the sound has been often remarked; but there is an old story connected with their history which, whenever I hear them ring out over the silent city, gives a something more than harmony to the peal. I shall merely say, that what I am about to relate is told as a real occurrence; and I consider it so touchingly poetical in itself, that I shall not dare to supply a fictitious name, and fictitious circumstances, where I have been unable to procure the actual ones.

They were originally brought from Italy—they had been manufactured by a young native (whose name the tradition has not preserved,) and finished after the toil of many years; and he prided himself upon his work. They were consequently purchased by the prior of a neighboring convent; and, with the profits of this sale, the young Italian procured a little villa, where he had the pleasure of hearing the tolling of his bells from the convent cliff, and of growing old in the bosom of domestic happiness.

This, however, was not to continue. In some of those broils, whether civil or foreign, which are the undying worm in the peace of a fallen land, the good Italian was a sufferer amongst many. He lost his all; and after the passing storm, found himself preserved, alone amid the wreck of fortune, friends, family, and home. The convent, in which the bells, the master-pieces of his skill, were hung, was razed to the earth, and these last carried away into another land.

The unfortunate owner, haunted by his memories, and deserted by his hopes, became a wanderer over Europe. His hair grew gray, and his heart withered, before he again found a home or a friend. In this desolation of spirit, he formed a resolution of seeking the place to which those treasures of his memory had been finally borne. He sailed for Ireland; proceeded up the Shannon; the vessel anchored in the Pool, near Limerick, and he hired a small boat for the purpose of landing.

The city was now before him; and he beheld St. Mary's steeple, lifting its turreted head above the smoke and mist of the Old Town. He sat in the stern, and looked fondly toward it. It was at evening, so calm and beautiful, as to remind him of his own native haven in the sweetest time of the year. The broad stream appeared like one smooth mirror, and the little vessel glided through it with almost a noiseless expedition.

On a sudden amid the general stillness, the bells tolled from the cathedral; the rowers rested on their oars, and the vessel went forward with the impulse it had received. The old Italian looked towards the city, crossed his arms on his breast, and lay back in his seat. Home happiness, early recollections, friends, family—all were in the sound, and went with it to his heart. When the rowers looked round, they beheld him with his face still turned towards the cathedral; but his eyes were closed, and, when they landed, they found him cold!

Such are the associations, which the ringing of St. Mary's bells brings to my recollection. I do not know how I can better conclude this tale than with the little melody, from which I have taken the line above. It is a good specimen of the peculiar tingling melody of the author's poetry—a quality in which he never has been equalled in his own language, nor exceeded in any other;—Why! you can almost fancy you hear them ringing!—

'Those evening bells—those evening bells—
How many a tale their music tells,
Of youth, and home, and native clime,
When I last heard their soothing chime.'

'Those pleasant hours have passed away,
And many a heart, that then was gay,
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells.'

'And so 'twill be when I am gone!
That tuneful peal will still ring on,
When other bards shall walk those dells,
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells!'

Honor to whom honor is due.

At the late Union College commencement, the Honorary Degree of A. M. was conferred upon John Patterson, of this city, a Journeyman printer, whose mathematical attainments richly entitled him to that distinction. Mr. Patterson, who served his apprenticeship at

Buffalo, came to this city some twelve years ago, where he has since worked, and is still working as a Journeyman. He is now one of the best practical printers in the Union. By devoting those hours of relaxation which most of us idle away, to severe study, Mr. Patterson has not only stored his mind with useful general information, but acquired a knowledge of Mathematics which has won for him a Degree from one of the most reputable Colleges in the Union. In addition to all this, with a family to support from his earnings, Mr. Patterson has garnered up about \$3000 the fruits of patient toil and economy. Such an instance of industry and frugality combined with intellectual aspirations, is worthy of the palmy days of Rittenhouse and Franklin.—*Albany Eve. Journal.*

Genius and Matrimony.

THOMAS MOORE, in his life of Lord Byron, has devoted four or five pages to reflections on the unfitness of men of genius to the married state. That they are unfit, that they are disinclined, or that they are unfortunate in their endeavors to enter into that state, would seem, at least in many instances, to require no other proof than is to be found in the numerous cases of celibacy in the history of men of genius. That many of them are unfit, or unfortunate in their choice, is also proved by the repeated instances of unhappy wedlock to be found among that class of men.

Among the distinguished poets, who never married, may be mentioned Pope, Thompson, Goldsmith, Cowper, and others among the moderns; and we know not how many among the ancients. Of those who have married and been unhappy, may be mentioned Dante, Milton, Shakespeare, Lydon, Byron, &c. Dean Swift, though married would never acknowledge or live with his wife.

If poets be, as they have been represented from old time, an *irritable genius*, this very peculiarity in their temper sufficiently accounts for their want of harmony in married life. But what shall we say of philosophers, whose temper, one would suppose, was better calculated for the exigencies of matrimony? And yet it would appear that they are not the men for the ladies. Whether it is that men of the most powerful minds have not the softness and gentleness requisite to win the love of the fair, and retain it; or whether they think it beneath their attention to devote a thought to those things that engage the minds of ordinary mortals; or whether the occupation of their thoughts in the field of philosophy prevents their attention to the soft endearments of the heart—certain it is that many of the greatest have trod the path of life alone, and gone down to the grave, unblest with the sweets of wedded love. Among these may be named Newton, Bacon,

Locke, Galileo, Descartes, Bayle, Leibnitz, Boyle, Hume, Gibbon, and a long list of others, illustrious for learning, science, and intellectual greatness.

From these and other cases in which history is fruitful, one conclusion must naturally be drawn—and we leave our readers to decide which it is,—either that philosophers or men of genius are not formed for the blessings of the matrimonial tie, or are exceedingly negligent or unfortunate in so often missing them.

Meeting between the Patriot Pelistes and the Traitor Julian.

THE loyalty and prowess of the good knight Pelistes had gained him the reverence even of his enemies. He was for a long time disabled by his wounds, during which he was kindly treated by the Arab chieftains, who strove by every courteous means, to cheer his sadness and make him forget that he was a captive. When he was recovered from his wounds they gave him a magnificent banquet, to testify their admiration of his virtues.

Pelistes appeared at the banquet, clad in sable armor, and with a countenance pale and dejected, for the ills of his country evermore preyed upon his heart. Among the assembled guests was Count Julian, who held a high command in the moslem army, and was arrayed in garments of mingled christian and morisco fashion. Pelistes had been a close and bosom friend of Julian in former times, and had served with him in the wars in Africa, but when the Count advanced to accost him with his wonted amity, he turned away in silence and deigned not to notice him; neither, during the whole of the repast, did he address to him ever a word, but treated him as one unknown.

When the banquet was nearly at a close, the discourse turned upon the events of the war, and the moslem chieftains, in great courtesy, dwelt upon the merits of many of the christian cavaliers who had fallen in battle, and all extolled the valor of those who had recently perished in the defence of the convent. Pelistes remained silent for a time, and checked the grief which swelled within his bosom as he thought of his devoted cavaliers. At length, lifting up his voice, 'Happy are the dead,' said he, 'for they rest in peace, and are gone to receive the reward of their piety and valor! I could mourn over the loss of my companions in arms, but they have fallen with honor, and are spared the wretchedness I feel in witnessing the thralldom of my country. I have seen my only son, the pride and hope of my age, cut down at my side; I have beheld kindred friends and followers falling one by one around me, and have become so seasoned to those losses that I have ceased to weep. Yet there is one man over whose loss I will never cease to

grieve. He was the loved companion of my youth, and the steadfast associate of my graver years. He was one of the most loyal of christian knights. As a friend he was loving and sincere; as a warrior his achievements were above all praise. What has become of him, alas, I know not! If fallen in battle, and I knew where his bones were laid, whether bleaching on the plains of Xeres, or buried in the waters of the Guadalete, I would seek them out and enshrine them as the relics of a sainted patriot. Or if, like many of his companions in arms, he should be driven to wander in foreign lands, I would join him in his hapless exile, and we would mourn together over the desolation of our country!"

Even the hearts of the Arab warriors were touched by the lament of the good Pelistes, and they said—"Who was this peerless friend in whose praise thou art so fervent?"

"His name," replied Pelistes, "was Count Julian."

The moslem warriors stared with surprise. "Noble cavalier," exclaimed they, "has grief disordered thy senses? Behold thy friend living and standing before thee, add yet thou dost not know him! This, this is Count Julian!"

Upon this, Pelistes turned his eyes upon the count, and regarded him for a time with a lofty and stern demeanor; and the countenance of Julian darkened, and was troubled, and his eye sank beneath the regard of that loyal and honorable cavalier. And Pelistes said, "In the name of God, I charge thee, man unknown! to answer. Dost thou presume to call thyself Count Julian?"

The count reddened with anger at these words. "Pelistes," said he, "what means this mockery, thou knowest me well; thou knowest me for Count Julian."

"I know thee for a base impostor?" cried Pelistes. "Count Julian was a noble gothic knight; but thou appearest in mongrel moorish garb. Count Julian was a christian, faithful and devout; but I behold in thee a renegado and an infidel. Count Julian was ever loyal to his king, and foremost in his country's cause; were he living he would be the first to put shield on neck and lance in rest, to clear the land of her invaders; but thou art a hoary traitor! thy hands are stained with the royal blood of the Goths, and thou hast betrayed thy country and thy God. Therefore I again repeat, man unknown! if thou sayest thou art Count Julian, thou liest! My friend, alas, is dead; and thou art some fiend from hell, which hast taken possession of his body to dishonor his memory and render him an abhorrence among men!" So saying, Pelistes turned his back upon the traitor, and went forth from the banquet; leaving Count Julian overwhelmed

with confusion, and an object of scorn to all the moslem cavaliers.—*From Legends of the Conquest of Spain, by Washington Irving.*

The Hues of Autumn.

AN INDIAN TRADITION.

But every drop this living tree contains
Is kindred blood, and ran in Trojan's veins,
* * * * *

Here load of lances, in my blood imbrued,
Again shot upward, by my blood renewed.

DRYDEN'S VENGEANCE.

"THOSE bones, stranger?" said the pioneer, "why, that ignorant varmint can tell you nothing about them; they were the framework of men who kicked their shins against these knobs a million years before his people came here to scare the game and burn the Prairies."

The Indian evidently understood the words of the rough hunter, though he did not vouchsafe a reply to the hereditary enemy of his race. He did not seem, however, to take offence at the interruption, but waiting patiently till the other had finished, he drew up his blanket around him, and rising to his feet, stood erect on the mound. The light of our fire was thrown full upon his attenuated features, and lit them up with almost as ruddy a glow as that which bathed the autumnal foliage before him. He was mute for some minutes, and then spoke to this effect.

"Yes, they were here before my people. But they could not stay when we came, no more than the Red-man now can hide from the presence of the Long-knife. The Master of Life willed it, and our fathers swept them from the land. The Master of Life now wishes to call back his red people to the blessed gardens whence they first started; and he sends the Pale faces to drive them from the countries which they have learnt to love so well as to be unwilling to leave them.

"It is good. Men were meant to grow from the earth like the oak that springs in the pine barren, or evergreen that shoots from the ground where the tree with a falling leaf has been cut down.

"But listen, brother! Mark you the hue that dies every leaf upon the tree? It is born of the red water with which its roots were nourished a thousand years ago. It is the blood of a murdered race, which flushes every autumn over the land when yearly the moon comes round that saw it perish from the ground."

Taste for Reading.

THERE is nothing that I would more strongly recommend to young people, of both sexes, than to acquire a taste for reading. At home or abroad, it is comfort in prosperity, and a solace in adversity. Whether a man continue to live by his own family circle and fireside, or roam abroad in foreign

lands, he has at all times a few idle moments to spend. It has been remarked by an intelligent traveler—I think the indefatigable Ledyard—that it was chiefly owing to the taste he had acquired for reading, when he was young, that he was enabled to withstand the many temptations to the vice and folly that beset the path of the traveler.—It enabled him to spend a leisure hour with pleasure and with profit, when he would, otherwise, perhaps from mere ennui, have sought the company of revelers, to escape from the burden of himself.

A CONTRAST.—How different is the view of past life, in the man who is grown old in knowledge and wisdom, from that of him who is grown old in ignorance and folly! The latter is like the owner of a barren country that fills his eye with prospects of naked hills and plains which produce nothing either profitable or ornamental; the other beholds a beautiful and spacious landscape, divided into delightful gardens, green meadows, fruitful fields, and can scarce cast his eye on a single spot of his possession that is not covered with some beautiful plant or flower.

Letters Containing Remittances,
Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

D. B. L. Newark, N. Y. \$2.00; E. D. Curtisville, Ms. \$1.00; J. B. C. Austerlitz, N. Y. \$1.50; J. C. O. Camillus, N. Y. \$1.00; A. H. Lima, N. Y. \$10.00; J. M. B. Cazenovia, N. Y. \$0.87; P. M. Oakfield, N. Y. \$2.00; N. S. Augusta, Ga. \$10.00; J. S. L. Portland Center, N. Y. \$1.00; S. D. New-York, \$1.00; S. B. Coxsackie, N. Y. \$1.00; H. & R. Unadilla, N. Y. \$1.00.

SUMMARY.

CULTURE OF SILK.—A practical treatise upon this interesting subject, which is beginning to excite so extensively the public attention—as it should have done long since—is about being published by Mr. F. G. Comstock, Secretary of the Hartford County Silk Society, and editor of the Silk Culturist. The work will be adopted to the soil and climate of the United States, and will no doubt meet with an extensive demand.

The Weymouth Tunnel under the river of that name, is the first complete tunnel under the bed of any navigable river in the kingdom. It is 450 feet in length, elliptical in shape, of Roman cement, and lighted by gas.

The gross receipts of the Baltimore and Ohio Rail-Road Company, for the last year, were \$963,368 10, of which \$83,540 22 were for passengers. The gross increase of last year, on the revenue of 1834, was \$57,380 52.

A suit is now pending in the Court of Errors at Albany, N. Y., in which Mr. Lorillard, of New-York, is defendant, at the suit of John H. Coaster, and others, involving upwards of three millions of dollars.

The number of seamen belonging to the U. States, estimated with as much accuracy as possible, is 103,000; of whom there are in foreign trade 50,000; in the coasting trade, in vessels of nearly or over 100 tons burthen, 25,000; in the cod fishery, 30,000; in steam vessels 1029; and in the United States navy, 6000.

MARRIED.

In this city, on the 27th ult. by Wheeler H. Clark, Esq. Thomas Loes, Merchant of Albany, to Maria Waterman, of the same place.

At Albany, on the 2d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Vermilye, Mr. James M. French, to Miss Sarah Ann, daughter of the Hon. James Vanderpoel.

At New-York, on the 3d inst. Rev. Lewis Pease, of Canaan, to Miss Ann Eliza Wheeler, of Great Barrington, Mass.

DIED.

In this city, on the 2d inst. Mrs. Elizabeth McKinstry, relict of Capt. Thomas McKinstry, aged 77 years.

On the 6th inst. Charlotte M. Van Rensselaer, daughter of Henry R. Van Rensselaer, in the 22d year of her age.

On the 4th inst. Stephen, son of the widow Ten Eyck, aged 12 years.

On the 1st inst. Harriet wife of Peter L. Taylor, aged 24 years.

At Kinderhook, on the 22d ult. after a lingering illness, Ann, daughter of John Van Dyck, aged about 26 years.



SELECT POETRY.

MANY pieces of poetry have, within the last two years, attracted the public attention for their sweetness, and what might be called their gentle beauty, with the signature of C. E. Da P. They were known to a favored few as the productions of Mrs. Da Ponte, the wife of the gifted Italian Professor of the New York University. The following touching lines were the first she ever published and will assert for themselves, with all lovers of Song, their claims to favor.—*Metropolitan*.

The Bride.

BY MRS. C. E. DA PONTE.

They brought me to another land
Across the ocean wide,
To dwell with strangers and to be
A young and happy bride.
They called me beautiful and fair;
But yet I know mine eye
Hath lost the brightness that it had
Beneath my own sweet sky.
They wreathed, too, in my shining hair,
The jewels of their race;
I could but weep to see how ill
They suited with my face.
Alas! upon my altered brow
Their garlands flash in vain;
My cheek is now too pale to take
The tint of joy again.
I tread their fairy halls at night,
And all have smiles for me;
I meet with thrilling looks that make
Me dream of home and thee.
How beautiful are all things here!
How wonderful and bright!
The very stars appear to shed
A softer, newer light.
But yet I feel my heart would give
Them all for one sweet flower,
Plucked from the valleys, where my feet
First trod in childhood's hour:
Where I beheld the ocean flow
So proudly by the shore;
And saw the moonlight stream upon—
What I shall see no more.
I loved, upon the dark green rock,
To take my lonely seat,
And watch the heaving billows throw
Their sea-weeds at my feet;
To meet the summer winds, and hear
Its murmurs in the trees;
And think thy voice was whispering me
With every passing breeze.
Yet sometimes, in my dreams, I view
High ruins, lone and dark;
And sometimes I am on the sea,
Within my own loved bark,
And softly then we float along,
Beneath the twilight star—
Once more I see the sky I love,
My own dear home afar,
Once more I twine around my brow
The little flowers so pale;
Once more I think my mother's voice
Comes sighing on the gale;
And then there is a wild sweet joy
That thrills me in my dreams—
Flinging its radiance on my heart
Like sunset's golden beams.

The Happiest Time.

BY MARY ANN BROWNE.

To be resigned, when ills betide,
Patient, when favors are denied,
And pleased with favors given—
Most surely this is wisdom's part,
This is that incense of the heart
Whose fragrance breathes to heaven.—COTTON.

WHEN are we happiest? When the light of morn
Wakes the young roses from their crimson rest;
When cheerful sounds are upon the fresh winds borne,
Till man resumes his work with blither zest;
While the bright waters leap from rock to glen,—
Are we the happiest then?

Alas, those roses!—they will fade away,
And thunder tempests will deform the sky;
And Summer heats bid the Spring buds decay,
And the clear, sparkling fountain may be dry;
And nothing beautiful adorn the scene,
To tell what it hath been!

WHEN are we happiest? In the crowded hall
When fortune smiles, and flatterers bend the knee?
How soon—how very soon, such pleasures pall!
How fast must falsehood's rainbow coloring flee;
Its poison flowerets brave the sting of care:
We are not happy there!

ARE we the happiest when the evening hearth
Is circled with its crown of living flowers?
When goeth round the laugh of heartless mirth,
And when Affection from her bright urn showers
Her richest balm on the dilating heart?
Bliss! is it there thou art?

OH no!—not there: it would be happiness
Almost like Heaven's if it might always be;
Those brows without one shading of distress,
And wanting nothing but eternity,
But they are things of earth, and pass away—
They must—they must decay!

THOSE voices must grow tremulous with years,
Those smiling brows must wear a tinge of gloom;
Those sparkling eyes be quenched in bitter tears,
And at the last close darkly in the tomb.
If happiness depend on them alone,

How quickly is it gone!

WHEN are we happiest, then? O, when resigned
To whatsoe'er our cup of life may brim;
When we can know ourselves but weak and blind,
Creatures of earth!—and trust alone in Him
Who giveth, in his mercy, joy or pain:

Oh! we are happiest then!

From the Knickerbocker.

The Tomb of Josephine.

'A Josephine, Eugene et Hortense.'

EXPRESS of Earth's most polished clime!
Whose path of splendid care
Did touch the zenith point of hope,
The nadir of despair.—
Here doth thy wronged, confined heart,
Resign its tortured thrill,
And slumber like the peasant's dust,
All unconcerned, and still?
Did Love you arch of marble rear,
To mark the hallowed ground,
And bid those doric columns spring
With clustered roses crowned?
Say,—did it come with gifts of peace
To deck thy couch of gloom,
And like relenting Athens bless
Its guiltless martyr's tomb?

No! no! the stern and callous breast

Seared by Ambition's flame;

No kindlings of remorse confessed

At thy remembered name;

Alike the Corsican adjured

With harsh and ingrate tone,

The beauty and the love that paved

His pathway to a throne.

He turned in apathy to gaze

Upon his Austrian bride,

Nor heard dark Fate's prophetic sigh

That warned the fall of pride—

Saw not the visioned battle-shock

That cleft his Babel-fame,

Nor marked on far Helena's rock

A sepulchre of shame.

France!—France!—by thy indignant zeal
Were honors duly paid?

And did thy weeping fondness soothe

The unrequited shade?

Bad'st thou yon breathing statue strive

Her faultless form to show?

But rushing on in reckless mirth,

That empire answered—No!

Then lo! a still small voice arose,
Amid that silence drear,

Such voice as from the cradle bed

Doth charm the mother's ear;

And then methought, two clasping hands

Were from that marble thrust

And strange their living freshness gleamed
Amid that sculptured dust.

Empress!—the filial blossoms nursed

Within thy bosom's fold,

Survived the wrath that throned Love

To heartless Glory sold;

Those hands thy monument have reared,

Where pausing pilgrims come,—

That voice thy mourning requiem poured,
Though all the world was dumb.

L. H. S.

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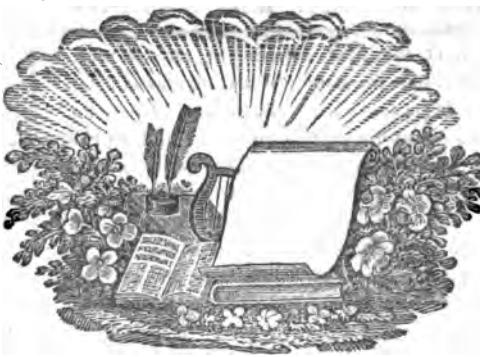
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VOL. XII.—[III. NEW SERIES.]

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1835.

NO. 15.

SCHOOL TALES.

From the Token and Atlantic Souvenir for 1836.

New Year's Day.

BY MISS SEDGWICK.

[Concluded.]

'Come with me, Madeline,' she said. Madeline followed, marvelling at the young lady, who, even in her love passages dared to walk in light. 'These humble persons are prompt to discern truth and rectitude, and to imbibe its influence from their superiors in station.'

In a few minutes Lizzy and her maiden were on their way to the Sixth avenue, where lived a certain widow Carey, who, with her four children, had long been blessed with Lizzy's friendship. This young lady not content with setting down her father's name as a subscriber to the widow's society, literally and most religiously obeyed the command which recognizes the first duty of the rich to the poor, and visited the widow and the orphan, and not only lightened their burdens, but partook their happiness. The poor feel a sympathy in their joys, more than the relief that is vouchsafed to their miseries, for that always reminds them of the superior condition of the bestower. Madeline, carried on her arm a basket containing substantial gifts for the Careys prepared by Lizzy's own hands, an abundance of toys for the children, contributed by the little Percivals from their last year's store.

The young Careys were all at the window, one head over another's shoulder, when Miss Percival appeared, and answered with smiles and nods to their outbreak of clamorous joy and shouts of 'I knew you would come Miss Lizzy! I told mother you would come!'

'And did I say she would not?' said the mother, while her tears and smiles seemed contending which should most effectively express her gratitude.

Lizzy had no time to lose, and she hastily dispensed her gifts; one little urchin was taught to guide, by most mysterious magnetic attraction, a stately goose through such a

pond as might be contained within the bounds of a wash-basin. His brother was shown how to set up a little village, a pretty mimicry of the building of Chicago, or any other of our wilderness towns that grow up like Jonah's gourd, and the two little girls, miniature woman, were seated at a stand to arrange their tea set and gossip with their pretty new dressed dolls,

Lizzy as she paused for a moment to look at them, was a fit personation of the Saint of a child's festival; she was not herself too far beyond the precincts of childhood to feel the glow of its pleasures, and they were now reflected in her sparkling eyes and dimpled cheek. She looked to the good mother for her sympathies, but her back was turned, and she seemed in earnest conversation with Madeline, whose eyes, as she listened, were filled with tears. 'Why, what is the matter, Mrs. Carey?' asked Lizzy, advancing and laying her hand on Mrs. Carey's shoulder.

'Ah, Miss Lizzy, it's being thankless to a gracious Providence to speak of trouble just now, and to you. These flannel petticoats and frocks,' she took up the bundle Madeline had just put down, 'will carry my children warm and decent through the winter. God bless you, Miss Lizzy.'

'But what is it troubles you, Mrs. Carey?'

'There's no use in clouding your sunshine, Miss Lizzy, this day above all others.'

'But perhaps I can drive away the clouds, so tell me all, and quickly, because you know I must be at home and dressed before twelve o'clock.'

Mrs. Carey did not require urging, her heart was full, and there was a power in Lizzy's touch that swelled the waters to overflowing.

The story was a very short one. When the collector had come for her rent the preceding evening, he had told her that she must give up the room she occupied, at the close of the week, unless she could pay double the rent she now paid, as that had been offered by one of her neighbors. Mrs. Carey thought this a very hard case, as she had herself increased the value of the property, by

keeping thread, needles, and similar commodities to supply the neighbors, and gracing her windows with candies that attracted customers from a school in the vicinity. She could afford, she said, to pay an advance, but double the rent, she could not, and where she should go, and how she should get bread for her children, she knew not, and now she cried so bitterly, that the little objects of her motherly fears forsook their toys and gathered around her. Lizzy's smiles too were changed to tears, but she soon cleared them away, for she was not a person to rest satisfied with pouring out a little bootless salt water.

'Who is your landlord, Mrs. Carey?' she asked.

Mrs. Carey did not know his name, she knew only that he lived at a certain number, which she mentioned, in Leonard street.

'I will stop there, as I go down,' said Lizzy, 'let Johnny put on his hat and coat and go with me, and if your landlord is not cross and crusty, and hard and cold as marble, I will send you back good news by Johnny.'

'Hard and cold as marble his heart must be, Miss Lizzy, if you cannot soften it.'

Lizzy, after dismissing Madeline with domestic orders, rung at the door in Leonard street, and no informing door plate telling the proprietor's name, she inquired for the master of the house, and was ushered into the drawing room, and received by an elderly gentleman, who laid aside the newspaper he was reading, and gave her a chair so courteously that she was emboldened to proceed at once to business. She told the name of the tenant in whose behalf she was speaking, and her distress at the communication she had received from his agent, the preceding evening.

The gentleman said he knew nothing of the matter, that he confided the management of his rents to a trust-worthy person, who took good care of his concerns and never abused his tenants. Lizzy, then, with a clearness and judiciousness that astonished her auditor, stated Mrs. Carey's circumstances, and

the seeming hardships of virtually ejecting her from a tenement of which she had enhanced the value by certain moral influences, for she was sure that it was Mrs. Carey's good humor, kind tempered voice, and zeal in the service of her customers that had attracted custom to her little shop, and made it observed and coveted by her neighbors. Having laid a firm foundation in season, (the best mode of addressing a sensible man,) she proceeded to her superstructure. She described Mrs. Carey, she spoke with a tremulous voice of her past trials, and of her persevering, and as yet successful exertions to keep her little family independent of the public charities; she described the children, dwelt on the industry of these busy little bees, and the plans and the hopes of the mother, till her auditor felt much like one, who from the shore, sees a little boat's hardy company forcing their way against the current, and longs to put in his ear to help them.

'She shan't budge a foot, my dear,' said he 'not one foot,'—he rung the bell, wiped his eyes, cleared his voice, and ordered the servant who opened the door, to bring in his writing desk. The writing desk was brought, and he wrote, signed and sealed a promise to the widow Carey, to retain her as a tenant on the terms on which she had hitherto rented his apartment, so long as she regularly paid her rent.

'And now,' said he, explaining the document, and giving it into Lizzy's hands, 'tell me, my dear young lady, who you are, that come forth on New Year's morning, on such an errand, when all the girls in the city are strutting and rigging to receive their beaux. Will you tell me your name, my dear?'

'Elizabeth Percival, sir.'

'Percival!—William Percival's daughter, William Percival, who lives at the corner of Broadway and —— street?'

'Yes sir,' she replied, smiling at the stranger's earnestness.

'Extraordinary! most extraordinary!' he exclaimed, and added as if thinking aloud. 'I can understand, now—he should—'

'Good morning, sir,' said Lizzy, 'I wish you as happy a new year as your kindness has made for others,' as she was turning away with the suspicion that her host was under the influence of a sudden hallucination, when he seized her hand. 'Stop, my dear child,' he said, 'one moment—never mind, you may go now—I think—don't promise—but I think I shall see you again to day. It is good—did not you say so?—to make people happy on the new year. Good bye, my dear child, God bless you.'

Lizzy gave the precious paper into Johnny's hands, and carefully noting the number of the house, she hurried homeward, resolv-

ed, at the first convenient opportunity, to ascertain the name of its singular and interesting proprietor. There was something in his countenance that together with his prompt and most kind answer to her petition, made a deep impression on her heart.

But she had no time now to speculate on her new acquaintance, it was not far from twelve o'clock, and that, as we all know, is the hour when the general rush of visitors begins on new year's day.

Lizzy's toilet was soon despatched. We wish all young ladies, would, like her, take advantage of the period of freshness, bloom, roundness and cheerfulness, and not waste time and art in viewing with (and only observing) the inimitable adornments of nature. Sure we are, that in the visiting rounds of this great city, no lovelier group was seen, than that in Mr. Percival's drawing room, our friend Lizzy the mother, sister, presiding over it.

From all that appeared, to offer the customary salutations of the season, Lizzy's thoughts often turned to him who did not come, who could not, must not, but she indulged a hope natural to the young and good (and therefore happy) that all would yet be well, and she met the greetings of the day with a face lighted with smiles, and a spirit of cheerfulness befitting them. Mr. Percival's family being one of the oldest in the city, one of the most extended in its connexions and one of the few that have been resident here for several generations, their visitors were innumerable, and a continued stream poured in and poured out, emitting in its passage the stereotyped sayings of the season, such as,

'Many returns of this happy season to you, Miss Percival—may you live a thousand years, and as much longer as you desire!'

'A fine old custom this, Miss Percival, transmitted by our Dutch ancestors.'

This staple remark was made and often reiterated by some profane interloper, who had not a drop of the good old Dutch blood running in his veins; alas, for the fallen dynasty!

'A custom peculiar to New-York and Albany, they have tried to introduce it into other cities, but it is impossible to transplant old usages, and make them thrive in a new soil.'

'Charming custom,' exclaims an elderly friend, kissing Lizzy's offered cheek, and heartily smacking the children all around, 'it gives us old fellows privileges.'

'Uncommonly fine day, Miss Percival, much pleasanter than last new year's day, but not quite so pleasant as the year before.'

'What a happy anniversary for the children! a lovely group here, Miss Percival, and the prettiest table, (looking at that on which the toys were spread,) I have yet seen.'

'I guess why,' replied little Sue, casting a sidelong glance at the speaker through her dark eye lashes, 'nobody but us, has a sister Lizzy.'

'Do you keep a list of your visitors, Miss Elizabeth.'

'In my memory, Sir.'

'Ah, you should not trust to that, you should have the documents to show. Mrs. M. last year had two hundred on her list, and Mrs. H. one hundred and eighty, exclusive of married men.'

Lizzy was quite too young to make any sage reflections on the proteous shapes of vanity. She laughed and said she cared only for the names she could remember.

'What a splendid set out has Mrs. T.' exclaimed an enthusiastic lover of the fine arts, that minister to eating and drinking 'oysters and sandwiches, chocolate, coffee, wines, and whiskey punch.'

'Whiskey punch! I thought'—Lizzy ventured modestly to say, 'was banished from all refined society.'

'Shockingly vulgar, to be sure—mais, chacun a son gout.'

'Mrs. L. has a most refined entertainment, champagne and cakes, upon my word, nothing but champagne and cakes.'

'Ah but you should have seen the refreshments at the Mrs. C's, quite foreign and elegant, (this opinion judiciously delivered by a youth who had been once over the ocean, on a six weeks agency to Birmingham,) soupe de foie gras, mareschino, etc. etc.'

'Is my cousin well to day?' asked Lizzy, 'I hear she does not receive her friends.'

'Tis up the knocker, John she said,
Say to my friends I'm sick I'm dead.'

But between ourselves, my dear Lizzy, the draperies to the drawing room curtains are not completed, that's all.'

While some practised and ultra fashionable visitors were merely bowing in and bowing out, some other young gentleman, more ambitious, or more at leisure than the rest, made flights into the regions of original remark. One admired Miss Percival's bouquet, commented on the triumphs of man's (especially that rare individual florist Thorburn's) art over the elements, and noted some very pretty analogies between the flowers and the children. Another lauded the weather, and said that nature had, last of all the publishers, come out with her annual, and the gentleman had found it 'a Book of Beauty.'

The morning wore on. Mr. Percival returned to his house, having made a few visits to old friends, and claiming as to the rest his age's right of exemption. He sat down and pleased himself with observing his daughter's graceful reception of her guests. Her cordiality to humble friends, her modest and quiet demeanor to the class technically

cycle beaux, and her respectful, and even reverential manner (a grace, we are sorry to say, not universal among our young ladies) to her elders. In proportion as Mr. Percival's heart overflowed with approbation and love for his daughter, he was restless and dejected. The ring had revealed her unchanged affection for Henry Stuart, and he began to perceive that there was a moral impossibility in her withdrawing that affection in compliance with his will. He felt too, that his absolute will was no reason why she should; Harry Stuart deserved her, and he was obliged in his secret heart to acknowledge himself the only obstacle to their happiness—happiness so rational! so well merited!

They were most uncomfortable reflections to a father, essentially good hearted, though sometimes the slave (and victim as well as slave) of a violent temper. It was no wonder that he exclaimed, in reply to a passing remark, 'that this was a charming anniversary, so many new friendships begun, so many old ones revived.'

'Pshaw, sir, that is mere talk, you may as well attempt to mend broken glass with patent cement, as broken friendships with a New Year's visit!'

'O, Percival, my dear friend,' interposed a contemporary, 'you are wrong. I have known at least half a dozen terrible breaches healed on New Year's day. Depend on't these eminences from which we can look forward and backward—these mile stones in life which mark our progress, are of essential service in our moral training. One does not like, when he surveys his journey to its end, to bear on with him the burden of an old enmity.'

'It is a heavy burden,' murmured Mr. Percival, in an under tone. Lizzy caught the words, and sighed as she made their just application.

'Mr. Percival,' said a servant, 'there's a gentleman wishes to speak to you in the library.'

'Show him into the drawing room.'

'He says his business is private, sir.'

'This is no day for business of any sort,' grumbled Mr. Percival, as he left the room, in no very auspicious humor for his visitor.

The morning verged to the dinner hour. Miss Percival's last lagging visitors had come and gone, but not among them had appeared, as she had hoped from his intimation, the kind landlord who had so graciously granted her the boon she asked, and whose manner had excited her curiosity.—'There was something in his face,' she thought, 'that impressed me like a familiar friend, and yet I am sure I never saw him before—heigho! this new yearing after all is tedious when we see every one but the one we wish most to see—I wonder if papa will let me continue to

wear this ring—if he should—the meditation like many a one, more or less interesting, was broken off by the ringing of the dinner bell. Her father did not answer to its call.—The children forsook their toys and became clamorous. The bell was re-rung. Still he came not. Lizzy sent a servant to inquire how much longer the dinner must wait. The servant returned with a face smiling all over and full of meaning, but what it meant Lizzy could not divine, and before he could deliver his answer, the library door was thrown open, and within, standing beside her father, she saw the landlord, her morning friend, and behind them stood Harry Stuart. All their eyes were directed towards her, and never did eyes old or young, look more kindly.

'Come here, my dear child,' said her father.—Lizzy obeyed—'keep your ring Lizzy, and give Henry Stuart your hand; as far as my leave goes, it is his for life.'

'What can this mean,' thought Lizzy, confounded and not restored to her senses, by her lover seizing her hand and pressing it to his lips in the presence of a stranger. Her father interpreted and replied to the embarrassment and amazement expressed in her countenance.

'This gentleman is Harry Stuart's father, Lizzy! we were once friends, and are again, thank God. I have been a fool, and he has been—foolish. Now look up boldly, my girl, and give him a kiss, and I will explain the whys and the whereso'res afterwards.'

The story afterwards most frankly told, was very like the stories of most quarrels among honest men. It had originated in mutual mistakes, and been aggravated and protracted by suspicion and pride, till the morning of the New Year, when conscience was awakened by the thrilling voice of that anniversary, and all the good feelings stirred by the charities of the season, and when Lizzy, like a dove of peace, was guided by Providence to the presence of Harry Stuart's father, and fairly made a perch upon his heart.

After a little reflection, he obeyed the impulse the sight of her sweet face, and the revelation of her character had given him, and availing himself of the privileges of the day, sought an interview with Mr. Percival. Mutual explanations and mutual concessions followed, and when nothing more remained to be explained or forgiven, Harry Stuart was sent for, and Lizzy admitted to the library, and the day ended with a general acknowledgment that this was to those reconciled friends, and united lovers, the happiest of all happy New Years.

He must have been a most impudent hypocrite who first wrote, 'I am, sir, your most obedient, most humble, devoted servant.'

The Heiress with the Pretty Foot.

'Bye the bye, are you a marrying man?' said Charles Russell to his bachelor friend, Frederick Somerville, as they discussed a cool bottle together at the Star and Garter, at Richmond.—'Bye the bye, Fred, are you a marrying man?'

'My dear Charles, with a patrimony of one hundred a year, and an allowance from my aunt of a second, for gloves and shoe strings, how can I entertain such an idea? But why do you ask?'

'Because I have just heard a strange whim which my cousin Ellen has taken into her head: 'pon my soul, if she perseveres in it, I should like some good fellow like yourself, who will take care of her and her couple of thousands a year, to be the eccentric partner.'

Fred's curiosity was now raised. He entreated to be made acquainted with this strange whim; and a fresh bottle having been placed before the two friends, it was not long before the generous operation of the wine, and our friend Fred's inquiries, prevented Russell from burthening himself any longer with the secret.

And the secret was this: Ellen Cameron, a high spirited and self willed girl of two and twenty years of age, and an unincumbered income of as many hundreds, having been disgusted at the treatment which a fair relative had received from one whom, after an attachment of some years she had made her husband, vowed that, if she ever married it should be to a man to whom she should be introduced, for the first time, at the altar where she was to become his bride.

It was a strange idea, doubtless; but young girls, who are mistresses both of themselves and their fortunes, are apt to have strange notions. Ellen was one of these. With a good heart, an excellent understanding, and a cultivated taste, she had just so much of oddity in her disposition as prompted her to make and enabled her to persevere, in this extraordinary determination.

The strangeness of the notion seemed to possess charms for the somewhat romantic mind of Somerville, who, having inquired as narrowly into the state of the case as Russell's relationship to the lady would admit, expressed himself willing, could she be prevailed on to accept him, to undergo the ceremonies of introduction and marriage at the same moment.

'But tell me, my dear Russell, do you know any thing objectionable in her temper or disposition.'

'Nothing, upon my word, Fred. No women is perfect, and Ellen has her failings; but, despite certain eccentricities and peculiarities, I do believe you would live very happily together.'

'But, my dear Russell. I always vowed I never would marry even an angel if she exhibited a superabundance of foot and ankle. Tell me—has my fair incognita a pretty foot?'

'On my word, she has—there is not a fellow to it, I can assure you. But, I tell you what, although it is most unfair to Ellen—yet I will let you into a secret: she will be at the opera to-morrow night—you may get a peep at her there.'

Full particulars of what box she was to occupy, together with other means of identifying her, were asked and given. The following night saw Fred at the opera, before Spagnolletti's magic tap had given the signal for the commencement of the overture. His eyes were instantly turned upon the box that was destined to contain the object of his search—but that, of course, was empty. During the whole of the first act of the opera his attention was riveted to that spot, but not a soul broke in upon its solitude.

During the diversion which followed, and exhibited attractions so powerful as to seduce the eyes of our hero from the object on which they had so long been fixed, the box was filled; and when Fred turned his eyes again in that direction he felt convinced that the most prominent personage which it contained was the eccentric Ellen.

His glass was now directed for some momentous minutes to the box, and when he removed it to return the salutation of his friend Russell, who now approached him, he was muttering to himself, 'By heavens! she is certainly a fine girl!' Nor did he exhibit any selfishness with regard to this feeling—he never attempted to keep it to himself, but instantly confessed as much to Russell.

'She is certainly a very fine girl.—Can't you introduce me to your cousin my dear friend?' said he.

'Then the two thousand a year have no charms for you Fred,' was the reply.

'Faith! but they have, though, and so has your cousin; therefore, the sooner you speak a good word for me the better.'

Whether or not Charles, who adjourned to his cousin's, introduced the subject of his friend's admiration of her that evening, we cannot take upon ourselves to assert; but certain it is that Ellen's opera glass was, for the remainder of the night much more frequently directed to the part of the pit which was occupied by her aspirant than any other.

The subject was introduced, however, at some period, and, after sundry blushings and hesitations, Russell's wooing in his friend's name sped favorably; and six weeks after the eventful dinner at Richmond, saw a traveling chariot, with four of Newmarch's quickest, draw up at St. George's, Hanover-square, and deposit at the snug and sly vestry door

the bridegroom expectant of Ellen Cameron and her twenty-two hundreds per annum.

Here he was met by his friend Russell, whose obvious confusion and anxiety could not escape the notice of Fred. Somerville. He was about to inquire into the cause which produced this effect, when he was prevented by the arrival of the bride.

He would have flown to assist her from her carriage, but Russell seized him, and motioning him to withdraw, succeeded in leading him into the body of the church—not, however, before he had discovered that his intended had a very pretty foot, which was certainly without its fellow—for he saw she had but one! He was at first bitterly enraged at the deception which had been practised upon him, but Russell soon calmed his irritation by a very satisfactory explanation of his conduct.

Well assured of Fred's worth and his cousin's amiability he had felt convinced in his own mind that their union would prove a happy one: but the circumstance of Ellen having unfortunately been deprived of one of her legs, he feared, would prejudice Fred. against her. His anxiety for the happiness of both parties had tempted him, therefore to conceal this fact; for knowing as he did, Fred's devotion to a pretty foot, he feared lest this enthusiastic admiration of the extreme of feminine beauty should lose him an amiable and wealthy woman, had he been told at once that although she had a singularly pretty foot, she had but one!

That this explanation was satisfactory we have asserted already, and it was made evident by the fact of the worthy clergyman being called upon immediately to perform the matrimonial service, to say nothing of the worthy clerk receiving triple fees upon the occasion.

The marriage created a good deal of attention at the time, and many ill natured jokes were cut upon the parties; but they heeded them not, and have been rewarded for it by a succession of many happy years. One of these malicious witticisms only will we record:

'So Fred. Somerville has married a woman of property I hear—old of course,' said a young guardsman at Brook's.

'Not exactly old,' was the answer, from a quondam rival of Fred's—'not exactly old, but with one foot in the grave.'

'SAM,' said a gentleman who wished to know the state of his neighbor's health, 'go across the street, and ask how old Mr. and Mrs. Smith are.'

The servant doing as required, returned the following answer:

'Mr. Smith's compliments, and says he is about 70 and Mrs. Smith about 65'

TRAVELING SKETCHES.

From the New-York Mirror.

LONDON AND ITS ASSOCIATIONS.

IN TWO PARTS—PART THE FIRST.

BY THEODORE S. FAY.

The beautiful Corinne touches a true chord in the bosom of a traveler when commenting to Oswald upon her secret pleasure in repeating the names of celebrated foreign objects: Nor is the sentiment confined to the broken grandeur of Rome. In it the happiness of traveling largely consists. The Alps, the Mediterranean, Spain, Italy—each word, to the approaching stranger, is imbued with a certain delight and pride. There is even a triumph in the achievements of a traveler. He grows with what he sees. His mind acquires a self-imagined stature, and his fellow-creatures diminish to pygmies. Mankind, to his omnipresent eye, shows like bees on a carpet. He has straddled over them like the colossus. He has stalked through millions of them, as if they had been pismires—whole nations and languages in a day. His foot has been in Paris and Jerusalem, in Canton and in Quito. He has laid one hand on the polar ice, the other on the equatorial desert. The very globe has become his toy. He has literally measured its ample sides, and sat astride upon its huge back, as if it had been his steed.

My itinerant ambition is enlarged indefinitely. Had fortune blessed me with wealth and leisure, I should certainly employ many more years in this delightful game with space and history. I am now burning with a fever for Egypt, Palestine and Arabia. You must not be surprised to learn that I have joined the Bedouins of the desert, that I am installed in the camp of some civil Emir, or that I am accompanying a flock of sheep and camels to the same springs and pastures which attracted the contemporaries of Mahomet or of Moses.

Of all the places which we have visited, few excite such a powerful charm over my mind as London. Even among the many consecrated scenes of the continent—the antique monuments, lonely ruins and icy mountains, the renowned seas, bloodstained plains, and cities so brilliant in history and romance—perhaps the attractive associations of London to the mind of an American cannot be deemed of inferior interest. For days I have wandered through her gloomy fogs and smoky streets, noting the dim outlines of her huge and cumbrous structures, musing by the Tower, the Abbey, Westminister-hall, and St. James's; gazing over the balconies of the colossal bridges; marking, from various remote points, the dark dome of St. Paul's dominating the whole, all merged in soot and smoke; or, pausing by the stone against which

Jack Cade struck his staff, crying, 'Now is Mortimer lord of the city?'

The history of England is more familiar, or at least nearer to us, than that of any other country. We have a sympathy with it. Her literature has entered more deeply into our minds. Our common language places us more perceptibly upon a level; and, in addition, we cannot forget that, until a few years, her history was our own. The fact that we have been born away from her, only enhances her charm. Distance 'lends enchantment to the view,' and the difference of our own institutions, and the structure of our government and society, also heightens, in a singular degree, the perception of the picturesque in her annals and literature. The measureless extent of London forms an adequate field for the rambles of an American addicted to reverie, and I have enjoyed this idle species of pleasure to a degree approaching enchantment as nearly in the thronged streets of the British metropolis, as amid the unpeopled roads and theatres of the eternal city. I know not where more dreams may be woven than along the worn thoroughfares of London. A thousand spots seem haunted with the ghost of knight and noble, king and queen; and I love to seek them in the hour of twilight, as much alone and wrapped in the past, as if I were a ghost myself. The necromancy of this is strengthened by the solitude of a stranger amid the millions; by the striking novelty of what he sees; its freedom from commonplace associations, and the fact that he is engaged in no *business* (that awakener from pleasant reveries) with the crowds or places about him.

In the course of my preambulations, I am ever coming upon some fine old remnant of history; an edifice, a street, a statue, or square. In this way you acquire a magical companionship with the immortal beings who are gone. It is strange to say to myself, as I rove, 'Here Elizabeth walked, yonder the lion-hearted Richard was crowned, these walls and turrets were raised by the eighth Harry. There Charles turned his last look on the sky. The train of the haughty Wolsey swept along yonder garden.'

London is a sea of associations. Leaving the present realities, as it were, upon the surface, you go down into the depths of the past; and you are imbued with the spirit of people and things long gone by. True, these are but dreams. But under their operation, the mind acquires an intensity of existence for its own conjurations, which seem more firm than reality itself. That, in truth, becomes the *dream*. Even the reality, with the ceaseless thousands, with the roar rising broadly up to heaven, is in fact gliding away; while the magnificent forms of the past, as they are now, shall ever be—their earthly

existence, immortal at least in the world of history and sculpture.

I have had in Europe, indeed, little comparative companionship with the present. I am rarely in the mood to enjoy society. A spectral world of other ages, is continually going on around me. At the theatre I see the wits, poets, and beaux of the past. Upon the stage the immortal Garrick, the majestic Siddons stalk among the performers. Amid the rush of the thousands through the streets, I behold Essex and Elizabeth, Raleigh and Richard, the Norman William, the fiery eighth Henry, Mary wrapt in malignant gloom, the losty and destined Charles, Cromwell with his pious band of regicides, Pitt, Burke, and Wilkes, Junius and Fox. I stood the other day an hour by *Temple-bar*, watching the throngs that passed through its narrow arches. In the various forms which met my eye, I could imagine hundreds of the great and immortal whose mantles have brushed its worn and venerable stones. The portly author of the *Rambler* went gloomily under its arch, and Pope stole by, and John Milton and Thompson lost in thought, and the learned Gibbon and Goldsmith, and the shapes of every age swept on together, for my mind had no time to refer them to their respective eras; and at length sweet Will Shakespeare glided slowly on, musing on some of his unwritten plays, *Macbeth*, *peradventure*, or the *Midsummer Night's Dream* or *Othello*. Ha! He stops. He folds his arms. He looks up at the black and age-worn sculpture which has been washed for so many years with the fogs of heaven, and often with dripping gore from the heads of the bravest of England. He seems lost in thought. Could I but catch his eye. Will! Will Shakespeare! Fashaw! It is but some youthful stranger musing like myself on this antique relic, and moralizing upon the millions who, century after century, have gone through its silent gate.* It would take me a life time to become a mere commonplace mortal in these old Loudon streets. If I sometimes forget myself, or rather remember myself, I find that I am walking by Tyburn, or Tower-hill—places renowned in history for so many executions; or, I look up, and lo! there is Bedlam, or Newgate, or Northumberland-house, or Guildhall, or the Bank, or the Royal Exchange; or Billingsgate, or Fleet-prison, or the Tower, or any other of the innumerable names interwoven in my memory with many a quiet hour of reading.

I have certainly never enjoyed the pleasures of walking so much as in London. In the first place, in all the continental cities no accommodation whatever, or the most slight

* I am aware that this gate was erected after Shakespeare's time, but the image of the poet would not await the ascent of chronology to intrude upon my reverie in this spot.

and inadequate, is given to the pedestrian. Our convenient and secure side-walks are rarely to be found. In London, as in our American cities, proper pavements are provided for pedestrians, and these street wanderings have been among the most agreeable gratification of my visit abroad, a gratification enhanced by my comparative familiarity with the particular history of every thing I see, or, at least, with the ready means of information ever at my command. Half our old nursery tales, as well as the traditions and stories of our later years, are of London; and there is a delightful charm in coming continually upon tokens which recall those boyish traditions. The hugh St. Paul's, and the slender monument, are among the very first images of my infant memory; and now I cannot gaze on them thus palpably present, rising indistinctly through the murky fog, without a sweep of recollections half ludicrous and half mournful. The imagination, too, is perpetually excited. Here you are shown the site of a tavern much frequented by the wits of the reign of Charles the Second. In another place is the Talbot inn, and over the entrance the following inscription:—'This is the inn where Geoffrey Chaucer, Knight, and nine-and-twenty pilgrims, lodged in their journey to Canterbury, in 1389.' In a third is the tavern in which tea was first sold, 'as the certain cure of every disease.' The house occupied by Peter the Great remains near the Strand; many vestiges of the old Roman wall are visible. The 'London stone,' which I believe I have previously mentioned, is one of the oldest relics of the metropolis, having been known before the time of William the first. Then imagine the additional pleasure of a ramble which conducts you to the house once inhabited by Franklin, Penn, Byron, Wesley, Cromwell, Johnson, Jane Shore, Oliver Goldsmith, (where he wrote the *Vicar of Wakefield*,) Sir Isaac Newton, Milton, and I know not how many other men more interesting after all to us than Cicero or Caesar. Then the site of the Boar's-head tavern, and the Globe theatre, and the Bear garden so celebrated in the time of Elizabeth, and Grub-street, and Cook-lane, and Dolly's city house in the time of the Tatler. I have not enumerated (of course) a hundredth part of the spots and buildings rendered interesting to the stranger by the former residence of celebrated men; but perhaps having mentioned any, I should not omit those of Voltaire, (while in London,) Beaumont and Fletcher, Butler, Prior, Richardson, Steele, Hoyle, Sheridan, Stern, Pope, and Cowley. I do not know what particular features in this metropolis may strike others, but I find in these unobtrusive remnants of the past, the strongest, the most delightful, the most melancholy attractions. The splendid parts of

London are modern and destitute of association. That which is generally most admired, has for me the least charm. But the older part of 'the city' irresistibly draws my steps away from the point of wealth and the glare of fashion.

After having roamed through and through, around and across the lordly and thronged thoroughfares, the measureless suburbs, the steep hills and plains, the broad parks and squares, the narrow alleys, and most of the streets of this mammoth metropolis, we are anxious to survey from a height and at a glance the whole scene. Behold me, then, at the summit of St. Paul's, looking down from that stupendous altitude upon a dim plain, encircled only by the horizon, with a beautiful river winding in abrupt and graceful bends and gleaming splendidly through the hazy air, a wilderness, an ocean, a chaos of houses, fused into one indistinct limitless mass by the fog, smoke, and distance; the fragments of cupolas, domes, steeples, towers, monuments and bridges, faintly discoverable through the mist, and the roar of a million and a half of my fellow-beings, from a space of miles and miles, ascending solemnly to heaven—the eloquent voice of the hugest city of the globe. I was looking down on England. I was looking down on London. Indefinite it was and confused, baffling my attempts to trace its proportions, but its very darkness invested it with the sublimity of a vision. I gazed from the aerial altitude, and felt what a thrilling thing it was to travel. I recalled the turbid passions and vicissitudes of this very Leviathan which now lay bristling and roaring at my feet. I pictured it, torn with civil war, and threatened with foreign invasion. Through the mist, close on my right, I could descry Smithfield marketplace, where Catholic and Protestant had suffered by turns at the stake, lighted by the hand of religious fury. I could see Westminster Abbey, and Hall, the Parliament-house, etc. I could immediately beneath me distinguish Ludgate-hill, leading to the Strand, the thoroughfare through which King and Queen, warrior and statesman, traitor, petitioner and mayor, had so often passed and repassed from the city and the prison, to the parliament, the palace, and the court. A series of centuries rolled slowly before my imagination with their startling events and vivid characters. What scenes have occurred beneath those stacks of chimneys, from the landing of Cæsar, till the oppressions of the throne drove a part of its subjects across the ocean to the rock of Plymouth and the freedom of America. It was with a pleasure more than lively, that I glanced over the ample dimensions of this mighty and famous London. This, then, is the gigantic enemy, to contend against whose injustice and

power, the founders of America girded on the sword. On one side a broken outline of a gray building mark the Tower. Had the colonies yielded, those walls would have enclosed Washington, and his more than Roman compatriots; there the axe which had freed the souls of heroes, traitors and queens, of Essex, Gray, and Anna Boleyn, would have laid the sacred head of our hero and father—the nearest approach to perfection that history records—low in the unhonored dust. If the wish of an obscure individual could affect the destiny of nations and the purpose of Providence, the prayer that broke involuntarily from my bosom, leaning thus over that misty extent, would guide the country, so favored in its youth, only through scenes of peace, freedom, happiness and increasing virtue.

It is nearly impossible to see London from St. Paul's, or the monument, even were the atmosphere naturally that of the *campagna*. It is not only fog, which for the greater portion of the year, and of the day, shrouds the view, but the coal smoke spouted from thousands of chimneys, steamers, and factories, darkens the air with heavy soot. I was peculiarly struck with the *blackness* of everything on first entering London by the river. The banks seemed hung with the sable drapery of the hearse—a strong contrast to the unclouded sky and climate of Italy. In order to procure a satisfactory prospect from a height, you are obliged to rise before day-break and avail yourself of the brief interval from that moment until the smoky vomitings of the innumerable fires again overcanopy all things. The idea of riding four or five miles (for even so far from the cathedral is the 'west end,' the section where strangers usually reside) and mounting the insecure and toilsome ascent before day, is rendered more discouraging by the chance, at all hours existing, that, after your exertions, the fog may disappoint your wish. The difficulty of procuring this splendid view, would be lamentable indeed but for the substitute in the Colosseum, Mr. Horner's panorama. The edifice was erected for the purpose of this exhibition, and itself amply rewards a visit, striking the eye with a simple grandeur that recalls the Pantheon of Agrippa. The painting itself is said to surpass in extent everything of the kind hitherto attempted, occupying forty thousand square feet, or nearly an acre of canvas; and its minute accuracy is a theme of universal admiration and wonder. The illusion is delightful. The mist, smoke, and general indistinctness of the first glance admirably illustrate the reality, and perhaps for a few moments disappoint the hope of the spectator; but, as he leans from the balcony over the expanse of distance, stretching away on every side like the *campagna* or the

ocean, bounded only by the circling horizon, he gradually yields to the complete enchantment of his position. The spot on which he stands, and the balcony from which he gazes, are contrived to represent the summit of St. Paul's, on the lofty top of which he is supposed to be. He beholds, directly beneath his eye, the broad roundure and back of the dome, angles of the sable roof, and the pinnacles of the subordinate cupolas, and the deception of the scene is thus carried to the very spot occupied by his foot, and the pillar which his half trembling hand grasps for support. Not only did I continually forget myself during the several hours of our stay, but from the growing reality of the prospect, and the slight sensation of giddiness, of which I was occasionally conscious, I found it almost impossible to persuade my imagination that we were not actually in the clouds, gazing abroad through fields of empty air, and over miles of housetop and steeple, street, square, park and palace, and a hundred, a thousand spots consecrated by history and the spirit of the past. A rush of mingled emotions swept through my mind; and it required a short time for this sudden and pleasing excitement to subside before I could enter calmly into an examination of the minute details. The identity of the scene is strengthened by the fact that the reality itself lies immediately around, and may be seen from the roof of the building in which you are, and that the roar which yet reaches your ears proceeds from the very spots and objects delineated in the picture. After a brief examination, the mass of haze, smoke, roof, and chimneys blended together into a chaos, confused, and apparently inextricable, brightens upon the eye like the interior of a shadowed apartment to one entering from the sunshine. Each moment as I gazed, the illusion became more magical. The skillful artist in the characteristic canopy of haze and smoke, has artfully created a texture dense in the first moment, but transparent and penetrable to the more accustomed eye. The stranger has, thus, placed immediately within his reach at every hour and season, and at a trifling expense of time or money a certain *coup d'œil* of the metropolis.

MISCELLANY.

A Sketch.

A MOTHER was kneeling in the deep hush of evening, at the couch, of two infants, whose rosy arms were twined in a mutual embrace. A slumber soft as the moonlight that fell through the lattice over them like a silvery veil, lay on their delicate lips—the soft bright curls that clustered on their pillow, were slightly stirred by their gentle and healthful breathings, and that smile, which beams from

the pure depths of the fresh glad spirit, yet rested on their red lips. The mother looked upon their exceeding beauty with a momentary pride—and then, as she continued to gaze on the lovely slumberers, her dark eye deepened with an intense and unutterable fondness and a cold shuddering fear came over her, lest those buds of life, so fair, might be touched with sudden decay, and go back in their brightness to the dust. And she lifted her voice in prayer solemnly, passionately, earnestly, that the Giver of Life would still spare to her those blossoms of love, over whom her soul thus yearned.—And as the low breathed accents rose on the still air, a deepened thought came over her, and her spirit went out with her loved and pure ones into the strange wild paths of life, and a strong horror chilled her frame as she beheld mildew and blight settling on the fair and lovely of the earth, and high and rich hearts scathed with desolating and guilty passion, and the prayer she was breathing grew yet more fervent, even to agony, that he who was the fountain of all purity, would preserve those whom he had given her in their innocence, permitting neither shame, nor crime, nor folly to cast a stain on the brightness with which she had received them, invested, from His hands as with a mantle.

As the prayer died away in the weakness of the spent spirit, a pale shadowy form stood behind the infant sleepers. ‘I am death,’ said the specter, ‘and I come for these thy babes—I am commissioned to bear them where the perils you deprecate are unknown; where neither stain, nor dust, nor shadow can reach the rejoicing spirit. It is only by yielding them to me you can preserve them from contamination and decay.’ A wild conflict—a struggle as of the soul parting in strong agony, shook the mother’s frame, but faith and the love which hath a purer fount than that of earthward passions, triumphed, and she yielded up her babes to the specter.

The Best Way to be Happy.

NEVER sit down and brood over trouble of any kind. If you are vexed with yourself or the world, this is not the way to obtain satisfaction. Find yourself employment that will keep the mind active, and depend upon it this will force out unwelcome thoughts.

Who are the poor? are they the industrious? Those who labor provided their gains are small, have generally a feeling of independence with that little, akin to the rich man’s treasure.

Who are the unhappy? Are they not those who are inactive, and sit still and tell us, if fortune had only thrown this and that in their way, that they should have been far happier?

It seems to me that there is a great defect in the conduct of the unfortunate. If we are

deprived of ordinary resources, instead of looking round and substituting other things, are we not prone to sit down and mourn what we have lost? This deadens the energies, kills the activity of our nature, and makes us useless drones when we should be working bees.

Besides this, indolence sets fancy at work, and presently we imagine ourselves to be in a condition that we are unfit to work. We get the habit of observing the changes in the wind, we feel our pulses, look at our tongues, and in a short time become regular dyspeptics. Industry, then preserves health as well as happiness.

The Rural Repository.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1835.

SMALL THINGS.—We were as much surprised at receiving a letter from the editor of the ‘American Magazine,’ Boston, subjecting us to eighteen cents postage, as he could well be at our trifling omission of giving credit to that work for the biography of ‘Capt. John Smith,’ which appeared in our last number. Criminal omission we are sure it cannot be called, as we have always endeavored to give credit for such articles as we have deemed worthy of transferring to our columns to whom credit was due; and if at any time we happen to omit it, we are always ready to rectify our mistake; but such a petty imposition as subjecting us to postage on account of what he must have known was at most an unintentional error, is in our opinion beneath the dignity of an editor or a gentleman, whatever may comport with his Boston notions. Thus much we say, presuming we had been in fault, which in this case we think will not be laid to our charge. The editor will not pretend to say that all the contents of the Magazine are original, if so, we can point him to some that we know are not. One, for instance, entitled ‘Beautiful Extract,’ by N. P. Willis, was published in our ninth volume, *not as original*, but cut from the columns of a common newspaper and credited to the author, appears in his September number now before us, without even the author’s name; the ‘Three Homes,’ too we find in the same number, which we have seen before a thousand times, also ‘Is he Rich,’ which he may find in our third number, published July last, *not as original*—‘Parental Hope,’ by Mrs. Sigourney, is also an inmate of his September number, and should have been credited to the ‘Albany Zodiac,’ which was done by us with all our negligence. Now Mr. Editor do you claim all these as *original*? If not, as we can see nothing to designate ‘Capt. John Smith’ as original, more than a hundred others we might name, where is the offence? Surely not with us. If you had placed the word ‘*original*’ over the head, or in any position where it could be visible to mortal eyes, or, as in the case of the ‘Deerfield Mansion House’ and others, said ‘For the American Magazine,’ we should undoubtedly have given you credit, as it is, if you are entitled to it, and have not received it, the fault lies at your own door.

DEATH BY CHARCOAL.—On Wednesday evening last, two laboring men, boarding with a Mr. Bailey of this city, were suffocated by placing a furnace of charcoal in their bed-room. It appears that, being ignorant of the deleterious effects of burning charcoal, they had used it to warm their room, for the

purpose of sitting awhile before going to bed, and seating themselves on a chest, they were both found dead on the following morning. One had fallen partly on the bed and the other near the door, which he had probably attempted to reach. The names of the unfortunate men, who thus untimely perished, were James Frazier and Charles — They were both natives of Ireland and steady, industrious men.

AWFUL CONFLAGRATION.—The particulars of this most dreadful calamity have, through the medium of the public prints, already reached most of our readers. In the short space of eighteen hours, has the richest and most flourishing part of the city of New-York been laid in ruins! ‘A space of between thirty and forty acres of ground,’ says the New-York Spectator, ‘which thirty-six hours ago was covered with the noblest mercantile houses in the Union, full of life, and activity, and riches, presents but one promiscuous heap of smouldering ruins—piles of brick and mortar—smoking timbers—masses of crumbling walls, and broken columns—mingled with fragments and piles of scorched and now worthless goods, in such quantities as to make the heart sad indeed.’ It is computed that 674 buildings were destroyed, and the whole loss of property sustained is estimated at *fifteen millions of dollars*.—But who can estimate the amount of suffering that must have been and is still to be endured by thousands in consequence of this almost unheard of deviation!

Letters Containing Remittances,
*Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting
the amount of Postage paid.*

T. & M. Burlington, N. Y. \$2.00; P. C. New-Haven, Ct. \$1.00; N. W. Salisbury, N. Y. \$1.00; B. B. Valatie, N. Y. \$2.00; A. H. Valatie, N. Y. \$1.00; J. H. Claverack, N. Y. \$1.00; C. C. W. Springfield, N. Y. \$1.00; J. L. A. Sacket’s Harbor, N. Y. \$0.62; J. R. B. Turbutville, Pa. \$2.00; R. B. J. Buffalo, N. Y. \$1.00; A. M. M. Albany, N. Y. \$0.50; P. M. Bedrock, N. Y. \$5.00.

SUMMARY.

In consequence of the scarcity of lead in Texas, one gentleman took up the pipes of his aqueduct and run them into bullets. Many had converted the weights of their clocks to the same patriotic use, and even the ladies were engaged in moulding bullets, and other operations calculated to facilitate the great object the colonists have in view.

USEFUL VOLUNTEERS.—Among the number of those who sailed last week for Texas, were six West Point Cadets.

It is stated in the Boston Mercantile Journal, that stoves, in which anthracite coal is burned, are introduced into some, if not all of the rail road passenger cars which are put upon the different routes from that city.

MARRIED.

In this city, on the 9th inst. by the Rev. William Thacher, Mr. Royal Chase of Eastown, to Mary Carpenter of New-York.

On the 10th inst. by the same, Mr. Charles G. Coffin, to Miss Elizabeth Abell, both of this city.

At Austerlitz, on the 5th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Dennison, Mr. Lorenzo Sawyer, to Miss Laura Ann Bullock, both of the above place.

In Port Schuyler, N. Y. on the 11th of Oct. last, by the Rev. Mr. Woods, Mr. Norman Millington of Gibbonsville, N. Y. to Miss Mary Bedell, daughter, of Gilbert C. Bedell Esq. of the former place.

At the same place, on the 12th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Bronk, Mr. John Herring, of Gibbonsville, N. Y. to Miss Polly Nye, of the former place.

In Troy on the 8th of Oct. last, by the Rev. Mr. Smith, Jacob M. Howard, Esq. Attorney and Counsellor at law, of Detroit, M. T. to Miss Catharine A. Shaw, of Waterford, N. Y.

In South Shaftsbury, Vt. on the 25th of Oct. last by the Rev. Mr. Skinner, Mr. Seth D. Spencer, to Miss Sally Matteson, all of the same place.

At Lee, on the 14th inst. by the Rev. Mr. J. W. Danforth, Mr. W. S. Churchill, of Stockbridge, to Miss Mary Taylor, of the former place.

At Port Gibson, Ontario county, on the 20th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Easter, Mr. Jacob Saulpaugh, to Miss Caroline, daughter of Stephen Alling, Esq. all of the above place.

DIED.

In this city, on the 9th inst. Mrs. Mary, consort of Mr. John Bennett, in the 77 year of her age.

On the 21st inst. Fleetus Richmond, son of Henry and Hannah Richmond.

At Athens, suddenly, on the 20th inst. Timothy Busker, an aged and respectable inhabitant of that village.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

Winter.

The cold blasts of Winter sweep over the hills,
And mountains and valleys are covered with snow;
While frozen are rivers, and fountains, and rills:—
No more through the valleys, soft-murmuring, they flow.

How changed is the prospect since Autumn was here,
When hillsides and valleys were laden with fruit;
Not an object is seen now the lone heart to cheer,
Nor a sweet sound is heard, for the songsters are mute.

No more do we hear, at 'the peep of the dawn,'
The woodlark and robin's melodious lay;
No longer is heard the lone whippowil's song,
When evening has spread round her mantle of gray.

The fair blooming maiden no longer is seen,
Gay skipping the flower-decked valleys along.—
No longer the swain, on earth's mantle of green
Reclining, chants sweetly his pastoral song.

The fields are all strip'd of their foliage so green,
And naked the hillsides and valleys are laid,
And where'er the breath of cold Winter has been,
The beauties of nature are now all decayed.

But though the dread Winter triumphantly reigns,
And Nature's fair charms have all sunk to decay,
Still at eve we'll oft meet the fair maidens and swains,
And cheerfully pass the cold Winter away.

RURAL BARD.

The Sick Child.

'O, MOTHER, when will morning come?'
A weeping creature said,
As on a woe worn, withered breast,
It laid its little head;
And when it does, I hope 'twill be
All pleasant, warm, and bright,
And pay me for the many pangs
I've felt this weary night.

'O mother, would you not, if rich,
Like the Rector or the Squire,
Burn a bright candle all the night,
And keep a nice warm fire?
O I should be so glad to see
Their kind and cheerful glow!
O then I should not feel the night
So very long, I know.

'Tis true you fold me to your heart,
And kiss me when I cry—
And lift the cup unto my lip
When I complain I'm dry.

Across my shoulder your dear arm
All-tenderly is pressed,
And often I am lull'd to sleep
By the throbbing of your breast.

'But 'twould be comfort would it not,
For you as well as me
To have a light—to have a fire—
Perhaps—a cup of tea?
I often think I should be well
If these things were but so—
For, mother, I remember once
We had them—long ago.

'But you were not a widow then—
I not an orphan boy;
When father, (long ago) came home,
I used to jump with joy.

I used to climb upon his knee,
And cling about his neck,
And listen while he told us tales
Of battle and of wreck.

'O had we not a bright fire then!
And such a many friends!
Where are they all gone, mother dear,
For no one to us sends?
I think if some of them would come,
We might know comfort now,
Though of them all, not one could be
Like him, I will allow.

'But he was sick, and then his wounds
Would often give him pain,
So that I cannot bear to wish
Him with us once again.
You say that we shall go to him
In such a happy place—
I wish it was this very night,
That I might see his face!

The little murmur's wish was heard,
Before the morning broke,
He slept the long and silent sleep,
From which he never woke;
Above the little, pale, worn thing
The sailor's widow wept,
And wondered how her lonely heart
Its vital pulses kept!

From the Cincinnati Mirror.

To my First Gray Hair.

OLD age's twilight dawn hath come,
Its first gray streak is here!
Gray hair! thou'rt eloquent though dumb,
And art, although forever mum,
Pathetic as a tear!

Thou art a solemn joke! in sooth
Enough to make one pout!
Thou art not welcome—and in truth,
Thy hue does not become my youth—
Therefore, I'll pull thee out.

How tight you stick! I'm not in play—
You melancholy thing!
I'm young yet—and full many a day,
I'll kiss the fresh-cheeked morn of May,
And woo the blushing Spring.

Go, blossom on some grandair's head—
Ye waste your fragrance here.
I'd rather wear a wig that's red
With flaming locks, and radiance shed
Around me, far and near.

I am not married—and gray hair
Looks bad on bachelors.
A smooth, un wrinkled brow I wear,—
My teeth are sound—rheumatics rare—
Therefore gray hairs are bodes.

I want to stand upon the shore
Of matrimony's sea,
And watch the barks ride proudly o'er,
Or go to wreck 'mid breakers' roar,
Eric Hymen launches me.

But if my hair should change to gray,
I cannot safely stand,
And view the sea, and think of spray,
Or flirt among the girls who play
On wedded life's white strand.

My neck is quite too tick'lish yet,
To wear the marriage yoke:
And while my hair is black as jet,
My heart can smoke Love's calumet,
And not with griefs be broke.

Not long ago I was a boy—

I can't be old so soon!

My heart of maiden aunts is coy,
And every pulse leaps wild with joy,
On moonlight nights in June.

No spectacles surmount my nose—

My blood is never cold—

I have no gout about my toes—

And every thing about me shows

'Tis false—I am not old!

T. H. S.

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VOL. XII.—[III. NEW SERIES.]

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1836.

NO. 16.

SELECT TALES.

From the Lady's Book.

A Stray Leaf from a Journal. BY MISS C. GOOCH.

IT was on a beautiful summer's day in 18—, that I returned after some years absence, to pay a visit to my native village in New England.

I again trod the streets which had once been so familiar to me. Joy was my prevailing feeling, till I turned the corner of a street, and approached the house which was my aunt's. I knew of that dear relative's death, but I could not feel that I should never hear that kind voice again; that she was gone—for ever—till I passed the door where, in other times, I had flown after a short absence, to receive a kind embrace;—but now, none was there to care for me; none to welcome me:—another filled the place that had been hers.

As I came to the well remembered school-house, it was noon, and the emancipated children were thronging forth, with many a gladsome smile and merry laugh. When I last stood before the door of that school-house, I, too, was a child; and I forgot for a moment that so few years could make me a woman—I paused to gaze anxiously in the faces of that little flock, half expecting to see my own schoolmates;—but I was brought to recollection by a girl addressing me respectfully.

'Do you wish to see Miss Birch, ma'am?'

'No, my dear,' I replied and walked on. So! there was a new schoolmistress too! The changes in my native place struck me more forcibly—made me feel more sensibly the lapse of time, than all the great revolutions I had known or heard of during the same period on the vast theatre of the world.

Oh! the pleasant days of old! I caught myself sighing this exclamation, and, 'says I to myself,' Was the past so much happier than the present?—Memory answered—No.

In calculating the lights and shadows of our life, we do too much forget the thousand every day pleasures; they seem to be over-

shadowed by our calamities. When we think of our condition, it is mostly on our *troubles* and the way to get rid of them, that we dwell; but when the present becomes the past, it appears much more happy than the present. When a few years have fled, and newer sorrows and troubles occupy our minds, then, when we look back on the past, our former woes appear diminished in the distance, while we recall the delightful hours passed in the society of friends, now perhaps lost for ever, the many little pleasures of those gone-by years, and we exclaim with a sigh—"Oh! the happy days of old!"

I rang the bell at the mansion which had been the residence of Julia Hartland. She had been the favorite companion of my childhood, though of a very different disposition, and, as indeed most of my friends have been, older than myself. A servant came to the door, and I asked if Miss Hartland was in.

'She don't live here, ma'am.'

'Do you know where she does live?'

'No, ma'am; we have lived here two years.'

'Does Miss M'Queenan still keep shop in —— street?' I received an answer in the affirmative, and thanking the girl, pursued my way to —— street.

Good Miss M'Queenan! she was a real original. I had thought that perhaps she had grown rich and retired from business, by that time; but I did not reflect: how could Miss M'Queenan grow rich? She, who always gave twice as much gingerbread or candy for a cent as any body else; she, who would always pop in a few raisins overweight; she who, I verily believe, did love with a motherly yearning all the noisy urchins who thronged her shop between schools; and she, whose bosom thus overflowed with the milk of human kindness, was one of that much calumniated and unsympathized with class—cycled old maids.

Oh! it is almost enough to drive any woman, who does not chance to be blest with a strong and firm mind, into accepting the hand of the first fool or puppy that offers, to escape the dreaded name of *old maid*. Gentlemen scoff and scorn, if a female on the

verge of old maidism, show in any way a desire to be married, and, doubtless, attribute it to some of their own manifold perfections; meanwhile the unfortunate object of their censure is thinking solely on how she can avert the cheerless prospect before her, and ward off the jeers and unmerited opprobrium with which she has seen others visited. She shrinks with affright, on reflecting that in a short time, she will be no longer welcomed among the young and gay; that she will soon not be able to take any pleasure in the conversation of the intelligent and agreeable of the other sex, without having to endure the sneer of 'Just see how the old maid is setting her cap; poor thing! why will she continue to mix in young company?' And the same vivacity of disposition, which wld be pronounced delightful and charming in a married woman of her years, is, in her, stigmatized as a desire to appear young; while, on the contrary, if she be thoughtful and grave, she is pronounced soured and sullen. And if she endeavors to associate with the married part of the community, she is with them, but not of them! they cannot sympathize with her, and are apt to fancy that she cannot with them. And she may rest assured that, if there is any scandal or quarrels among any of her acquaintance, it will, if in any way possible, all be laid to her. Happy, then, is the woman who has some pursuit—some mental resources, which render her independent of general society.

This state of things would not be, if these 'uncloistered nuns' were treated with proper respect and attention. If there was a little forbearance exercised—a little more indulgence for the foibles and peculiarities produced by their isolated situation, there would be fewer unfortunate marriages and helpless orphans.

Few women reach the age of twenty-five without having received one or more offers of marriage; and, if they do not become attached to any of their suitors, and prefer remaining single, till addressed by some one that they can conscientiously vow to love and obey; there are ten chances to one that they

will always remain so; for intelligent men, of good principles and prepossessing manners, possessing a competence, are not so very plenty; and, most assuredly, a woman of sense and feeling would not wish to marry any other. What happiness could she expect who married one that could not speak without her blushing for him, however handsome or rich he might be?—Neither is absolute poverty agreeable, however much love you may have withal; for, how can a sensitive wife, if married to a man she loves and esteems, bear to see the noble mind, which perhaps, first won her affections, bowed down and broken, in the ceaseless toil and anxiety of procuring a scanty subsistence? There are a thousand other reasons, why the more noble minded and affectionate in her disposition a female is, the more chances there are for her remaining in a state of single blessedness or wretchedness—which term is right?

I scarcely know why my feelings are always so much roused to vindicate the sisterhood. It may be from a kind of prophetic feeling that I have had from childhood—that I should myself belong to it: It is almost too early to think about that while in my teens, but it may be so—it may be not. At any rate, I feel no horror of belonging to a class which claims Miss Mitford—dear, cheerful Miss Mitford! who has read her works, but longs to take a journey to England, for the express purpose of taken a quiet dish of tea with her, and talking delightful gossip about ‘Our Village?’

I entered Miss M’Queenan’s shop. There, at least, no revolution had taken place; there she sat behind the counter, with her knitting in her hands; it seemed to me the identical blue worsted stocking, on which she was at work when I saw her last. ‘How do you do, Miss M’Queenan,’ said I stretching my hand over the counter.

‘How do you do, Miss?’ she replied, looking at me inquisitively, then continuing, ‘but I really can’t say your name, Miss.’

‘Don’t you know me?—my name is Maurice—Kate Maurice. Julia Hartland and I used to come very often to see you.’

‘Oh! la, yes, my dear, I remember you now; why, how you have grown; won’t you walk into the back shop and rest yourself, my dear?’

‘No I thank you, not now; I am in search of Julia Hartland: can you tell me where she lives?’

‘Why didn’t you know she was married? She lives on her husband’s farm, about six miles from here.’

‘Julia married to a farmer!’ cried I, in some surprise. ‘What is his name?’

‘Yes, my dear, and she looks as pretty as ever:—his name is Burly.’

I staid conversing with Miss M’Queenan a few minutes longer, and then returned to my

lodgings, much wondering at her intelligence, for Julia was an ambitious girl, and when building castles in the air, as girls often will, while I was planning out some small comfortable house, wherein I could have a little room to myself, all hung round with book-cases and pictures, and furnished with stands holding port-folios of prints—a few low chairs, and some pots of geraniums and monthly rose-bushes—while I fancied myself sitting in this little paradise, (for so it seemed to me,) in a winter’s evening, with the blinds closed, a bright wood fire, and a shade lamp on the little book-covered table by my side, and my greatest desire for public pleasures, limited to having tickets for the theatre whenever I wished, her visions were of magnificent mansions—splendid carriages—jewels—balls—parties, and so forth. And Julia was married to a plain farmer. ‘Twas strange, ‘twas passing strange.’

On my return, I informed my father of my friend’s marriage, and begged him to drive me out to see her in the afternoon; he assented, and, after dining, I prepared to go; but, my father being unexpectedly detained by business, provided me with a driver and guide, in the innkeeper’s son.

We drove out of town. I had formerly known all the farms on the road; but, somehow it did not occur to my mind that my friend’s husband must live on one of the old farms. It seemed to me that I should see some entirely new place, forgetting that farms do not spring up like mushrooms, to accommodate the rising generation; and I felt surprised, when the boy turned off the road towards a well known gate, the entrance to a farm, of which, in childhood, every field and meadow were as familiar to me as to the owner. Oh! the blackberrying and strawberrying expeditions I had had there.

‘Where are you going, my lad?’ I asked; ‘this is Mr. Hutchins’s farm.’

‘No, ma’am, it belongs to Mr. Burly; he bought it when Mr. Hutchins went to the west.’

‘Every body is going to the west,’ thought I, as bidding the boy wait till I sent to him, I alighted, and walked up to the house alone. It seemed like an old friend to me. It was an ancient building, somewhat like the old Dutch houses; the upper story overhung the other, and the roof slanted down behind, till the eaves were within three feet of the ground. I have been told it was built in this peculiar manner as a defence against the Indians, though I do not pretend to understand how it was calculated for that purpose. It was newly painted, and the evidence of female taste ran over the white walls, in the shape of convolvulus, or, as I love to call them, morning glories, intermingled with the tender green clusters of the hopvine.

There was the old well at a little distance from the house, but the sweep was gone, and its place supplied by a windlass, and the magnificent elm, the last of the forest, still hung over it; but the clumsy heap of stones that used to be called the horse-block, had disappeared. The barn, too, was replaced by a new one, with much more pretensions to architectural elegance than the house itself.

I knocked, but no one heard me; the door was ajar, and so was another that opened out of the passage, and, as I advanced, a sweet voice struck my ear. I stood unnoticed at the door. It was Julia; she was sitting in a low chair, in a small, and neatly furnished parlor, playing with a child, and chanting to it that wise nursery song, with which, I suppose all the English world have been lulled to sleep in their infancy.

Rock-a-by, baby, upon the tree top,
When the wind blows, the cradle will rock;
When the bough breaks, the cradle will fall—
Down come rock-a-by, baby and all.’

A slight motion of mine startled the young mother; she turned and saw me. Time had altered my appearance more than hers; and, not expecting to see, she did not recognize me, and looked inquiringly as she advanced with a bow and smile of modest dignity.

‘What! Julia, have you forgotten your old friend Kate?’

‘Is it Kate?’ she exclaimed—but before she could say more, my arms were round her, and I was kissing her and the baby alternately. ‘It is yours, Julia, is it not?’ I said, as I pulled the little crowing thing from her arms.

‘Yes, it is mine,’ said Julia, returning my caresses; ‘but my dear Kate, what cloud did you drop from? how came you here?’

‘Business called my father to the north, and I prevailed upon him to bring me, and I came here in a gig, which, by the way, is waiting for me at the first gate.’

‘Waiting for you?—surely you don’t intend to go away directly?—who came with you?’

‘The innkeeper’s son.’

‘Oh! then I shall send him away. I have no idea of letting you go till you return home. Come, walk down to the gate, and send any necessary message to your father. No objections—don’t talk to me about clothes, I will have your trunks brought here.’

Nothing loth to be detained, I wrote a few words to my father on the leaf of my pocket book, and then resigned myself to the pleasure of a renewed intercourse with my friend.

It is unnecessary to detail the causes that had so suspended our correspondence, that we were left in total ignorance of each other’s whereabouts; you must imagine our explanations given, and my introduction to Mr. Burly, a gentlemanly, and evidently well educated man. You must imagine our tea taken,

and the evening pleasantly spent, and the next morning, Mr. Burly having departed to his usual avocations; you must fancy Julia and myself seated in the little parlor, with the cradle between us, and a work-covered table by our side.

' You express surprise,' said Julia, ' at my settling down the contented wife of a farmer, and I recall with shame my girlish folly, but you were the confident of my girlhood, and knew all my silly thoughts; It is but just that you should also know how I got cured of them.'

' A short time after you left the town, there came to honor us with his presence, a young gentleman of stylish appearance and insinuating manners, who was, according to his own account, a southern planter of great wealth. It it be asked what such a person had to do in our little sea-side village, the answer was ready—he was tired of the springs, and wished to try the effect of the sea breezes. He lodged at the only inn, and never was mine host's daughter in so much request; she received pressing invitations from all quarters, for from her alone was it that we could obtain any intelligence about the handsome stranger. She was ready to impart all the information that she could collect, and thought him the most interesting person she had ever seen; he was so polite, so handsome, so—in short, he was like the heroes of half a dozen novels, and, according to the general practice both of belles and beaux, because we saw that he was very handsome, we, in fancy, endowed him with every virtue under the sun.'

' Of course he appeared at church on Sunday, and I must with shame acknowledge, that most of our belles looked oftener towards the innkeeper's pew, than to the pulpit, and, I am afraid, thought more of its new occupant than the sermon.'

' When we came out of church, an event, almost unprecedented occurred. Our minister's daughter—Miss Martin—the belle *par eminence*, as you will remember, of our village, not particularly from her beauty, though quite pretty; but because she spent a portion of every year on a visit to relations in the great city of ——, who, then, so proper to become our belle, and dictate to us, concerning fashions and manners?—It is impossible to be placed on any pinnacle of greatness, without being a little elevated thereby; and I must acknowledge that Miss Martin was no exception. She, in general, deemed it due to her importance to preserve a dignified distance of manners, but on this occasion she was all smiles and graciousness, as she approached Mary Bonny, who stood at a little distance from the door, evidently expecting the attendance of her father's handsome guest. She took her, arm and after

particular inquiries after her health, invited her to tea. And many other girls crowded around her, to participate, if possible, in the anticipated introduction. Now I was too modest—too proud, if ye will—to seek for an introduction in this way, however much I might have been pleased with one. You are aware that on my dear mother's death, I went to reside with my uncle. I took his arm, and, as was my wont, pursued my way towards home. We had advanced but a few steps, when we were overtaken by Mr. Bonny, accompanied by his guest, whom he introduced to us by the name of Mr. Benson. Mr. Benson entered into conversation with us, and attended us home. He declined entering, but accepted, with much apparent pleasure, an invitation to come in whenever at leisure.

' Knowing my foolish pride and ambition, you will not be surprised, when I tell you that my vanity was much flattered, by Mr. Benson, from that day, selecting me from the other girls of the village, to be the object of what is called "particular attention."

' His manners and conversation were very agreeable, though somewhat too much tinged with a boasting vein. The largest and handsomest house in the village put him in mind of his own; and Lawyer Bracket's bay horses were very much like his, only his were neater about the fetlock—"Fine animals by Jove!"—His carriage was brought from England. The mirrors in his drawing-room imported from France. This, with a great deal of talk about his estates, his slaves, and so forth, sufficed to convince us what a great man had vouchsafed to visit us.

' Mr. Benson's attentions soon assumed the form of addresses, which made me the envy of all the girls of the village. It never once occurred to me that the little property my father had left me, could be any object to so rich and important a gentleman, though I did sometimes reflect with shame on how little it was.

' I now do wonder at myself—now that the scales have fallen from my eyes; but I fancied myself in love with this man, and gave him encouragement, much to the sorrow of William Burly, who as I have before told you bought this farm from Mr. Hutchins, and would have made me its mistress.

' Now, I *loved* cousin William, but I *had* loved him from childhood, and I did not think that it was the sort of love that I ought to feel for a husband. It was no new thing for cousin Willy to love me, and because I did not feel much agitated in his avowal of it, I concluded that I was not in love with him. "In love!" what a ridiculous word, as if love was some kind of a pit, which unwary travelers fell into.

' Time passed on; I often saw Mr. Benson in company at my uncle's house, where

he was a great favorite. He was a skillful flatterer, and, any one that contrives to put us in a perfect good humor with ourselves, is generally very well liked. All the village pronounced him a good match for me, and all things seemed prosperously *en train*, to every body but me.

"Tell it not in Gath—whisper it not in Askalon," I began to get tired of my beau; I began to think him vulgar, not in his manners or appearance; no, in externals and general conversation he was unexceptionable, but it was that vulgarity of mind and feeling which you may find as often in a duke as a peasant. I could not utter any recollected passage of noble thought or feeling, with the certainty of meeting his responsive smile and glance. If I heard of any good or unselfish action, or, if I needed advice, it was not to him that my thoughts recurred, but to the neglected cousin William, who now avoided coming to our house.

' There was another drawback—he had no pleasure in reading—no taste for poetry. He would read to me if I wished it, or listen attentively and complacently while I read, but he evidently had little relish for it. A book was to him but a book—not an ideal world, I do not dare to say that a man is less worthy, though he may be less loveable, because he is not fond of rhyme or blank verse; but I will say, that there must be something radically wrong about the heart of a person who is fitted by education to understand, yet does not feel and admire the noble and good sentiments of which both prose and verse are so often made the vehicles.

' Such a one was Benson; he seemed to consider it a necessary thing to have read the most popular and celebrated works, and to join in praising them; but, he did not reflect on their contents—they were not to him as friends—there was no wholesome enthusiasm about him.

' You say that you do not understand how I could ever think that I loved such a man, but you must remember that he was handsome and insinuating; you must also remember that his attentions were, at first, a triumph to me, an exciting novelty. But, when we became more intimate, this wore off; I was disappointed in him, and dissatisfied with myself; I began to be morbidly, nervously discontented; the bright dream of my youth had lost its brilliance—how empty was it all, if this was love!

' I was standing in our porch, towards evening, in one of those moods of weary, sickening sadness, that now usually assailed me, after an interview with Mr. Benson; and, looking on the distant landscape, with that earnest gaze which tells that the mind is far away, when one, who had been too long a stranger, came up the steps and stood by my

side—it was my cousin William. I bade him welcome, and then ensued an embarrassed silence, which I did not wish to break, for I dreaded the censure that my conscience told me I deserved.

"At last he suddenly took my hand, and spoke to me in that love-subdued tone of voice, which indicates a triumph over great internal agitation.

"Julia," said he, "I wish you to forget that I ever addressed you in any other character than that of a friend; and, I pray you to believe that in what I now say to you, I am not influenced by my own disappointment, but by purely friendly feelings for my own cousin and old playmate.

"I would speak to you of Benson. I have seen with anxiety your encouragement of his addresses—do not interrupt me, Julia, now that I have brought myself to speak of it; I will warn you, and then I shall never trouble you more. I intend selling my farm, and removing to the west. But what I wished to say about Benson is this; I believe him to be an impostor—make inquiries, Julia—get your uncle to write to the place this fellow says he comes from, and if he be what he would have you believe he is—then I can only say, may you be as happy with him as I should have striven to make you. But be certain who and what he is, before you take a step farther—before your affections become irrevocably his. I feel that he is an impostor, but I cannot explain to another the minute particulars on which my conviction is founded. I do not ask you to place reliance on my judgment, or to do this because I wish it, but for your own sake, think if my advice is not reasonable; judge it candidly and act accordingly. This is most probably the last time I shall ever see you. I shall leave this place as soon as I conclude the sale of my farm: I have now no tie to bind me here. I once hoped—but it is useless talking of that now. Farewell! and may God bless you." As he uttered these last words he sprung down the steps and walked rapidly towards the spot where his horse was fastened.

When he began speaking, I felt vexed that he should think I needed his advice, but when he left me, and I knew that it was for my own good that he spoke, for he had never deceived me, that he was going away for ever—that I should indeed lose my kind, intelligent companion—my own dear cousin Willie I then felt of how very little real importance to me were the pretensions of Benson—that were he all he assumed to be, he would never make me happy; and obeying the impulse of my heart, I ran after him calling stop, come back, William, I want to speak to you; dear cousin, come back;—But it was too late—he did not hear me—mounted his horse and rode off, without casting one look behind.

I looked after him as long as I could distinguish his form, and then went to my chamber, locked myself in, and cried bitterly. When, after some time, I began to be able to think of my situation, my first resolve was to write, and tell William that Benson was nothing to me—that I cared not if the charge against him were true or false.

"But was this true? If he had come to me in good faith and honest affection, was not some consideration due to his feelings? Though no promise had been given, or asked between us, yet I knew that I had given him such encouragement as would justify him in thinking me a heartless coquette, if I now broke off with him, without any other reason than the change of my sentiments. It was true that I was disappointed in him; but was he to be blamed because his mind and feelings did not exactly come up to my standard of perfection?

Dizzy and bewildered, I exclaimed aloud, "What can I do—what can I do?" To become his wife with such sentiments towards him was impossible; yet, I could not bear to afflict him; and, to earn the name of a coquette was dreadful. The case would be very different, if, as William expressed his conviction, he was an impostor. I had no particle of proof that this was the case; yet, from the minute the idea was presented to my mind, I remembered a thousand words and actions of his, scarcely noticed at the time, which now seemed strongly corroborative of the opinion.

I passed that night most restlessly, and, the next morning, looked so ill, that my aunt would fain have had me go to bed again; but there was to be that afternoon a party, to which I had an invitation, and sick as I felt, I determined to go to it. My cousin was intimate with the family, and would most likely be there—I could give no reason for it—but it seemed to me that if I could but see him again, something would help me—something would assist me—and, in this blind reliance of something helping me, I determined to go to it—I longed to see him—to hear his voice once more—and I scarcely felt that it was me that all this perplexity related to, but somebody that I was hearing or reading about, and that the illusion would by and by disperse.

In this state of half stupor I remained till it was time to dress, and I was going up stairs for that purpose, when happening to glance through the window, I saw Mr. Benson coming up to the gate; I knew that he would wish to attend me to the party, but I determined not to go with him; so, fearing that my aunt would see him, and be overwhelmed with inquiries "why I chose to go alone," I hastened into the garden in front of the house to meet him; but suddenly the thought flashed through my mind—"Perhaps

he will misinterpret this eagerness to meet him; he will think it is because I love him." I turned aside into the garden, and began gathering flowers as if that had been my motive for coming out.

"It was as I had anticipated; he came to wait upon me; but, I told him I was not ready, and begged him so earnestly to go without me, that, with some pique, he said that he would do so; but he lingered talking with me for a short time. I examined his words and manners more closely than ever, but that evening he appeared to peculiar advantage.

There was a pensive expression about his fine features that gave them a new charm—there was a sadness in his voice—a tone of reflection in his remarks that was unusual; and I perceived a cast of anxiety in his eyes, and an earnestness of manner towards me, that struck me very painfully. My heart whispered that even if he were an impostor, he might love me. In fact he never seemed so worthy to be loved as at the moment I was contemplating how I might best escape from our tacit engagement. He let fall some words about being obliged by business to leave the village, and of his inability to tear himself away; and when with a sigh, he left me, I returned to the house still more perplexed and unhappy.

"Oh! my friend, may you never know such an hour of bitter self-reproach as I then experienced. I began to dress myself, though interrupted by a swelling of the heart, whenever I thought of William, and the tears would force their way; I was obliged to leave off several times, to bathe my eyes and compose myself; at last I was ready, and, at my aunt's suggestion, I stepped out to gather a few white buds to put in my hair, when after I had plucked them, I saw a letter lying on the ground. I picked it up; it was addressed to Benson, and was partly open.

"You will blame me, Kate; but, put yourself in my situation—think of what a means was thus placed in my hands of satisfying my doubts respecting the integrity of Benson, and with what consideration he deserved to be treated. But wrong or not, I read the letter; nor can I pretend to express any repentance for having done so. I can repeat it to you, almost verbatim; for I read it over so often, to endeavor to comprehend its meaning, that it became impressed on my memory. It ran thus:—

"Dear Benson—I have received yours, and have only to say that I think you are playing a very foolish game. A country heiress is seldom worth bagging—it is a waste of powder and shot. As for your liking to the girl, I'll bet you a dozen of champaign that you forget her in a week. We want you very much; there is plenty of fresh game; but,

we are getting too well known. A *stranger* would be very useful. *You understand*. In hopes that you will come on instanter, I enclose you ten dollars, which is all I can spare at present; it will pay your expenses to N. Y. As for your bills at the village, leave them to remember you by. Yours, in haste,

J. WHINDALE."

"Bagged—powder and shot!" I exclaimed, as I glanced my eye over this precious epistle. "*You understand*." If he did, it was more than I could. Still, mysterious as some of the phrases of it were. I gathered enough from it to be convinced that he was a mere adventurer—a sort of Gil Blas. I stood with it in my hand, not determined how to dispose of it, when I saw its owner coming with rapid strides. I threw it down in the place I had found it, and knowing that he could not have perceived me through the fence of rose-bushes, retreated into the house, and stood at the parlor window to observe his movements.

'He came into the garden, looked about eagerly, and, on finding the letter, cast a glance around to see if he was observed, and put it into his pocket; as he did so, he caught a glimpse of my form at the window and immediately entered the house, expressing his pleasure at seeing by my dress my intention of going to the party.

'I stood before the glass arranging the curls in my hair; I could not speak to him; I felt sorry and ashamed for him; there was one sentence in the letter that touched my heart, or perhaps my vanity—it implied that he did love me. This made me feel less anger for the deception he had practised; but we can more easily forgive great faults than little meannesses. He told me a lie—a mere boasting, pitiful lie—and every remnant of the delusion was gone for ever.

"'I came back,' said he, in an easy embarrassed manner, that proved falsehood was no stranger to him; "I came back to find a letter of importance, which I had dropped. It was from my overseer. He wishes me to return immediately. There are improvements making on my estate, that render my presence necessary. You know, my dear Miss Julia, that a man of large property has so much to attend to—so much responsibility—

'As he was speaking, he came behind me, and caught the expression of utter scorn and disbelief in my countenance, reflected from the mirror; he shrunk away, and from that moment seemed to understand that I knew him; whether he suspected that I had read the letter, I do not know; it is most probable that he did, from his subsequent conduct. I told him that I should not go to the party; he bowed, and took his leave, without remonstrance. I had now determined on my

course; for him, he was not worth a thought. The more I reflected over the letter, in a more despicable light he appeared, for, the idea having once presented itself that the scrawl was from a gambler, the solution of its obscurity was easy to any one.

'Oh! how humiliating to think that such a letter could concern me—that I had suffered the prepossessing exterior and boastings of a mere swindler to weigh down the sterling qualities of William Burly!—I felt so degraded, that had my own happiness only been at stake, I should not have dared to write to my cousin; but I knew that he had loved me, and his manner the day before, proved that he still did love me tenderly—and his is not a disposition that is able soon to form new attachments—it was due to him that he should know all this. Accordingly I wrote to him acknowledging my follies, expressing my regret, and entreating him not to depart without coming to tell me he forgave me.

'This missive I despatched by a special messenger, and, as I had hoped but dared not anticipate, William was soon by my side. What passed on our meeting, you can imagine, from knowing that he did not sell his farm, and that I am his wife.

'Our conversation was interrupted by Jane Allen, who had been, till that minute, detained by her peevish grandmother. She came in to see if by any possibility I had not departed, as it was now dark and she feared to go alone. She was dressed very prettily, and expected much pleasure. I was so happy myself, that I wished to make all happy around me, so I put on my bonnet and complied with her request, and William's whispered advice.

'There seemed to be some surprise among the company, on seeing Mr. Burly instead of Benson. He, however, treated me with all his usual attention, though I easily perceived that he was aware there could be no further intimacy between us, and made no attempt to pass the barrier of cold politeness. The next morning the town was wonder-struck, for the pretended southern planter had made a moonlight flitting, and, sure enough, left all his bills to "remember him by." So ended Julia's narration.

I spent some delightful weeks at Burly farm, and revisited all my old haunts. During my pilgrimage to one of them, I became unexpectedly acquainted with our good Miss M'Queenan's early history—smile not; for the village storekeeper had a story, and, to me an interesting one.

YOUTHFUL FEELING.—'As I approve of a youth,' says Cowley, 'who has something of the old man in him, so I am not less pleased with an old man who has something of the youth. He who follows this rule may be old in body, but can never be old in mind.'

TRAVELING SKETCHES.

From the New-York Mirror.

London and its Associations.

BY THEODORE S. FAY.

IN TWO PARTS—PART THE SECOND.

MAN, the aspiring insect, loves to mount a height, to rise above the insignificance of a level, and cast his glances over miles and over millions in a single moment. The emotion of joy which we experience in reaching a lofty altitude and beholding an extended prospect, particulary of a metropolis like Rome or London, involving profound historical associations, is characteristic of his noble aspirations. At such a moment the better parts of his nature predominate and even a common mind is struck with the transient fire of imagination and virtue. Such a view is worth a thousand homilies, and, without the horror, produces something of the moral effect of a death-bed. The world and its designs, its pomp and its distinctions, so dazzling and so huge when toiling among them and for them, lie now exposed in their true proportions—dreams—phantoms—buried under the smoke and fog which shall outlive the myriads swarming beneath. The metropolis itself, in your elevated and expanded imagination, holds only the space of an individual, and from the height which seems to raise you above its prejudices and its passions, its tempting allurements, its hidden dangers, you moralize upon its character and the events of its past existence with the dignity of a historian and the calmness of a philosopher. Indeed, a greater spell seemed to invest me, strengthened peradventure by our recent personal familiarity with the classic remnants of old Rome. I could almost deem myself one of those immortal deities so conspicuous and grand in their fabulous religion, and that, as Mercury or Jove, I looked down from the pagan heaven upon the distant plains of earth, while not only nations, but ages rolled beneath my feet as I stood. My imagination was aided in this kind of necromancy (without which traveling is a prosaic business) by the similar views which we had just enjoyed of Venice, Paris, Florence, Genoa, Rome, etc. and which had left impressions as warm and distinct on my memory as if received only the previous instant. A thousands years seemed to glide solemnly by in an hour. A dim view of the ocean lies in the horizon. I looked down in fancy on the naked isle of Britain, peopled with a few tribes of savages, trading in little canoes to the opposite coast of Gaul; the banks of the river dotted with straw thatched cottages; the long-haired men clothed with skins of beasts, and wandering to and fro, with large herds of cattle; while sometimes the gloomy Druids assembled around the altar, and the cries of human victims ascended with the smoke of the

flames which consumed them. I fancied the bark of Cesar, in that antique hour, and his victories over the rude islanders. Years rolled on. Old Rome began to totter, and the tremendous changes silently going on, upon the remote campagna, were announced to the tribes of this spot by the withdrawal of their Roman governors. The Saxon army came swarming from the east; the fleet of the cruel Dane hovered round yonder coast; and Arthur and Alfred wandered by this river and over these plains. Then from the south came the Norman William, and a train of stern kings swept up after him, Richard and John and the Henrys, and the Edwards, and then the town began to assume its present appearance, and to be shaken and agitated with all the bloody and fierce scenes and characters of history, and with all the vivid details of Shakespeare. The various objects visible to the spectator are so intimately interwoven with the turbid and gore-drenched annals of England, that the sight of them arouses, with a startling intensity, a thousand romantic and thrilling incidents and characters, which since your first reading-days, have charmed and agitated the seclusion of your closet. I easily recognised the principal features of the town. Ludgate hill Fleet-street, the venerable thoroughfare of London, hallowed by the ebbings and flowings of nearly twenty generations. From my skyish eminence I gazed down into this street, cut, like a deep, narrow canal through the close pile of buildings, and I thrilled as I thought of the many beings familiar to me from their works and histories, who have trodden, with the common millions, through that single strait. Scarce a poet, orator, statesman, soldier, or assassin, a courtier, wit, king, queen, or bishop, a pilgrim, artist, or martyr of Old England, but has been there—sometimes, in the crisis of grand events, and sometimes in the careless unconsciousness of his ordinary idle hours. It is, perhaps, the precise space most unquestionably visited by every one in London, being in front of the cathedral, which at some period or other attracts every step. The most splendid feature of this spectacle is the river, with its bridges. The former appeals at once to the eye with a magnificence so striking and graceful as to explain at a glance all the Englishman's raptures. It goes bending, meandering and gleaming on through the airy gauze, with a beauty that at once fascinates the eye and calls the imagination to new realms. Its course is literally steeped in associations; but, within the limits of the town, it creeps through almost opaque masses of soot and smoke, belched forth from the wilderness of pipes, flues and chimneys. It would be needless to enumerate the immortal spots upon its shores. What beheadings and burnings; what hangings and massacres; what rebel-

lions and revolutions have gone on within this visible circle! Almost immediately beneath lies an open space of an irregular shape, and crossed by busy crowds of men and cattle. That is *Smithfield market-place*. On that very spot, William Wallace, betrayed into the hands of Edward by the base Monteith, was hanged, drawn and quartered with brutal ferocity. There, too, Wat Tyler was killed in the time of Richard the second; and there Dr. Rogers was burned, besides an immense number of others in the time of the eighth Henry, Mary, etc. There, too, were celebrated various tournaments and archery—sports of which you read in the English history. Still nearer, you behold a pile of gray buildings, with lofty courts open at the top, and heavy black gratings before the windows. That is Newgate. Yonder antique structure of gray stone, with four towers in the center, and overlooking the river, is the Tower. Within those walls Anna Boleyn was tried and executed; her beautiful head was struck off at one blow by an executioner sent from Calais on account of his remarkable dexterity, and the very day after, her cruel husband was married to Jane Seymour. It would almost be a waste of paper to enumerate even the most conspicuous of those who have been beheaded on that spot, and the 'Tower-hill' immediately adjoining. Catharine Howard, Strafford, Essex, Thomas Cromwell, Seymour, duke of Somerset—Dudley, duke of Northumberland; and Stuart, duke of Monmouth. The number of executions which disgrace the English annals, are startling, especially when we remember that, many if not most of the victims, were the noblest of martyrs. The English kings, as they stand in history, have never had justice done them. Even in our eyes they have been insensibly invested with the sacredness of antique opinion; and their crimes and weaknesses, their ignorance, vanity and folly; their lies, thefts, robberies, murders, and brutal vices, have been fused into a whole picture, which we have been too willing to excuse and admire. The severity of modern philosophy will strip them of their theatrical lustre and show them, as many of them were, monsters. More unequivocal felons and assassins than some, were never hanged at Tyburn. I do not allude to the atrocities of their political administrations, (these would demand a separate chapter,) but to their personal villainies, even to the third William, after whom their kingly extravagances are evidently modified and restrained by the increasing moral force of public opinion—a principle which I trust and believe will continue to increase in power, Charles the first, notwithstanding several—(I will not say princely, for that term is ridiculous if intended to convey a moral excellence, but) manly

and redeeming features of his character, was guilty of crimes equally derogatory to the reputation of a legislator, a gentleman and a Christian. He was not ashamed to utter willful falsehoods, nor to connive at such private swindling as would subject an officer of the United States' government to a criminal prosecution. His desertion of Strafford was mean, his adherence to Buckingham ridiculous; and yet he has earned the title of '*unfortunate*.' His scoundrel son, who should have escaped the axe only for the *horsewhip*, is the '*merry monarch*,' and Henry the eighth, a villain every way almost too gross for credit; a beast, lawless, and utterly inhuman, who shed blood without measure, and without cause, in the impatience of passion or the idleness of sport—this abandoned, bloated, bloody wretch, is the '*Bluff King Harry*' *Bluff!* One would think the whole world a courtier; that posterity had not yet dared to speak above the tone of adulation, and that the terror and sycophancy of the tyrant's personal slaves were perpetuated in the bosom of history itself. For my part I could scarcely help triumphing while thus looking down on these hoary, gore-stained scenes, to think how justly their once terrible masters have gone back to the dust, and how utterly all their train of oppressions and powers are crumbling with them in their graves. For us, at least, these fierce ages are ended. *Bluff Harry!* and merry Charles! your reign is over—you and yours. There will be no more flames kindled in Smithfield. Tower-hill and the Tower dungeons have drunk their last, and the rack, the stake, the axe and the dagger, are thrown aside for ever. At least no American petitioner shall again kneel here in vain to the haughty monarch of a future time, and whatever may be the fate of old England, storm-tost, wave-worn, time-beaten as she is; whatever miseries yet with their viewless wings brood over these outstretched miles and millions, I trust that a spirit of peace and justice dwells, and may ever continue to dwell among the plains and mountains, the cities and hamlets of my own far western country. May no Cromwell—no Cataline plunge her into ruin. May civil discord and ambition never tread down her harvest fields and encrimson her bright flowing rivers with the blood of her children. May no Tower rise, no Smithfield burn, no tyranny or persecution sound the alarm of war and wo. May no Sicilian vespers, no St. Bartholomew's-eve no massacre of Catholic or protestant of Christian or Jew, darken her annals. May there be in her future path no such events as have left in Europe and in England the foot-mark of every age in blood, and have cast such a fearful interest over the objects on which I now gaze.

Scathed old city! over which has so long

flowed, will so long continue to flow, the stream of ages—pierced and torn with war and oppression—stanch soc to France—victim of a thousand vicissitudes and persecutions—whose hand has been stretched forth to the farthermost corners of the earth—who gathertest into thy bosom rare tributes, from every sea and from every clime. Venerable parent of my own land, how shall I separate and explain my thoughts at the sight of thee? Shall I pity, or hate, or love thee? What huge miseries have rolled over thee, mighty Babel, even as thou liest, Leviathan on the flood, and sending up to heaven thy solemn voice. How plague, and fire, and famine have afflicted thee! How inundation, hurricane, tempest, lightning and earthquake have attacked and scarred thee! Even as the far Egypt thou hast shrunk beneath mysterious visitations of flies and locusts. Sometimes excessive rains have threatened thee with another deluge, and sometimes droughts appalled thee with apprehensions of the last day. How often over thy shrinking thousands have burst the thunders of the Vatican! How heavily the clouds of superstition have lowered over thee! How gradually broke upon thee light from the torch of Luther! What alarms have thrilled thy great heart! How hast thou started at the trump of rumor blown before the Dane and the Norman, before Philip and Napoleon! As thou liest now a giant at my foot, I wonder to remember how puny and timid thou hast often been beneath the frown of a priest, a woman, or a child! What stripes and goadings thou hast borne! How thou hast writhed and bled! How long thou hast suffered patiently before thy colossal limbs moved, and thy huge neck was withdrawn from the yoke! Thou hast been thyself an oppressor too, a malison on thee, old gladiator! What! when thy own sides were reeking and quivering with the lash, must thou mercilessly lay the scourge upon the back of thy child? We have not forgotten thy household despotism, haughty sire! It is thy once-affectionate daughter who now addresses thee. Shame on thy unnatural hand that drove us over the sea! Shame on thy cruel enmity that pursued us even to the desert! Thou wouldest have continued thy vindictive flagellations! Thou wast mistaken. The days of Xerxes were past. The ocean would none of thy setters. The child whom thou wouldest have crushed, instead of thy victim, became thy son, and mated her with thee in every clime. Art not ashamed of thyself, old Pharaoh? But we forgive thee! Nay, even yet we admire and love thee! All that we have, springs from thee, venerable and sturdy strugger with bloody ages! Even the freedom, our pride and our blessing, is thy legacy. Thy blood, is in our veins, thy heart in our

bosom. These have won us our new world. In yielding to us, thou yieldest only to thyself. Farewell! I am glad I have seen thee. I would not willingly have died without looking on thy face, England!

MISCELLANY.

Influence of Women.

Not a page in French history, from the sixteenth century to the nineteenth, but has to speak of some female reputation—nor is there a path to fame which female footsteps have not trod! Never have the French armies been engaged in the neighborhood, without there being found many of those females—of those delicate and fragile females—whom one sees in the saloons of Paris, slain on the field of battle, to which they had been led, not so much for a violent passion for their lovers (French women do not love so violently,) as by a passion for that action and adventure which they are willing to seek, even in a camp. At the battle of Jemappa Dumourier had for his aids-de-camp, two of the most beautiful, the most delicate, and accomplished women in society, of the time. Equally chaste and warlike, these modern Camillas felt a veneration for the profession of arms—they delighted in the smoke of the cannon, and the sound of the trumpet. Osten, a General told me, in the most desperate cries of the battle, he has heard their slender but animated voices, reproaching flight, and urging to the charge: ‘Whither do you go, soldiers! Is not the enemy yonder? Advance! Follow!’ And you might have seen the waving plumes and amazonian garb, amid the thickest of the fire.—*Bulwer’s France.*

Test of Ill Breeding.

THE swaggerer is invariably an impostor; the man who calls the loudest for the waiter, who treats him worst, and who finds more fault than any body else in the room, when the company is mixed, will always turn out to be the man of all others the least entitled, either by rank or intelligence, to give himself airs. The people who are conscious of what is due to them, never display irritability or impetuosity—their names insure civility, civility insures respect; but the blockhead or the coxcomb, fully aware that something more than ordinary is necessary to produce effect, is sure, whether in clubs or coffee rooms, to be of the most restless and irritable amongst his equals, the most cringing and subservient to his superiors.

Happy Days.

A PAPER was found after the death of Abderam III, one of the Moorish Kings of Spain, who died at Cordova in 981, after a reign of 50 years, with these words written by himself. ‘Fifty years have passed since I was Caliph,

I have enjoyed riches, honors and pleasures, heaven has showered upon me all the gifts that man could desire. In this long space of apparent felicity I have kept an account of how many happy days I have passed—their number is fourteen. Consider then, mortals, what is granduer, what is the world, and what is life.’

Nor long since, two sailors passing along by a tailor’s shop, observing the tailor at work with his coat off, and having the back of his waist-coat patched with different colors of cloth, induced the sons of Neptune to crack a joke upon the poor fellow, when one of the tars observed to the other, ‘Look ye, Jack, did you ever see so many sorts of cabbage grow upon one stump before?’

‘PERSONAL NARRATIVE’ OF A VOYAGE TO MADRAS.—A story is told of a gentleman who, having been on business to the East Indies, and returned, gave the whole sum and substance of his travels in these words: ‘I put my head out of the port hole of the ship one day, and, my eyes! how she did whiz!’

LITTLENESS OF MIND.—Little minds triumph over the errors of men of genius, as an owl rejoiceth at an eclipse of the sun.

Hudson City Forum.

A meeting of the Hudson City Forum will be held at the Court-House, on Wednesday evening, January 13th, at half past 6 o’clock. An address will be delivered by S. Symonds, Esq.—subject, ‘Utilitarianism.’

N. T. ROSSETTER, Sec'y.

Letters Containing Remittances,
*Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting
the amount of Postage paid.*

L. G. P. Belleville, N. Y. \$1.00; A. C. D. Sutton, Vt. \$0.12; C. T. R. Clarkson, N. Y. \$2.00; H. F. B. Brimfield, Ms. \$2.00; S. B. T. Canonsburg, Pa. \$1.00; S. M. D. New Ashford, Ms. \$1.00; B. E. North Amherst, Ms. \$1.00; A. J. Payne’s Ville, N. Y. \$1.00; R. L. Bath, N. Y. \$1.00.

MARIED,

In this city, on the 23d inst. Mr. James Nash, to Miss Electa Brandow.

On the 22d ult. by the Rev. Mr. Waterbury, Mr. George C. Hubbard, to Miss Ann Eliza Pinkham, both of this city.

On the 24th ult. by the Rev. Wm. Thatcher, Mr. James H. Ostrander, to Miss Hannah Hollenbeck, both of this city.

At Trinity Church, Athens, on the 23d ult. by the Rev. Mr. Thibon, Mr. Albert Le Roy White, of Rutland, Jefferson County, to Miss Almira White, of the former place.

At Northeast, Dutchess Co. on the 24th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Winter, Mr. Alanson Wagoner, of this city, to Miss Lucy Owen of the former place.

At Clermont, on the 24th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Wagoner, Mr. Peter Hart, to Miss Margaret Van De Bogart both of the town of Livingston.

At Corlaacke, on the 31st ult. the Rev. Leonard B. Van Dyck, Pastor of the Presbyterian Church, in Osbornville, Greene County, to Miss Lucy Ann, eldest daughter of Anthony Van Bergen, Esq. of the former place.

In Whitingham, Vt. on the 3d of Dec. Mr. William Buscom, to Miss Lucy Burns, both of that place.

Their vows of truth these lovers spoke
Their solemn faith they plighted,
And now in Hymen’s ‘seasoned’ yoke
They’re happily united.

J. C.

DIED.

Suddenly, in this city, on the 31st ult Mrs. Hannah consort of James Mellen, Esq. in the 41 year of her age.

On the 24th ult. Ichabod Coe, a Soldier of the Revolution, aged 69 years.

On the 25th ult. Susan Barnard, wife of Abisha Barnard, (deceased,) in the 89d year of her age.

In New-York, on the 13th ult. Helen Louisa, daughter of John and Dorcas Haws, aged four months.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

A Leaf from a Lady's Album.

DEAR Hannah, might I flowerets bring
From others' stores to deck thy page,
Mine were a richer offering—

More meet the attention to engage
Of those, thy Album, who peruse
In hope to find some brilliant gem
Culled from the gifts of Heaven's muse,
Or Byron's fadeless diadem.

But thou'st preferred an humbler flower,
Cultured alone by Friendship's hand,
To those that bloom in Genius' bower
And all its glowing tints command.
Then let my heart's warm offering,
Among thy gems and flow'rets bright,
Be as the modest flower of Spring,
The lowly violet, hid from sight,
O'er-powered by their more radiant hues,
And shrinking from each eye but thine,
Who seek'st alone from Friendship true,
The flowers to in thy wreath entwine.

Then think of her whose hand hath thrown,
Among thy lovelier, brighter flowers,
This simple one, 'tis Friendship's own—
Oh! think of her in thy lone hours—
Thy hours of deep and saddened feeling,
More dear than those with gladness fraught,
When, Memory o'er thee sweetly stealing,
The scenes of other years are brought
To live again in her fair page—
When friends of youth shall sit before thee,
And loves of youth thy mind engage,
Oh! let a thought of her come o'er thee,
Though haply she may be no more,
Who doth this small memento bring,
To add to thy poetic store—
A pure, thought humble offering.

From the New-York Mirror.

A Scene on the Hudson.

'TWAS summer night—the broad expanse above
Gladdened all earth with one mild look of love;
E'en like the affectionate, soft smile of home
When hearts unite, was that resplendent dome;
Or like the eloquent and tender spell
Of soul, illuminating the face, where dwell
Celestial thoughts, even now in unison
With the wide sphere so pure to look upon.
The moon, her spangled train swept o'er the wave,
That bent in beauty like a willing slave;
Sparkling and happy that her unveiled face
Beamed in resplendent, undiminished grace
Upon its humble breast. Her presence seemed
All of the beautiful that we have dreamed
Of fairy land. The stream, the rocky shore,
The bordering, peaked hill—that distant bore
Sweet echo's voice, and the mifl air so bland,
That Psyche might have whispered a command
In such a breath—and young Endymion slept
Fearless of charm—though o'er him slumb'ring crept
The stilly rays of his proud queen, as bright
As the heart's willing worship of this night!

On the broad river's calmed bosom stemmed
The bustling keel, all radiantly gemmed,
Of many a well-trimmed boat; that gayly dipped,
As if in sport, the oar the sheen had tipped.
Now gently moving, indolently slow,
And now with hastened dash they gayly row.
Sweet music led in its capricious wake
Yon gliding boats. Then eager to o'ertake
The mellow strain, they one and all pursue
The martial band that played amid the crew.
Onward they went—the barks, the company,
Gliding and darting o'er the waters free;
The jest, the laugh, the quaintly-imaged thought
Up-springing from this summer scene; so fraught
With inspiration, and the harmony
Of all things beauteous; stream, and hill, and tree.
And heaven's most peaceful, cloudless evening smile
And earth in dreamy pleasure lulled the while:
Even life itself in this dread world did seem
A soft and beautiful imbodyed dream.
And it shall be embalmed in memory,
That lingers still when fairy visions flee.

M.

The Fallen Leaves.

We stand among the fallen leaves,
Young children at our play,
And laugh to see the yellow things
Go rustling on their way;
Right merrily we hunt them down,
The autumn winds and we;
Nor pause to gaze where snow-drifts lie,
Or sunbeams gild the tree,
With dancing feet we leap along
Where wither'd boughs are strown.
Nor past nor future checks our song!
The present is our own.

We stand among the fallen leaves
In youth's enchanted spring,
When Hope (who wears at the last)
First spreads her eagle wing.
We tread with steps of conscious strength
Beneath the leafless trees,
And the color kindles in our cheek
As blows the winter breeze;
While, gazing towards the cold grey sky,
Clouded with snow and rain,
We wish the old year all past by,
And the young spring come again.

We stand among the fallen leaves,
In manhood's haughty prime,
When first our pausing hearts begin
To love 'the oiden-time';
And, as we gaze we sigh to think
How many a year hath passed,
Since 'neath those cold and faded trees
Our footsteps wandered last;
And old companions, now perchance
Estranged, forgot, or dead,
Come round us, as those autumn leaves
Are crushed beneath our tread.

We stand among the fallen leaves
In our own autumn day,
And tottering on with feeble steps,
Pursue our cheerless way.
We look not back, too long ago
Hath all we loved been lost;
Nor forward, for we may not live
To see our new hope crossed;
But on we go, the sun's faint beam
A feeble warmth imparts,
Childhood without its joy returns,
The present fills our hearts!

Christmas Times.

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all thro' the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In the hope that St. Nicholas* soon would be there.
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar plums danced in their heads,
And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap;
When out on the lawn there rose such a clatter,
I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters, and threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast of the new fallen snow,
Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects below.
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny rein-deer,
With a little old driver so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name
'Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer! now, Vixen!
On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Dunder and Blixen!
To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!
Now dash away! dash away! dash away all!
As dry leaves before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle mount to the sky,
So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys—and St. Nicholas too.
And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof,
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof;
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys was flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack;
His eyes—how they twinkled! his dimples how merry,
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow;
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath,
He had a broad face, and a little round belly,
That shook when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly.
He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,
And I laughed when I saw him in spite of myself.
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread;
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all his stockings; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like a down of a thistle;
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
'Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night.'

* Santa Claus.

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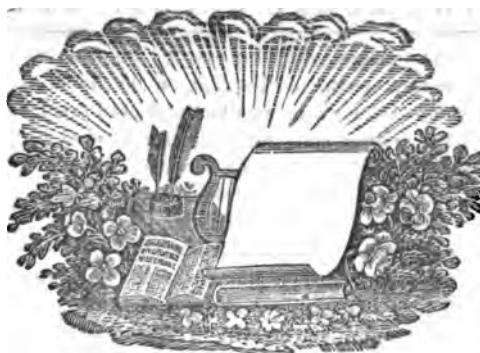
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VOL. XII.—[III. NEW SERIES.]

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1836.

NO. 17.

SUBJECT TABLES.

The French Officer.

'WELL,' said I, to myself, getting into the diligence to go from Havre to Paris, 'a pretty day I shall have of it. To be crammed from sunrise to sunset in a jolting prison, face to face with a parcel of folks you have never laid your eyes on before!'

To tell the truth, I was in a mood for grumbling, and on looking at my companions I saw nothing to soften it. They were all well dressed, to be sure, but there was a general air of coldness, distance, restraint, that promised badly.

'What are we waiting for?' I inquired, rather pettishly, of the conducteur.

'Ogly for Colonel St. Aubin, and it wants a few minutes of the time. Ay, yonder he comes.'

Hardly was the word said, before a genteel, elegantly-formed man, in a military dress and blue Spanish cloak, made his appearance. In spite of large black eyes and mustaches, the smile on a handsome mouth, with ivory teeth, indicated habitual gayety and good humor.

'Ah, gentlemen,' said he, looking round on taking his seat, 'I am glad to see we are full. A diligence is a dull affair, which nothing can make tolerable but good company.'

My blue devils took flight in a minute. The officer made his remark in such a pleasant tone, that it seemed immediately to banish the reserve and awaken the kindly feelings of every one, and the next we were as merry as if we had been over a bottle of champaign. The colonel was the life of the party; witty and easy, at the same time well-informed and polite.

The diligence had rolled on rapidly for some time, and as we suddenly turned round a hill that over hung the river, one of the passengers cried out, 'There is Caudébec; what a beautiful landscape!' In a moment every eye was directed through the windows, and fixed in admiration.—It was indeed a lovely prospect. The valley below, swelling in gentle undulations, was covered with wheat

and rye fields in their tenderest green, and far away rose losty hills in softened blue. Not a fence or hedge-row broke the wide spread sea of verdure; but here and there wooded spots, with losty trees, lay like islands, and white cottages sprinkled over the scene shone like so many distant sails. Just at our feet glided on, the river, broad, still, and silvery, which here making a bend, enclosed most of the valley in its semicircle. The day was one of the sweetest to give effect to picturesque beauty: clear without being dazzling, with a few light white clouds now and then skimming across the sun, and varying the tints of the landscape beneath. Our handsome officer, who had hitherto been the life of the party by his wit, intelligence, and good humor, sank back in his seat with his hand passed over his eyes.

The diligence rattled on through the town, ascended the hill beyond, and entered a road bordered on either side by formal rows of apple-trees, the beautiful landscape disappeared behind us. Once, and only once, as our lumbering vehicle was passing through the town, the officer looked hurriedly out of the windows, and shrinking convulsively back, resumed his former position. I know not how it was, but his sudden and incomprehensible taciturnity seemed contagious. From being as gay as a wedding-party, we became as grave as the attendants of a funeral. The officer was the first to break the silence, and by his conversational powers our former hilarity was soon restored.

'And now, Colonel,' said a passenger, 'if I be not too bold, pray tell me why you were seized with such a fit of the blue devils—you, the gayest of the gay—just when every one else was enraptured with the finest view on our route?'

The officer's countenance fell, but immediately regained an appearance of composure.

'I have no reason gentlemen,' said he, 'to make any mystery; and perhaps my involuntary conduct requires an explanation. I was in that town once before, and the sudden mention of it brought to memory one of the most eventful and awful scenes of my life—

one which I cannot even think of now without shuddering. I would detail what after five years has lost little of its original intensity, did I not fear tiring you.'

We all earnestly begged him to proceed, as we well perceived it was no ordinary circumstance that had produced such enduring effects on one of his temperament.

'Five years ago, then' said the officer, 'as I was on my way from Paris to Havre, to join my regiment, the diligence, in passing through Rouen, took in an old gentleman and his daughter, whose whole air and appearance bore the stamp of birth and education. I occupied a back seat, and as they entered, I alternately offered it to both of them; but they declined, coldly, though politely. The other seats were filled with young officers, destined for the same place as myself. They were all strangers to me; yet, as there is a kind of freemasonry among military men, conversation soon became general and unrestrained among us. The father and daughter seemed alone excluded from the common gaiety. It was not until after perhaps an hour that I bethought me of the want of good feeling, not to say of politeness, in making these two individuals feel that they were the only strangers, I addressed some few indifferent words to the old gentleman, who replied readily and freely, and we soon got into a steady and interesting conversation.

He now, of his own accord, requested me as a favor to exchange seats, as riding backwards affected him. This change brought me alongside the daughter, not a little to my wishes, you may be sure, as I was gallant to all the sex, and especially to those having any pretension to beauty. I had not distinctly seen my fair fellow-traveler, on account of her veil and bonnet; but a fine form, and glances of sparkling black eyes and a lovely complexion were quite enough. Never in my life did I exert myself more to render myself interesting, and never with less success—She always answered me intelligently and politely, yet so very briefly, that after several attempts I desisted and renewed my intercourse with the more sociable father.

"When we arrived at the hotel in the town we have just passed, we officers agreed to sup together. The father and daughter withdrew to their apartments. Our supper was prolonged till pretty late in the night, but as we had to depart at the break of day, we at last separated to get a few hours' repose. Whether it was the fatigue of the journey, mental excitement or the effect of an extra glass, I know not, but I felt no inclination to sleep. I took books out of my trunk, novels, travels, and poetry, all to no purpose. My eye glanced over the pages in a kind of vacuity that left no distinct impression on the mind. I looked out at the moon, and paced up and down the room with a vague feeling of impatience and unhappiness, for no assignable reason. It was so very still that the tickings of my watch struck me with a distinctness so painful that I stopped it. While in this state I was startled by a voice quite near me, which I immediately knew for that of my fair fellow-traveler, warbling exquisitely, in a soft undertone, the beautiful air, 'Neil Cor,' from the opera of *Idalide*. For a moment, I experienced a thrill of satisfaction that a human being was awake, and so near me. On examination, I found that there was a door between my room and hers, apparently long nailed up and disused. Two or three times I was on the point of tapping, and of attempting a conversation; but the utter impropriety and indelicacy of such conduct as often struck me. As I was impatiently ruminating, she commenced in the same *sotto voce* the song from *Trilby Lutrin 'Econte'*. I listened till she had concluded the first verse. Then taking up the tune, I sang, loud enough for her to hear, the second verse, where Trilby replies to Jenny. Her voice immediately ceased, and after a few light footsteps and gentle movements, I heard no further noise in her chamber. I listened long and eagerly, and then reflected with compunction that I had taken an unwarrantable liberty in breathing one accent to a strange lady in her bed-room.

"It must have been very late when, wearied more in mind than body, I threw myself, without undressing, on the bed. As for sleep, I had no expectation of it. I did sleep however—a sleep I shall never forget. Frequently I was awaked by sudden starts and when I slumbered again I was surrounded by strange forms and faces, that stared frightfully at me, and shouted in my ear. My dreams eventually assumed greater distinctness on my senses. I seemed to hear tumultuous voices, the roaring of drums, the ringing of bells, and occasionally peals like thunder. I felt oppressed by the glare of light. Even now, I am conscious of having suffered much in the throes of that deep and feverish sleep. A noise like thunder,

and a violent vibration startled me from my uneasy couch, and I sprang on the floor. I looked around me with half scattered senses. My dreams still continued, for I heard the shouts and screams of hundreds of voices, the drums rolled their alarms as on the eve of battle, numerous bells clanged forth their jingling notes, and the room glared red with rapid flashes, as if illuminated by the burstings of a volcano. Accustomed to danger, I soon collected myself. I approached the window, and saw that the town was on fire, and that the conflagration was raging around the very spot where I was sleeping. It was the blowing-up of a house in the vicinity that had so suddenly aroused me. The wind blew high, and the flames, rolling on in broad sheets, were spreading from house to house. My hotel was evidently burning. It may well be supposed that I did not gaze long: I rushed towards my door, but at the very moment I recollect the lady near me. I paused—I confess it—but it was only a pause—whether I should save myself. 'What, leave a helpless woman! never!' I knocked violently at her door; there was no answer: this was not a time for ceremony—I tried with all my strength to force an entry; but in vain: the door resisted my utmost efforts. Meanwhile the light became more and more bright, and the noise of the crowd increased below, as if nearer and more numerous. I sprang to my own door, and found it closed: I well remembered locking it before going to bed, and taking the key out, but had utterly forgotten where I had put it. After attempting to burst it open with my foot, I essayed it first with a chair, and then a table, till both where shivered into fragments, without as much as shaking the solid fastenings. I relaxed my exertions, exhausted and bathed in perspiration. Once more I went to the window to try and ascertain my exact situation. I discovered that the conflagration was rapidly hemming me in, and that they were actively plying fire-engines, and now and then blowing up houses to try to arrest its progress. As I could see by the light that the street below was crowded with people, I determined to call for assistance. The window sashes closed by a construction that I did not understand, and my efforts to open them were unavailing. In my impatience, I dashed both hands through the panes of glass, and though severely cut by them, I felt no pain at the time. The smoke poured in so dense and hot through the aperture I had made that I had to retire; but reaching the window a second time, I called loudly for aid. Amid the clamor of voices, and the roaring of flames, a cannon could scarcely have been heard. I hallooed till I was aware that it was in vain, and the stifling vapor drove me from my position.

The room began to be oppressively hot, and the floor parched my feet. I had faced death in a hundred battle-fields, and feared it not; but to die thus, amid excruciating and protracted torments! I sank down on my bed in despair. The black smoke that dashed against my window was now mixed with gushes of dark red flame, that shivered the panes, and covered the room with a murky cloud—"Good God!" I exclaimed, "it is all over! I have nothing to do but die like a man." My eyes, irritated by the vapor, were filled with tears, and I could no longer distinguish objects; my body was scorching, and I panted for breath, inhaling, at every respiration, a poisoned atmosphere. At this time a loud splash rattled through the shivered panes, and I was deluged with a shower of water, I was restored to life, and with it to hope. The air of the room was once more clear and freshened. Once more I arose, resolved to make another effort at preservation. I seized the tongs and poker, and tried to force back the locks of the two doors. My strength seemed to increase with my desperation. I toiled till the skin was rubbed from my before lacerated hands, and they were bathed in blood. It was all useless, and hope died thoroughly within me. Almost fainting, I staggered back against the wall. In that position I saw my reflection in a large mirror and in spite of my absorbing situation, I was appalled at my appearance.—My eyes were haggard and bloodshot; my hair, bedewed with perspiration, hung in handspikes; my lips were black and parched, and the pallidness of my skin was frightfully contrasted with spots of soot and streaks of gore from bleeding hands.

"What I have related was but the events of a few minutes, for hours seemed compressed in the hurried thoughts and rapid actions of that horrid period. The consummation was rapidly approaching. A wooden portico, covered with tin, just under my window, had long resisted the furious element, and had been kept below ignition by the engines; but at length, overcome by the intense heat from the neighboring houses, it spouted up in a pyramid of fire, that was borne by the wind, with whirls of smothering smoke, immediately into my room. My lungs were so overcome with the heated and deleterious air that I felt choked; my head swam round, and my knees were sinking under me. I remembered to have heard that there is always in such cases a layer of pure air near the floor, and I threw myself on my face. In fact I did breathe freer there. I listened for human accents or movements in the house, but heard none. All at once the noise of the crowd below subsided, and from the few occasional shouts through speaking trumpets, I understood that the house was about to be blown

up. I almost felt relieved to think that this would speedily terminate my dreadful fate. While thus extended on the floor, my eye caught the door-key near me. I regained the door; but the dense sulphureous medium into which I rose overpowered my exhausted frame.—I reeled round, and fell senseless. I only remember that as I sprang from the floor, it seemed to me I heard something like footsteps and voices, and that as I fell a loud crash rang in my ears.

'How long I lay insensible I know not. When I recovered, I found myself on a bed in a handsome room, a gentleman in black, who I afterwards discovered to be a physician, close by me, and several servants around: As soon as I moved, he begged me to remain quiet; and, indeed, I had no other inclination. I felt as if there was scarcely force in me to inhale or expire my breath. I had aches in my limbs, and a soreness along the veins, especially in the arms; but the worst of all was a most insufferable nausea. The burns were inconsiderable. My head was bathed in Cologne water, leeches applied to my chest, and iced-water given me to drink, till finally the irritability of my stomach was allayed. It was, however, three days before I was restored to any thing like comfort. Even then I was as weak as a child, but disease was conquered. I had made many attempts to question my attendants, and they had as often positively refused to talk with me. When they saw me really convalescent, my queries were satisfied.

How had I been saved? Who had thought of the stranger, when every one was intent on his own safety and that of his property? Who but woman, weak, timid woman, who, careless to the impulses of ambition, perils all when she can serve humanity! My lovely neighbor had been awakened by her father a few minutes before, and hurried off to a place of safety. As soon as the inmates of the hotel were assembled, and she saw that one was missing, that I was not there, she beseeched the firemen, the landlord, the officers, her old father, to save me. They declared with one voice that the attempt would be useless—madness. Hardly had her father left her to look after his trunks, than again she begged and implored the firemen, until moved by her tears and a full purse, two of the largest and most resolute offered to go. But who was to show the way? Before the question could be well asked, she rushed before them, while a scream was heard from every one near her. She led the way to the room she had so lately occupied, now almost as dark as night with smoke. The firemen recoiled till they saw her still press on. A sturdy blow from their axes: and the door flew in shivers. A fireman, rushing in, raised my lifeless body on his shoulders, while at the

same time his companion had to catch up and bear off the heroic girl, who had sunk on the floor the moment she had seen me prostrate.

'And where is my preserver?' I exclaimed, when I had heard the history.

'She is in the same hotel where you are at present,' said the physician; 'but with her delicate frame, her convalescence cannot be as rapid as yours.'

'The first use, you may rest assured, that I made of my returning health, was to visit one to whom I owed every thing. With my ardent gratitude, I should have been fascinated had I found her less beautiful, less sensible, or less amiable; as it was, I found her an angel. I will not tire you with the details of what may seem to you a mawkish love-story of common romance. Suffice it to say, that awful night, which still makes my blood run cold, made me what I still am,—a happy husband.'

From the New-York Mirror.

A Lesson off Gibraltar.

BY AN OCTOGENARIAN.

'THERE is theme for comment in the passing away of a minute,' said the venerable parent closing his heavy book.

It was the second day of a dead calm between the Pillars of Hercules. The sky bent over them with a clearness that seemed unnatural. On its vast arch not a cloud, not a bar was to be seen, and the rose-tint, paling from the horizon upward into a pure pearl, lay like the hue on the inner curve of a sea-shell.

'A theme for comment!' echoed the youth, archly; 'a theme for congratulation rather! and I find nothing more remarkable in it than that it should go so slowly. I have read myself almost to death. I am dying to go on shore, and each hour seems longer than the last. What wonder do you find, my dear father, in the thought of so dull a thing as a minute, in a calm, too, at sea?'

'There is wonder, my son,' replied the sire, 'in all things to one who *thinks*! but in none more than the coming on and the rolling away of time.'

The boy bent an inquiring look on the face of his companion.

'Why, *think*, Albert, what it is—this time—this viewless mystery which we talk of—which we feel—whose footsteps are printed everywhere. Hold your watch. Observe the rising and disappearance of a minute. 'Look! It flies—it lessens—the little hand points its course—there—it has gone for ever—and with it all the incidents throughout this vessel—throughout the world—all which, throughout endless space, have occurred within its narrow limits. To some it has been the beginning; to some the end of life. It has destroyed families—wrecked ships—changed

the fate of armies and nations. It is laden with tears and blood—love and hate—hope and despair. With what opposite feelings have men marked its transit! By some it was hailed with joy—by some cursed in agony. How can I reflect upon even such an event as the passing away of a minute, without serious thoughts, when every minute rolls through the world with such a vast principle of change and revolution.'

'True—true,' said Albert. 'How strange it is that you should see so much in that in which I saw nothing!'

'You have entered into a garden in the morning.'

'Yes, my father.'

'And beheld the rose-bush with its unadorned leaves, yet light from the weight of any flower.'

'Yes, my dear father.'

'You have also seen, at a subsequent period, the young bud forming on the stem, then swelling with its strange little burden—then unfolding the new-born blossom, glittering with dew, exhaling fragrance, full of tender tints and exquisite beauty.'

'There is nothing, indeed, so beautiful as flowers,' said the boy, with a thoughtful air, 'when we can cease from our sports, and sit down, alone, and look at them.'

'You have afterward beheld this sweet rose fade and fall—its leaves withered—its perfume gone—its tender graces scattered on the ground.'

'I have often wondered why the flowers should fade.'

'Again, my son, you have beheld the robin, in the opening of the spring, come with his mate to the old tree, by our window, at home, and there build a nest. In a short time bright eggs lie in it. Then you may hear the callow young cry for food, and the loving parents fluttering around their offspring.'

'Ay, father, and I have watched those little, tiny creatures till they grew to strength, and come out among the branches, and then went hopping along the grass and chirping in the wood.'

'And by and by,' continued the father, 'these birds and all the others which fill the forest, are gone; and other birds build nests, and warble in their places. What has wrought this change?'

'Time, father.'

'And what is this Time?'

'It is—I cannot tell; but I see that it is something wonderful by its effects upon the birds and flowers.'

'And can you now fancy all the birds and all the flowers in the world coming and going with every year—displacing each other by millions—like waves of the sea?'

'Wonderful Time!' said Albert, 'I never thought of this before.'

'But you have not imagined half its power.
Under its influence, you are even as a flower.
All mankind just so bud and bloom—fade and
fall—and whole generations of beings like you
and me pass away like those birds of the
forest.'

'I always knew this,' said Albert, 'but I
never felt it before.'

'Let me suppose,' said the father, 'that
you stood on the top of yonder high rock of
Gibraltar. Let me suppose that this strait
was flowing out through yonder gates, and
that all human beings and human things were
borne by you, and then swallowed behind yon
horizon in a dark whirlpool. And yet that
you should behold all these people, carelessly
pursuing their giddy pleasures—singing,
dancing and laughing—and never reflecting
upon the approaching crisis which all knew
and all forgot.'

'Such a sight, you would say, do we all
present as Time bears us on to death.'

'People will tell you this is commonplace.
It can never be so to those who comprehend
it; but let us reflect a little farther. Gene-
ration after generation are ever fleeting away
and swallowed up in the whirlpool—but the
places where they moved—the objects which
they have used and fancied their own—the
edifices they have reared, remain, and history
retains the memory of them and of their
actions. To the student, who peruses its
pages in the closet, it is full of wonder. He
becomes familiarly acquainted with beings
whom he has never seen, whom he can never
see. How strange that man should thus baffle
Time. That he should read what Time has
endeavored to snatch from him. We have
remarked the gliding away of a minute. Be-
fore we thought of that little experiment, yon-
der gigantic rock was standing. The moment
rolled. There yet it stands.'

'Assuredly,' said the boy, with a smile.

'You smile. See, now, how our mind is
chained and mastered by habit. How custom
makes things commonplace, and how eternal
truths may astound, when not frequently the
subjects of our meditations. Lift your mind,
and from the small compass of a minute ex-
tend it to a year.'

'Well.'

'To fifty years.'

'Well.'

'To a hundred—before you—before they
who bore you—existed.'

'It is difficult to imagine the world before
our existence.'

'Life has made us so familiar with light,
air, the globe, the sky, that they seem almost
a part of us. The stars ever burning above
our heads have been associated with so many
of our lonely reflections; the spring has so
often blown upon us its breath of pleasure—
we have rejoiced so in the beauty of nature—

all these have been such faithful ministers to
our sentiments and sensations—such sooth-
ers of our pains and sorrows—such guardian
spirits to us, that we half-unconsciously learn
to believe they know us, and love us. The
idea that their blessings are but promiscuously
bestowed upon millions, who pass away unre-
gardedly like the leaves and the clouds before
their balmy influences—that, ere we came into
being, they were scattered just so upon others
now gone—that, after we shall cease to exist,
they will yet fall soothingly and untiringly with-
out diminution, without shadow, upon the
swarming millions of future years, touches us
almost with the chill of disappointment. Im-
agination will not admit the conviction of our
unimportance. We are so much to ourselves,
that we cannot comprehend how little we are
to others, what remote links we are in the
great chain, and what a small and fleeting por-
tion we occupy of time. We can well con-
ceive that yonder rock stood there before our
eyes fell on it, and will remain after we shall
turn away. But strive to force your mind a
thousand—three thousand—six thousand
years back. There it stood as now; its bro-
ken top towering above the sea; the waves
washing idly against it with the self-same
sound and motion; the same shadows creeping
over its rocky side; the same stars track-
ing their silent courses above; the same
sunshine gleaming around, as at this instant!
Then, and through all the long lapse of inter-
mediate ages, there stood yonder rock. You have
forgotten to smile, my son.'

'I never before strove to conceive of six
centuries.'

'And yet each one is no more matter of
wonder than a minute. And its changes are
scarce greater. A mountain—a nation may
fall in a moment. A world has burst in a
moment. The universe, when its course is
run, may in one instant be reduced to nothing.
You will die. Compared with the duration of
that rock, you are incalculably more evanes-
cent than the lightest flower compared with
you. You will be dissolved into dust. Oth-
ers will appear after you. These with their
successors, and the successors of their
successors, will be swept utterly away.
Another period of six thousand years, perhaps
of twenty thousand, it is idle to limit the
extent, will still and steadily roll on—and yet
yonder rock will stand, the mute, stern
sentinel of this gate. It is called impregnable,
and yet it hath changed masters and will
again, for that which has been may be once
more. It has been climbed, in its primeval
freedom, by the naked savage, long before it
had a master or a name. It is obviously co-
eval with the globe itself. The Roman, the
Goth, the Saracen, the Englishman, have been
among its lords. It was at this point that the
Saracens planted their banner in Europe.'

Yonder fortress of Ceuta, the African pillar
of Hercules, was held by Julian, the Spanish
traitor; and Tarik, the Arab chief, who, aided
by Julian, landed on the opposite pillar, gave
a name to the mountain, and almost a religion
to Europe. More than a thousand years have
passed since that period. What eyes have
gazed where yours are now gazing upon that
tall and naked rock and the rugged cliff of
Bullones—upon these white towns—the wind-
ing shore and the green water! What troops
have glittered along the beach! What stately
sleets have ploughed the waves, rolling here
at the limit of the ancient world! Yet all that
has passed may be nothing to that which is to
come!

BIOGRAPHY.

Henry Neele.

The late Henry Neele was the second son
of a highly respectable map and heraldic en-
graver in the Strand, where he was born
January 29th, 1798; and upon his father
removing to Kentish Town, was there sent to
school, as a daily boarder, and continued at
the same seminary until his education was
completed. At this academy, though he
became an excellent French scholar, yet he
acquired 'little Latin, and less Greek;' and,
in fact, displayed no very devoted application
to, or even talent for, study of any sort: with
the exception of Poetry; for which he thus
early evinced his decided inclination, and
produced several specimens of extraordinary
beauty, for so juvenile a writer. Henry
Neele's inattention at school was, however,
amply redeemed by his unassisted exertions
when he better knew the value of those attain-
ments which he had neglected; and he sub-
sequently added a general knowledge of
German and Italian, to the other languages in
which he became a proficient. Having made
choice of the profession of the law, he was,
upon leaving school, articled to a respectable
attorney; and, after the usual period of proba-
tionary experience, was admitted to practise,
and commenced business as a Solicitor.

It was during the progress of his clerkship,
in January, 1817, that Henry Neele made
his first appearance as an author, by publishing
a volume of poems; the expenses of
which were kindly defrayed by his father;
who had the judgment to perceive, and the
good taste to appreciate and encourage, the
dawning genius of his son. Though this
work displayed evident marks of youth and
inexperience, yet it was still more decidedly
characterized by a depth of thought and feeling,
and an elegance and fluency of versification,
which gave the surest promises of future
excellence. Its contents were principally
Lyrical, and the ill-fated Collins was, avow-
edly, his chief model. The publication of

this volume introduced the young poet to Dr. Nathan Drake, author of 'Literary Hours,' &c. who, though acquainted with him 'only through the medium of his writings,' devoted a chapter of his 'Winter Nights,' to a critical examination and eulogy of these poems; 'of which,' says the Doctor, 'the merit strikes me as being so considerable, as to justify the notice and the praise which I feel gratified in having an opportunity of bestowing upon them.' And in a subsequent paragraph, he observes, that, 'when beheld as the very firstlings of his earliest years, they cannot but be deemed very extraordinary efforts indeed, both of taste and genius; and as conferring no slight celebrity on the author, as the name next to be pronounced, perhaps, after those of Chatterton and Kirk White.'

Ardent and enthusiastic in all his undertakings, Mr. Neale's literary industry was now amply evinced by his frequent contributions to the 'Monthly Magazine,' and other periodicals; as well as to the 'Forget-Me-Not,' and several of its cotemporary Annuals. Having been long engaged in studying the Poets of the olden time, particularly the great masters of the Drama of the age of Queen Elizabeth, for all of whom, but more especially for Shakespeare, he felt the most enthusiastic veneration, he was well qualified for the composition of a series of 'Lectures on English Poetry,' from the days of Chaucer down to those of Cowper, which he completed in the Winter of 1826; and delivered, first at the Russell, and subsequently at the Western, Literary Institution, in the Spring of 1827. These Lectures were most decidedly successful; and both public and private opinion coincided in describing them as 'displaying a high tone of poetical feeling in the lecturer, and an intimate acquaintance with the beauties and blemishes of the great subjects of his criticism.'

In the early part of 1827 Mr. Neale published a new edition of his Poems, collected into two volumes; and in the course of the same year produced his last and greatest work, the 'Romance of English History,' which was dedicated, by permission, to His Majesty; and though extending to three volumes, and, from its very nature, requiring much antiquarian research, was completed in little more than six months. Flattering as was the very general eulogium which attended this publication, yet the voice of praise was mingled with the warnings of approaching evil; and, like the lightning which melts the sword within the scabbard, it is but too certain that the incessant labor and anxiety of mind attending its completion, were the chief sources of that fearful malady which so speedily destroyed him.

In person Mr. Neale was considerably below the middle stature; but his features were

singularly expressive, and his brilliant eyes betokened ardent feeling and vivid imagination. Happily, as it has now proved, though his disposition was in the highest degree kind, sociable, and affectionate, he was not married. His short life passed, indeed almost without events; it was one of those obscure and humble streams which have scarcely a name in the map of existence, and which the traveler passes by without inquiring either its source or its direction. His retiring manners kept him comparatively unnoticed and unknown, excepting by those with whom he was most intimate; and from their grateful recollection his memory will never be effaced. He was an excellent son; a tender brother; and a sincere friend. He was beloved most by those who knew him best; and at his death, left not one enemy in the world.

MISCELLANY.

From Theodore S. Fay's Novel of Norman Leslie.

Rome in the Carnival.

WHOEVER has not witnessed the festivities of the carnival week at Rome, will scarcely lend credit to the burlesque extravagances, even to this day committed by all classes. It is a page of reality, resembling one of old romance; and the stranger wonders to see its antique and remarkable leaf thus bound up in the prosaic volume of common life.—The grave and sensible Englishman, the observant and intelligent American, is astonished at the spectacle of a whole people abandoned to the maddest freaks of frolic and fancy—disguising themselves in grotesque habits, masking their faces, altering their gait, form and demeanor—entering with lively ardor into the wildest folly.—From the violent gesticulations and various costumes, it appears as if the theatres of the world had emptied their wardrobes, and sent forth their performers to play each in the face of Heaven those thousand parts in other countries—at least in ours—reserved for the midnight stage. Here a brigand stalks in the full glory of arms and equipments, with flowing tresses, dark mustaches, and a countenance of more than human ferocity. He steals along after the rolling carriage, and aims his carbine at some beauteous victim. There a Spanish lover with his graceful cloak, broad hat and feathers, and love breathing guitar, sings his serenade to each passing fair; sometimes, for the occasion excuses all civil familiarity, he murmurs a soft air to an English Belle in her carriage; sometimes whispers love to the gay French girl; sometimes kneels to the *Contadina* in the street; and again directs his strain to a bright face peeping from a palace window, or leaning and laughing over a balcony. Behind him stalks a knight glis-

tening in armor, who bears upon his lance the favor of his lady-love, or hands a letter on its point to the first pair of eyes that takes his fancy—stranger or native, high or low. The fierce Saracen stalks through the throng, brandishing his cimeter, and twirling his mustaches. The copper-colored Indian, with his tomahawk threatens swift destruction to each shrinking maid. Old lords and ladies, in dresses of antique magnificence recall the splendor of the most celebrated courts. The frolicsome sailor reels along as if the light Italian wines had been too strong for his brain. The lover sighs—the warrior shouts—the spectre glides; and many striking characters are correctly dressed, and represented with serious accuracy and excellent effect. Others there are who delight to fling over the whole the broadest possible air of ridicule. Humpbacks are swelled into mountains—eyes glaring like moons—huge mouths—bald pates—overgrown stomachs—statues of twice the ordinary size—deformed foreheads—and noses of such ponderous dimensions, magnified proportions, and rubicond colors, as may chance, if you eat too heavy a supper, to haunt your late slumbers in the form of an incubus—all that mirth and ingenuity can invent to distort and caricature, here float upon the vast and ever-moving tide, rising and sinking, in the dense and universal commotion—disappearing, and appearing again; carriages loaded with double numbers—horses rearing with two and four—women seven feet high, and sweet girls in uniform of banditti. Those whose ambition does not seek to support distinct and memorable *roles* content themselves with the simple smooth mask—a pretty girlish countenance, whose everlasting repetition at length wearies the eye, and becomes no theme of curiosity or distinction.

Some too—so picturesque are the inhabitants of Rome—even while wearing their every day habiliments, can with difficulty be distinguished from the maskers; and the bare-footed and cowled monks and friars—the long bearded mendicants, covered with rags and wrinkles—the fat priest, and the stern soldier, are only known from the giddy surrounding concourse by their unmasked faces, their steady step, and their grave demeanor. Nearly all the town join this sport; or, if they do not actually participate, at least throng together by thousand and thousand to witness it and swell the extraordinary spectacle. Countless numbers of ladies, both native and foreigners, may be seen either in their carriages or at their windows—gentlemen and noble, young and old, peasant and duke, all mingled and blended together in a wild, excited, half-mad mass of human beings—crying, laughing, screaming, gesticulating, leaping, dancing, singing, shouting, and pelting each other with flour, sugar plums, or oats steeped

in Plaster of Paris resembling them, and covering the air, the street walks, and all the population with the white of a universal snow storm. A hundred thousand people are not unfrequently assembled, either as actors or audience, upon the scene of action, which is in the Corso and the adjoining streets, squares and avenues.

Our readers on the other side of the ocean need not be reminded that the Corso is the Regent Street, or Broadway, of Modern Rome, straight and exceedingly narrow, built up closely on both sides with high houses, or gloomy, but immense and magnificent old palaces, all of which are crowded upon every point; where men and women sit, stand, or climb from roof to basement, cornice, pedestal, and balcony. Through this principal thoroughfare two processions of carriages and pedestrians go slowly in opposite directions, pelting each other, and all around them, all above them with snowy tributes; and receiving in return discharges in showers from every quarter. The middle of the street presents a tide of the gayest and gaudiest colors, and the most lively motion—not unlike the rapid stir and agitation of a fierce battle. On either side, tiers of seats—a most lucrative profit to the proprietor—are provided for the thousands who desire, stationary and secure, to behold the giddy scene. A sloping bank of faces thus rise on either hand of those moving in the procession, leaving only a passage sufficiently wide for the two rows of carriages to pass each other.

'Train up a Child, &c.'

NOTHING is easier than to repeat a proverb, and nothing more difficult than carrying it into execution. We can all advise each other how to bring up children, but utterly fail in carrying our own precepts into practice. When we look into our police reports—in the list of accidents and offences—in the dire calamities and suicides which, unhappily, too frequently occur in our large city—we are convinced that there are many radical defects in the precept and example—in our systems and discipline—in our laws and their administration.

Sufferings of some kind or other in health, mind, or in fortune, seem to fall to the lot of every man, no matter how circumstanced or conditioned, and the ills of life appear to be providentially distributed among all classes—proving how artificial is all rank and distinction in the estimate of human woe.

We frequently see a rich man, who has accumulated wealth by honest industry, afflicted with extravagant and dissipated sons—or, what is worse, an honorable and exemplary father, cursed with a dishonest child, who tarnishes, by his crimes, a name always respected, brings down to the grave, in sorrow, the

grey hairs of a pure and upright life. This is really an affliction, because, more or less, society at large suffers. It is hard to reform those who have grown up in vicious propensities; yet the vices of mature age should admonish us to guard the young shoots from equal blight and destruction. A rich man should bring up his son, as the poor man does, to work and labor for himself. *Early, and active, and steady employment is the secret to bring up children well.* No matter at what occupation—no matter how laborious, as long as the *mind* is employed—as long as attention is directed to proper objects of business—bad examples and bad company will be avoided. Five or six years of a young man's time thus closely occupied will confirm him in habits of industry; and his own resources of mind and body—his own industry and enterprize will advance him honorably and prosperously in life. A rich father should always help a child when he proves his ability and inclination to help himself, and not sooner. We have no nobility, nor titled families, nor aristocratic distinctions; yet how frequently do we find an indulgent, rich father, who, from humble life, has raised himself in the world, indulging his son in extravagance and idle habits—giving him money to spend in gaiety and fashion—at the race course, the hotel, or the billiard room—under the delusion that he never will want, and that he must inherit an ample fortune. What is the result? Idleness begets vice, dissipation follows, and loss of health, of fortune, and character is the inevitable result. A rich man, instead of giving his son a few hundreds now and then for what is called his contingent expenses, and under the fallacious idea that he must make an appearance like a gentleman should say to him, 'for every thousand dollars which you earn by enterprise and industry I will add a thousand safely invested for you, to be used at that advanced period of life when you feel the value of money, and are entitled to ease and comfort.' The very facility which young men have of obtaining money leads them into ruinous extravagance; and when from design or accidents, their means are checked, they resort to crime to furnish them the sources of enjoyment.

Brandy and water, and segars—a fast trotting horse—a pocketbook with bank notes, gaming, and late hours—are the rocks on which are shipwrecked many bright hopes and alluring prospects—the fond anticipations of good parents, and the realization of anxiously desired blessings.—Noah.

To form a Vigorous Mind.

LET every youth early settle it in his mind that if he would ever be any thing, he has got to *make himself*; or in other words, to rise by personal application. Let him always try

his own strength, and try it effectually, before he is allowed to call upon others; send him back again and again to the resources of his own mind, and make him feel that there is nothing too hard for industry and perseverance to accomplish. In his early and timid flights, let him know that stronger pinions are near and ready to sustain him, but only in case of absolute necessity. When in the rugged paths of science; if difficulties impede his progress which he cannot surmount let him be helped over them but never let him think of being led when he has power to walk without help; nor of carrying his ore to another's furnace, when he can melt it in his own.

Battle of New Orleans.

A RIFLEMAN.—A daring Tennessean, with a blanket tied around him, and a hat with a brim of enormous breadth, who seemed to be fighting, 'on his own hook,' disdaining to raise his rifle over the bank of the earth, and fire in safety to his person, like his more weary fellow soldiers, chose to spring every time he fired, upon the breastwork, where balancing himself, he would bring his rifle to his cheek, throw back his broad brim, take sight and fire, while the enemy were advancing to the attack, as deliberately as if shooting at a herd of deer: then leaping down on the inner side, he would re-load, mount the works, cock his beaver, take aim and crack again. 'This he did,' said an English officer, who was taken prisoner by him, and who laughingly related it as a good anecdote to captain D * * *, my informant above alluded to,—'five times in rapid succession, as I advanced at the head of my company: and though the grape whistled through the air over our heads, for the life of me I could not help smiling at his grotesque demi-savage, demi-quaker figure, as he threw back the broad flap of his castor to obtain a fair sight—deliberately raised his rifle—shut his left eye, and blazed away at us, I verily believe he brought down one of my men at every shot.'

As the British resolutely advanced, though columns fell like the tall grain before the sickle at the fire of the Americans, this same officer approached at the head of his brave grenadiers, amid the rolling fire of musketry from the lines of his unseen foes, undaunted and untouched. 'Advance, my men!' he shouted, as he reached the edge of the fence—'follow me!' and, sword in hand, he leaped the ditch and turning, amidst the roar and flame of a hundred muskets, to encourage his men, beheld to his surprise but a single man of his company upon his feet—more than fifty brave fellows, whom he led on to the attack, had been shot down. As he was about to leap back from his dangerous situ-

tion, his sword was shivered in his grasp by a rifle ball, and at the same time the daring Tennessean sprang upon the parapet and leveled his deadly weapon at his breast, calmly observing, ' Surrender, stranger, or I may perforate ye!' ' Chagrined,' said the officer, at the close of his recital, ' I was compelled to deliver to the bold fellow my mutilated sword, and pass into the American lines.'—*South West by a Yankee.*

Tanaka The Stormy Day.

The moral conveyed in the following anecdote, which we copy from ' Peter Parley's Almanac for old and young,' must prove beneficial to a certain class of persons. If any such should peruse it we trust the practical and cutting reproof of the anxious wife will have its desired effect.—*Boston Paper.*

It was a drizzling, half-snowy day, just such a day as puts nervous people in bad humor with themselves and every body else. Job Dodge sat brooding over the fire immediately after breakfast. His wife addressed him as follows; ' Mr. Dodge can't you mend that front door latch to day?' ' No,' was the answer. ' Well can't you fix the handle to the mop?' ' No.' ' Well, can't you put up some pins for the clothes in our chamber?' ' No.' ' Well can't you fix that north window; so that the rain and snow won't drive in?' ' No—no—no!' answered the husband sharply. He then took his hat, and was on the point of leaving the house, when his wife knowing that he was going to the tavern where he would meet some of his *wet-day* companions, asked him kindly to stop a moment. She then got her bonnet and cloak, and said to her husband. ' You are going to the tavern, with your leave I will go with you.' The husband started. ' Yes,' said the wife, ' I may as well go as you; if you go and waste the day, and tipple at the tavern, why shall I not go and do the same?'

Job felt the reproof—he shut the door, hung up his hat, got the hammer and nails, did all his wife had requested and sat down by the fire at night—a better and a happier man.

The Gamester.

No man who has not felt, can possibly imagine to himself the tortures of a gamester; of a gamester like me, who played for the improvement of his fortune; who played with the recollection of a wife and children dearer to him than the blood that bubbled through the arteries of his heart; who might be said, like the savages of ancient Germany, to make these relations the stake for which he threw; who saw all my own happiness and all theirs, through the long vista of life, depending on the turn of a card!

All bodily racks and torments are nothing, compared with certain states of the human

mind. The gamester would be the most pitiable, if he were not the most despicable creature that exists. Arrange ten bits of painted paper in a certain order, and he is ready to go wild with the extravagance of his joy. He is only restrained by some remains of shame, from dancing about the room and displaying the vileness of his spirit by every sort of freak and absurdity.

At another time, when his hopes have been gradually worked up into a paroxysm, an unexpected turn arrives, and he is made the most miserable of men. Never shall I cease to remember the sensation I have repeatedly felt, in the instantaneous sinking of the spirits, the conscious fire that spread over my visage, the anger in my eye, the burning dryness of my throat, the sentiment that in a moment was ready to overwhelm with curses, the cards, the stake, my own existence and all mankind.

How every malignant and insufferable passion seemed to rush upon my soul! What nights of dreadful solitude and despair did I repeatedly pass during the progress of my ruin; It was the night of the soul! My mind was wrapped in a gloom that could not be pierced! My heart was oppressed with a weight that no power, human or divine, was equal to remove!

My eyelids seemed to press downward with an invincible burden! My eyeballs were ready to start and burst their sockets! I lay motionless the victim of ineffable horror! The whole endless night seemed to be filled with one vast, appalling, immovable idea! It was a stupor, more insupportable and tremendous, than the utmost whirl of pain, or the fiercest agony of exquisite perception.—*Godwin.*

Turkish Wit.

NASH-RED-DYN, the Turkish Esop, wishing to propitiate the conquering Tamerlane, proposed to carry him some fruit. ' Hold,' said he, ' two heads are better than one; I will ask my wife whether I had better carry quinces or figs.' His wife replied: ' Quinces will please him because they are larger and finer.' ' However useful the advice of others may be,' rejoined Nash-red-dyn, ' it is never well to follow that of a woman; I am determined to take figs.' When he arrived in the camp, Tamerlane amused himself by throwing the figs at his bald head. At every blow Nash-red-dyn exclaimed ' God be praised.' Tamerlane inquired what he meant. ' I am thanking God that I did not follow my wife's advice,' replied Nash-red-dyn, ' for if I had brought quinces instead of figs, I should certainly have a broken head.'

MAKING A NOISE AFTER DEATH.—John Ziska was a distinguished leader of the persecu-

ted sect of the Hussites. It is recorded of him, that, in dying, he ordered his skin to be made the covering of a drum. The Bohemians hold his memory in superstitious reverence.

We cannot deceive our children without seriously injuring them, and destroying our own influence. Frank and open dealing is the only safe policy in family government, as well as on the wider theatre of life. The underhand arts and cunning manœuvres of the intriguer, are sure in the end to promote his own overthrow. Be sincere and honest, and you are safe. The only sure way of securing beneficial results is by virtuous and honorable means.

Anecdote.

It is doubtless recollect that Dean Swift, though a great favorite among the ladies, was (no doubt for good and substantial reasons) nevertheless a bachelor. His opinion of the married state seemed to be not very much exalted. On one occasion he had been called upon to marry a couple, and after getting them properly arranged, commenced as follows: ' Man that is born of a woman, hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery,' &c. ' My dear sir,' interrupted the bridegroom, ' you are reading the burial service, instead of the matrimonial.' ' Never mind, friend,' whispered the Dean, ' you had better be buried than married!'

Hudson City Forum.

A meeting of the Hudson City Forum, will be held at the Court House, on Wednesday evening, the 27th inst. at half past 6 o'clock. An address by William H. Freeland, Esq. of Claverack.

Subject.—' An inquiry into the causes of, and the best method of attaining to intellectual greatness.'

N. T. ROSSITER, Sec'y.

Letters Containing Remittances,
Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting
the amount of Postage paid.

J. B. Ann Arbor, M. T. \$1.00; A. H.—E. B. & E. T. Danbury, Ct. \$3.00; S. S. Herrick, Pa. \$0.67; D. K. C. Johnson's Creek, \$1.00; A. T. R. & W. C. Brattleboro', Vt. \$2.00; J. D. D. East Mendon, N. Y. \$7.00; J. M. L. Schron Lake, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. South Scituate, R. I. \$2.00; P. M. South Salem, N. Y. \$1.00; J. W. Sharon, Vt. \$1.00; P. M. M'Lean, N. Y. \$2.00; S. B. T. Cannonsburg, Pa. \$5.00.

MARRIED.

In this city, on the 7th inst. by the Rev. Wm. Thatcher, Mr. Joel H. Miller, of New Paltz, to Miss Hannah Schemberhorn, of Hudson.

On the 14th inst. by the Rev. William Thatcher, Mr. Isaac O. Raymond, to Miss Harriet Jennings, both of Rhinebeck.

In Ghent, on the 31st ult. by the Rev. J. Berger, Mr. Jacob W. Link, of Lenox, Madison Co. to Miss Christina Sharts, of the former place.

At Hilledale, on the 9th inst. by the Rev. Horace Spencer, Mr. John W. McAlpine, to Miss Cordeleia Tyler.

At Centerville, on the 9th inst. by the Rev. J. Berger, Mr. Frederick M. Poucher, to Miss Louisa Lindley, both of Claverack.

At Catskill, on the 8th inst. by the Rev. Samuel Wilson, Samuel W. Powell, of Coeymans, Albany co. to Mrs. Nancy Hibbard, of the former place.

DIED.

In this city, on the 7th inst. after a short and severe illness, Mr. Lucius B. Collins, of the firm of Brown & Collins, in the 25th year of his age.

On the 8th inst. Mr. Philip White, in the 42d year of his age.

On the 19th inst. Eliza, wife of Henry C. Miller, Esq. in the 36th year of her age.



SELECT POETRY.

From the Amaranth.

Bennington Battle.

BY E. H. CHAPIN.

THEY came up at the battle sound,
Stern iron-hearted men,
They heard it, as it thrilled along
The streamside and the glen.
The dim old mountains echoed back
That summons wild and strong,
And the far greenwood-depths were stirred
As with a triumph-song.

They came, as brave men ever come,
To stand, to fight, to die!
No thought of fear was in the heart,
No quailing in the eye;
If the lip faltered, 'twas with prayer,
Amid those gathering bands,
For the sure rifle kept its poise
In strong, untembling hands.

There was no gorgeous panoply,
No sheen of silk or gold,
No wrought device of battle blazed
Upon their standard-fold.
But the free banner of their hills
Waved proudly through the storm,
And the soiled garb of husbandry
Was 'round each warrior-form.

They came up at the battle sound,
To old Walloomsack's height;
Behind them were their fields of toil,
With harvest-promise white;
Before them, those who sought to wrest
Their hallowed birth-right dear,
While through their ranks went fearlessly
Their Leader's words of cheer.

'My men, there are our freedom's foes!
And shall they stand or fall?
Ye have your weapons in your hands;
Ye know your duty all!
For me, this day we triumph o'er
The minions of the crown,
Or Molly Stark's a widowed one
Ere yonder sun goes down!'

One thought of heaven, one thought of home,
One thought of heart and shrine,
Then rock-like stood they in their might,
Before the glittering line.
A moment, and each keen eye paused
The coming foe to mark,
Then downward to its barrel glanced,
And strife was wild and dark.
* * * * *

'Tis sixty years since—where, ay, where
Are those bold yeomen now?
The clods are heavy on the breast,
And dust is on the brow,
A few still tarry, with dimmed eyes,
And time-bleached locks of gray,
But they are passing, one by one,
To their deep rest away.
The triumph of that conflict-hour
With them will not depart,
The memory of that old red field
Is fresh within the heart.

'Twill live on every sunny height,
'Twill breathe in every glen,
And linger by the sepulchers
Where sleep those mighty men.

It needs no monumental pile
To tell each storied name;
The fair green hills rise proudly up
To consecrate their fame.
True to its trust, Walloomsack long
Their record bright shall bear,
Who came up at the battle sound,
And fought for freedom there.

Bennington, Vt. 1835.

From the Refector.

The Dying.

BY MISS MARY EMILY JACKSON.

Oh, mother, make my bed for me
I'll ask it not again,
Why are thy eyes so dim with tears?
I would not give thee pain.

Father, dear father, ere I die,
Draw near my couch of death,
And seal thy blessing, ere I yield
My last expiring breath.

Sister, stretch out thy trembling hand,
I feel I'm dying now,
Wipe off those tear drops from thy eyes,
And smooth my burning brow.

Brother, breathe out thy last farewell,
And give thy parting kiss,
Ere my freed spirit takes its flight,
To yon bright world of bliss.

Friends of my gay and joyous hours,
I've loved you deep and long,
Breathe out for me one parting prayer,
And sing one parting song.

Farewell, but when I'm laid to rest,
Breathe not for me a sigh,
Death comes, it is a grief to live,
An endless bliss to die.

From the London Court Magazine.

Night.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

NIGHT sinks upon the dim grey wave,
Night clouds the spires, that mark the town;
On living rest and grassy grave,
The shadowy night comes slowly down.
And now the good and happy rest,
The wearied peasant calmly sleeps,
And closer to its mother's breast,
The rosy child in slumber creeps.

But I!—The sentry musing lone—
The sailor on the cold grey sea,
So sad a watch hath never known,
As that which must be kept by me.
I cannot rest, thou solemn night!
Thy very silence hath the power
To conjure sounds and visions bright,
Unseen—unheard—in day light's hour.

Kind words, whose echo will not stay,
Memory of deep and bitter wrongs;
Laughter, whose sound hath died away,
And snatches of forgotten songs;
These haunt my soul;—and as I gaze
Up to the calm and quiet moon,
I dream 'tis morning's breeze that plays,
Or sunset hour, or sultry noon.

I hear again the voice whose tone
Is more to me than music's sound,
And youthful forms forever gone,
Come in their beauty crowding round:
I start—the mocking dreams depart,
Thy loved words melt upon the air,
And whether swell or sinks my heart,
Thou dost not know—thou dost not care!

Perchance while thus I watch unseen,
Thy languid' eyelids slowly close,
Without a thought of what hath been,
To haunt thee in thy deep repose.
O weary night, oh endless night,
Blank pause between two feverish days,
Roll back your shadows, give me light,
Give me the sunshine's fiercest blaze.

Give me the glorious noon! alas!
What reckts it by what light I pray,
Since hopeless hours must dawn and pass,
And sleepless nights succeed to day?
Yet cold, and blue, and quiet sky,
There is a night where all find rest,
A long, long night:—with those who die
Sorrow hath ceased to be a guest!

An Evening Song.

BY MRS. C. E. DA PONTE.

THERE is a tinge of sun-light yet
On every waving flower,
And day its golden beams has left
On hill and mountain bower.
There is a gentle wind that wafts
The ripples to the strand;
And stirs the blossoms and the leaves,
In this delicious land.

There is sweetness in the air,
A richness on the sky,
A thrilling softness breathing round,
That wakes a deeper sigh—
As on the silent heart the tears
Of quiet rapture fall,
And all the loved of other years,
With fonder thoughts recall.

Moments in Life.

OH, there are evil moments in our life,
When but a thought, a word, a look, has power
To dash the cup of happiness aside,
And stamp us wretched!

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NO. 18.

SELECT TALES.

From the Lady's Book.

The Melmoth Family.

It was on a pleasant evening towards the last of winter, that a crowd of carriages before a mansion in one of our fashionable streets, announced to the passer-by that there was on that evening a gathering of the beau-monde at the house of Mr. Melmoth. This party had been the subject of conversation for the last week in the fashionable world, and the hearts of the young and gay, and of those who wished to be still thought so, were full of excitement from the anticipation of the pleasure they were to receive and the conquests they were to make. The wished-for evening had now arrived ;—and as the guests were ushered into the splendid drawing rooms, and took a furtive glance at their own sweet persons in one of the mirrors, they felt as if their hopes were already more than half-realized. ‘There is quite an array of beauty here to-night,’ said a gentleman, addressing a cidevant belle. ‘Do you think so?’ said she, at the same time trying to look very modest at the compliment that she imagined was meant to include herself. ‘There are many very pretty girls, to be sure,’ said she, ‘but there is scarcely any one here that I know; there is always such a mixture at Mrs. Melmoth’s parties;—how differently society is managed in Europe, —but here we can scarcely accept an invitation, without the risk of meeting with persons whose acquaintance we could not acknowledge in public.’ ‘Very true,’—replied the gentleman, in a tone whose irony was so delicate as to escape the apprehension of the one to whom it was addressed,—‘and strange it is that Americans have not yet learned the art of forming good society,—that delicate tact of discrimination which enables us at once to reject those whose parents have been degraded by following some mechanical employment, and to receive only those who can number at least two generations free from such a stain. Strange, indeed, that merit, refinement or education

should be a passport to society, when the only lawful one is to show a parentage whose honor has been thus immaculate.’ ‘It is indeed to be lamented,’ said the lady, ‘that Americans have not profited more by their intercourse with Europe; some, however, are so thoroughly home-bred, that even a long residence in Europe has no power to refine their ideas of what good society should be. Would you believe it, that at a dinner party at Mr. Hartwell’s,—who you know is among the elite of society, and who has spent several years in England,—I actually met with the son of a shoemaker, and what was worse, whose father then followed his trade. He was, indeed, a young man of refined manners and highly cultivated mind, and had been abroad; yet to think that Mr. Hartwell could have countenanced him by introducing him to his family and friends!—I do not know when I was more astonished and indignant.’ The gentleman’s gallantry prevented a pointed reply, and he only smiled as he recollects that the lady could boast of but one remove, from an honest hatter. As the gentleman bowed and left her, Miss Phelps (for that was the lady’s name,) felt no small degree of self-complacency as she thought that she had been not only very agreeable, but given him a just idea of her own standing in society, by decrying the present assembly as being too great a mixture; and it was with gratified feelings that she turned to enter into conversation with a lady who stood by her, and whom she had not before deigned to notice. ‘What an absence of taste there is in the decorations, but one cannot expect better from one who has so lately been admitted into good society—it is really quite amusing to see what efforts some people make to push themselves into the ranks above them!’ Before the lady she addressed had time to make any reply to the opinion just expressed, they both perceived Mrs. Melmoth advancing towards them. ‘My dear Mrs. Melmoth,’ said Miss Phelps, ‘I am happy to see you look so well. I was very fearful that your cold would have prevented your friends from having the pleasure

of meeting you this evening. The regret would have been universal:—your parties are so charming,—every thing about them so delightful. The display of taste—the society we meet with—the eclat that always attends them!—I assure you, that it is considered in the beau-monde quite a treat to see one of your invitations-cards.’ Mrs. Melmoth bowed, with evident gratification, and, taking the hand of a young lady who was near, said,—‘Permit me to present my daughter Mary to you; and I want your excellent aid, my dear Miss Phelps, in endeavoring to make her a fashionable lady. She is so attached to retirement, and so deeply imbued with romantic notions, that I almost despair of making her one of us,—but, with your assistance, we may do wonders. Do try if you can persuade her to waltz; Mr. Teruville has been quite anxious to secure her for his partner, but she will not be persuaded.’ ‘Really, my dear Mrs. Melmoth,—but, before she had an opportunity to exert her influence and her powers of persuasion, the music commenced, and Mr. Teruville advanced, in the hope that the number of couples that were already on the floor would induce Mary to follow their example. ‘I have again come,’ said he, in his softest manner, ‘to solicit the honor of waltzing with you; you surely will not refuse me now that you see how universal the custom has become. It is sanctioned by all the young and the old,—the grave and the gay. The waltz and the mazurka have triumphed in Europe, and they have almost gained the victory in our own happy country. You look as if you intend to deny me—do not be so cruel:—but, if you will not favor me this evening, I will indulge the hope of having that honor before the season is over, for I know that you cannot withstand the united influence of fashion and custom.’ ‘I trust, sir,’ replied Mary, with a gentle smile, ‘that the close of the season will find no change in my present opinions. Did my scruples arise from not being accustomed to see the waltz, fashion and custom would soon banish them; but, as they have a different origin, it

is not likely they will be so easily removed.' 'Spoken like the daughter of my old friend,' said an old gentleman near her. 'Come, my dear little Mary, since you refuse to join these whirligigs, we will take a little stroll together through the rooms, as I have many questions to ask you about your good aunt, who is one of my old friends.' So saying, Mr. Montfort drew her arm through his, and, after taking a tour through the apartments, he led her to one of the front seats that are permitted to remain at such a time, and continued his conversation. 'Yes, my dear Mary, you have been fortunate, to have been educated by such a woman. I trembled for you, when I heard your mother say, she intended to send for you to spend the winter in town; but I have now no fears, since I perceive that your conduct is regulated by principle, and not custom. But it was needless to fear; for a character molded by one like your aunt, will retain its form and purity, even amidst the corruption of times like these.' Mary's eyes filled at this testimony to the worth of her beloved aunt, and she said, 'I am indeed indebted to her, more than I can ever, ever repay. When I look at some of the young ladies I have met since I came to the city, I think how different they would have been, had they lived with my aunt; and I could not help wishing that they too had an aunt like mine.' 'Yes, Mary, they would have been different; and had we more mothers and aunts like Miss Melmoth, American woman would then be, what the daughters of a republic should be. Look at that bevy of young girls, the only ambition of most of them is, to emulate the opera dancer and the public singer; for this the waltz, the galopade and the mazurka are practised, evening after evening; and the piano, the harp, the guitar and the human voice are sounding, day after day. Are these the women who are to be the mothers of our future statesmen, our citizens, our rulers? Did a Washington or a Franklin owe their birth to such as these? Could they have sprung from women whose sole occupation was to sing, to dance, to dress, that they might entrap some one who could give them a fine establishment and a dashing equipage—by whom a solid and useful education was deemed unnecessary, and domestic employments a degradation? No, no, it never was, and it cannot be; an eagle never yet was cradled in a wren's nest. Look at our young men, too, how many of them live to no higher purpose than to drive a tandem, wear large whiskers and keep a greyhound, to whom a livery stable is both exchange and court-house, and who anxiously seek for and treasure up the opinions of a horse-jockey, while those of the learned and the wise are not thought worth a hearing. Many of them

have been to Europe—what was the object of most of them in going? It is the fashion—the pleasure of saying they had been there. What have they brought home with them? a receipt for a new dish—a head full of notions respecting European refinement, such as eating with silver forks, etc.—a tongue eloquent with praises on the style, the equipages, and the palaces of the nobility. What have they learned; to contrast the effects of republicanism with those of European despotism, and to be proud of their own blessed country? No, they have not learned this; they have found that it is scarcely possible to exist in their native land—there is so much plebeianism, so little refinement—they cannot be at an opera every night—they cannot look on lords and ladies, dukes and duchesses. They have learned to say, when they look on a public building, "this is pretty, when compared with some edifice in London or Paris;" and, when they are at a theatre, to say loud enough to be overheard, "I can scarcely endure this, when I think of the manner in which this was performed at Drury Lane or Covent Garden," or "this singing is barbarous to one who has listened to a Sontag or a Pasta." You will think me a strange and spleenetic old man, Mary,—but can I hold my peace when I perceive the inroads which European customs and fashions are making upon us. In my younger days, my country and my countrymen were my pride and boast,—but can it continue the happy land, the land of freedom, when its sons are thus becoming enslaved by the follies of Europe? And they call it refinement!—Such refinement as this was the downfall of Greece and Rome, and may it not be ours? Will not extravagance and luxury ruin our country, as they have done so many of our citizens? and the work is still going on. Look at those young ladies whose dress vies with that of the most wealthy in the room. Their father is on the verge of bankruptcy; he has been striving to keep up appearances, in his house, his equipage, and his entertainments—he has given mortgage after mortgage upon his property—he has made loan upon loan, until his credit is gone, and yet he goes on! But this cannot be kept up much longer, a downfall must come, every thing will be seized upon by his creditors, and what then will become of his family? They are "too proud to beg"—to work for their own subsistence would be thought too degrading, even if they were capable of doing so. Their fashionable education and luxurious habits have unfitted them for exertion,—what will become of them? Would that this were a solitary instance; I could point out many more whose situation at present is not much better. Pardon, my dear Mary, the freedom of an old friend of you father's when

I tell you there is need of retrenchment here; and I call upon you to use your influence to check the extravagance of your mother and sisters. Though your father's situation is far from being as desperate as the one I have spoken of, yet he is very much embarrassed; his losses as well as his expenses have been very great, and it is necessary for him to alter his present style of living, and adopt that of strict economy. You have a steadiness beyond your years, and I have taken the liberty of thus speaking to you, that I might enlist you on your father's side. He cannot bear contention; he has been accustomed to yield to the wishes of his wife and daughters; if he has one to take his part, it will give him more resolution in making the changes he has contemplated.' The tears started in Mary's eyes, and she said that 'she was sure her mother would not hesitate to make any sacrifice, were she but acquainted with her father's situation.' Mr. Montfort shook his head incredulously, and said: 'Do not think me unkind in speaking to you of the faults of those so near to you. I am a rough old man,—but it was meant in kindness, and I know that you will take it as such. I must now leave you, my dear Mary, as it is already past my usual hour for retiring.' When Mr. Montfort had left her, she cast a troubled glance around the splendid room and on the gay company, and said to herself, is it possible that my mother can be aware of my dear father's situation? it cannot be! She called to mind the melancholy under which her father's last letters to her were written, and this accounted for it. She thought it was owing to declining health, as her mother had spoken of his becoming hypochondriacal; she little then dreamed of the true cause. She also recollects how frequently her aunt had spoken to her of late respecting the uncertainty of mercantile operations, and the necessity of being prepared to meet reverses of fortune. But why, thought she, did not my aunt tell me all? Mary did not know that it was her aunt's wish to do so, but her father had requested her not to permit Mary to know it, lest it should depress her, just at her outset in life. Mistaken tenderness! better, far better would it be for a parent to make known his situation to his family, than to keep it from them until the knowledge is forced upon them in its most distressing form. But it was not Mr. Melmoth's fault,—he wished to speak of it to his wife, but she refused to listen; she said she did not want to hear it, nor would she let her children become conscious of it,—it would be cruel to mortify them,—it would break their spirits, and sink them in their own estimation. She would teach her daughters, whatever their prospects might be, to think themselves on an equality with any one in wealth and stand-

ing,—for this was the only way to make them respect themselves, and to make people respect them. Poor Mr. Melmoth was a kind father ; he was not willing to make his children unhappy, and as he thought Mrs. Melmoth knew what was best, in whatever related to the management of his house and family, he had written of his affairs to his sister, but requested her to keep Mary wholly ignorant of them. Mr. Montfort had remonstrated with him on the course he had pursued, in still permitting his family to continue their extravagance,—and convinced by his friend, of the advantage as well as necessity of immediate retrenchment, he had requested him to make this known to Mary, as he had not the heart to do it, and to ask her to exert her influence in convincing her mother of this necessity.

Poor Mary! how her heart sickened as she looked on the gay crowd before her!—She had not, it is true, seen much of the world, but she had reflected, and reflection had done the work of experience. As she saw the company departing, one after another,—thus, thought she, will they all leave us when we have parted with the appendages of wealth. Yes, said she, as she looked on the deserted room, as the last party left it, it is thus that we will be deserted by our summer friends; but there is one who will never leave or forsake those who trust in Him. May He be our stay in adversity ;—and, when she retired to her own apartment, she knelt and breathed a fervent prayer to that Being, that she might be strengthened to perform the duty which had devolved upon her.

Mr. Melmoth had long been a successful merchant. He was named among the wealthiest in the city where he resided. He had been brought up in the counting-house, and he thought of little beyond it. His wife was a fashionable woman, and had courted and married him for his wealth. He had been accustomed to a passive compliance to her will, and she had established a style of living equal to her wishes ; she had a fine house, a dashing equipage—gave splendid entertainments,—and two of her daughters were as fashionable as she could desire. Her husband was only looked upon as her treasurer, and she considered her children as those who were to fix her firmly in the first circles, by forming alliances with the wealthy and fashionable ; they had been taught to look out for what are now called “good matches.” Her eldest daughter, Caroline, was on the eve of marriage with Mr. Warnham, a man twice her age, but who had been considered as quite a speculation among the belles of the city. Her second daughter, Emily, had as yet sported her smiles and graces in vain ; one of the causes which had induced her to send for her youngest daughter, was a letter

from her sister-in-law, in which she had spoken of a worthy and talented young lawyer, but without fortune, who had given evidences of an attachment to Mary. The high terms in which Miss Melmoth had spoken of him, his affection and devotedness to his mother, the esteem in which he was held by all who knew him, were nothing : lie had not wealth or fashion, and this comprised every objection. She sent immediately for her daughter, determined to save her from throwing herself away, as she considered it. Mrs. Melmoth was extremely gratified by the admiration that Mary had evidently excited in young Trenville,—he had just returned from France—was of one of the first families, and had a large fortune independent of his father. She set her heart on bringing about this match, and as she thought the gentle Mary had her father's disposition, she anticipated no obstacles, could the gentleman only be secured.

Such was the situation of affairs in Mr. Melmoth's family ; and as they met at breakfast, Mrs. Melmoth was in high spirits at the idea of Mary's ‘conquest,’ as she termed it,—for, from an expression of Mr. Trenville to her, respecting Mary, she felt as if he were already her son-in-law ; and she said to Mary, as she entered the room, ‘Good morning, my dear daughter, I wish Mr. Trenville could see you now,—he would find that you are not like many of our city ladies, only a “belle de la nuit ;” your roses and lilies can bear the sun's searching light, and, like these flowers in nature, they are even more lovely at dewy morn.’ Mary blushed at her mother's flattery, for such language was new to her,—but the flush quickly faded away, and gave place to an expression of painful thought, and she said to her mother, ‘ You are, I hope, rather premature in thinking Mr. Trenville's attention proceeded from any other feeling than that which a new face excites ; I should be extremely sorry, were it any thing more.’ ‘Sorry, my dear Mary, what do you mean ? you cannot surely regret what would be a subject of self-gratulation to the greatest belle in the city. It is no mean conquest, I assure you, however slightly you may be disposed to think of it.’ ‘I do not wish to underrate Mr. Trenville,’ said Mary, ‘ yet surely, my dear mother, you could not wish me to take pleasure in the thought of having gained the affections of a man whom it is impossible I can ever love or esteem.’ ‘ Impossible you could ever love or esteem !—ridiculous, sentimental nonsense ! who ever heard now of such reasons for declining an advantageous offer ! I thought you a girl of sense and prudence, Mary ; such language and sentiments may suit the old maid who instilled them, but no young lady of any sense of propriety would think of adopting them.

Love and esteem ! such ideas may suit the rustic villagers of Ellwood, but they will not do here ; they may suit a novel-reading Miss of the last century, but, in these days, a young lady considers only the advantages of a match, and justly thinks that love and esteem will follow as matters of course—for she well knows that neither of these will support her in the style in which she wishes to move ; but I see how it is, you are attached to that young man of whom your aunt spoke so warmly ; if you are, it is your duty to tell me, but the confession will be needless, for I assure you no daughter of mine shall ever disgrace her family by an union with a poor pettifogger. I wish your father was here, and he would then be convinced of what I have so often told him, that your aunt would ruin your prospects.’ Poor Mary felt as if her heart was crushed,—to hear her sacred, treasured affections thus rudely unveiled,—to hear her aunt, her good aunt, thus spoken of, and by her mother too. She could not speak,—her heart was full, and her cheek fevered by the effort to restrain her feelings. When she had hastily finished her scarcely tasted meal, she withdrew to her own little room, to gain that composure she so much needed, and to pray for that aid which can speak peace to the troubled heart, and bid its waves be still.

Mary was naturally of a reserved disposition, and inclined to keep her own feelings within the sanctuary of her own bosom ; this, her aunt had endeavored to counteract, by gently drawing them from her,—for she knew the evils that arose from indulgence in such habits, by one so fond of solitude and so imaginative as Mary. She had succeeded to a greater degree than she at first hoped ; but when it was a delicate and difficult task to one so judicious and gentle as her aunt, how could it be forced out so rudely as her mother had attempted ! No, it could not be done ;—the chords might be broken, but the soft music of treasured thoughts and affections, could not be drawn forth by so harsh a hand.

How responsible is the situation of a mother, when her daughters are about to repose their all upon one adventure which may determine the happiness or misery of their future lives !—How much judicious watchfulness,—how much delicacy is required to read all the youthful heart shrinks from disclosing, to induce them to rest their trembling hopes and fears upon a mother's breast, that safest and best repository, when a mother is all she ought to be—the friend, companion, and sole confident of her daughters. But Mrs. Melmoth was not calculated to be either of these ; and Mary felt she was not—at least to one who had been brought up as she had been. She knew that the sentiments which had been nurtured in her bosom would be ridi-

tured by one like her mother,—and how lonely did she feel; as she acknowledged to herself that she was indeed a stranger in her own household; that she had scarcely a feeling in common with those with whom every feeling ought to have been shared. Yet she felt it was her duty to tell her mother the state of her affections, and to request her not to encourage the attentions of one whose love she could not return. Mary had tried to escape those attentions, by discouraging as much as it was possible to do, without rudeness,—but every means that she took was counteracted by her mother, or explained so as to give him hopes of success. Until this morning, Mrs. Melmoth had been guarded in expressing her wishes openly to her daughter, respecting Mr. Trenville; and now Mary felt she ought to put an end to her mother's hope of ever seeing her united to him, by confessing to her that she loved Frederick Norwood. It was a hard task, and she shrank from it: to tell another that she loved, when she had scarcely ever dared before to confess it to her own heart,—to say, too, that she loved one who had already been stigmatized on account of his poverty! And how could she speak of his affection?—She knew that he loved her, and yet she could recall no declaration, sufficiently explicit, to repeat to her mother. He had several times attempted to say something to her,—but he had evidently struggled to repress it, by suddenly turning the conversation. Would she not have reason to upbraid her with having given her heart unasked for?—How could she bear this thought!—Every feeling of woman's bosom rose against the possibility of incurring such a charge! When such thoughts as these came over her, how did she long to throw herself on the maternal bosom of her aunt, tell her of all her fears, and ask for advice and direction. All that Mr. Montfort had told her then came to her mind, and she blamed herself for suffering her own troubles to banish for a time the remembrance of her father's situation. She felt for his embarrassments but only as they afflicted him;—to be obliged to give up the pomp and splendor of wealth seemed to her but a trifling sacrifice, for she had never taken pleasure in it; she did not even know how much the happiness of her mother and sisters was centered in it, yet she felt the difficulty in fulfilling Mr. Montfort's request, without giving offence to her mother. It seemed to Mary that she had a hard task to perform, to tell of her affection, and to interfere with her mother's arrangements,—but she felt that these were her duties, and she would strive to perform them: and when she had succeeded in gaining composure and resolution, she left her chamber to join her mother and sisters. The sound of their voices directed her steps to

the room where they were assembled to receive their morning visitors. She hesitated a moment, as she perceived the presence of several ladies and gentlemen,—but as she had been perceived, and could not recede, she advanced towards them with that modest ease which speaks a mind free from thoughts of self. As soon as she had taken her seat and entered into conversation with a lady next her, another came up and congratulated her on gaining a heart which all the belles in town had been besieging in vain. She good-naturedly expatiated on this subject, as she saw the chagrin depicted in the face of the lady near Mary, and who she knew had been manoeuvring to get Mr. Trenville for her daughter, and they both had even some hopes of success before Mary's arrival. Much to Mary's relief, she was interrupted by Mrs. Werrel, who had just entered,—and having spoken to Mary, turned to Mrs. Melmoth and said, 'I quite envy you ladies, my dear Mrs. Melmoth, who have daughters in society,—mine are too young to bring out, and I am quite impatient for the time when I can introduce them into the gay world. They will create quite a sensation;—I assure you they waltz divinely,—and, at my musical soirees, they will sing the most difficult Italian airs, and perform the most scientific pieces without the least bashfulness. Nothing would mortify me more than to see them disdained or embarrassed in company,—it makes them insufferably awkward, and is so vulgar. I have made it a point to bring them forward on every occasion,—and the dear creatures are as anxious as I am for the period when they will escape the thralldom of teachers, and take their places in the beau-monde; they have already quite a taste in dress, and it is amusing to hear them disputing about colors, and consulting me about the prettiest dress for the next ball. Although the eldest is scarcely fourteen, yet they already begin to talk of establishments, and their resolution never to marry a man who has not a large fortune. Children are as far advanced now at twelve, as they were at eighteen, when I was a girl; their opinions are like those of women who have mingled in society, instead of not having any ideas above their books or their dolls, as they then had not. The advantages of education, at the present day, are indeed very great.'

'Speaking of waltzing,' said a gentleman in another part of the room, 'reminds me of your performance last night, Miss Emily.—I never saw any one able to continue so long on the floor; really, Mrs. Melmoth, your daughter deserves to be immortalized.' Emily smiled and bowed as is usual on such occasions, and said 'that she used so little exertion, that it did not fatigue her. Did you hear by what name Mr. Montfort dignified the

circle of waltzers, last night?—he called us whirligigs! that old man ought not really to be admitted into society,—he is so rude in his speech, and so obsolete in his notions, that he is scarcely bearable.' 'He is both able and willing to be a bear,' said a would-be-wit, who tortured every thing into a pun, however miserable a one it might be. 'Pardon me, gentlemen,' said an elderly lady, who had hitherto been silent, 'I cannot bear Mr. Montfort thus spoken of, without defending him. He is a little eccentric I allow,—and it appears singular to some, that a man of his age should take pleasure in frequenting fashionable assemblies, but to those who know his peculiarities, it ceases to be a matter of surprise,—he is an old bachelor, and almost alone in the world,—he has but few pleasures, but it is one of them to study human nature and society in all its grades, and it is not for mere amusement,—it is with the benevolent intention of endeavoring to benefit those whose faults he tries to discover. As a philanthropist, he laments over the luxury and extravagance which he sees overwhelming the country, and, like most old men, he takes pleasure in contrasting the degeneracy of the present day with the "good old times" of his youth. There is however, no bad feeling in this pleasure—for he is a true patriot, and is anxious to exhibit to his fellow citizens the dangers of the course they are pursuing. But, unfortunately, he is like Cassandra—his predictions, though true, meet with nothing but ridicule and inattention.' Before the lady had ceased speaking, several of the company had left the room: but to Mary, this exhibition of Mr. Montfort's character was listened to with pleased attention, and she longed to thank the old lady for defending him so warmly. When she had gone, Mary asked Emily 'who that kind old lady was.' Emily, with a languid drawl, said 'she believed she was the widow of a clergyman, and had come on a begging expedition for a charity school.' 'How much I should like to become acquainted with her!' said Mary. 'La, sister Mary, you have such strange notions! I am sure she is the last person in the room whose acquaintance I would desire.' This conversation was interrupted by Mrs. Melmoth, who had just laid down some prints of fancy ball dresses which she received that morning. 'A thought has just struck me, my dear girls, which I am resolved to put in execution. Would it not be delightful to have a fancy ball on May day, at Roseville—a kind of fete-champetre, and to have characters suited to a festival of Flora? What do you think of it?' Caroline and Emily were delighted with it.—Mary said, timidly, 'ought we, my dear mother, to plan a party of this kind, when there is such an uncertainty in my father's affairs?—

I have been told that he has met with many losses, and that it is necessary for us to curtail our expenses ;—ought we, then indulge hopes unsuited to our present situation. Let us do what is in our power to relieve him from this embarrassment which bows him down.' Mary trembled, when she raised her eyes to her mother, as she finished speaking, and saw the anger expressed on her countenance. ' Who has taken the liberty of speaking to you of your father's concerns, Miss Mary, and what right have you to interfere with my management?—Merchants are proverbially complainers of 'hard times:' and I will not retrench until I see the necessity of doing so, nor will I see it until it is forced upon me. I have been accustomed to obedience from my family, and you are the first that has attempted to oppose me. Scarcely a day has passed since your return, in which I have not been more fully convinced of your father's folly in entrusting you to the care of an old maid, whose ideas are as antiquated as she is, and who, with all the boasted advantages of her training, has neglected one important point—implicit submission to a parent's will. You have rejected a match chosen by your mother, and now you presume to charge her with extravagance. But I will show you that I am not to be meddled with, or crossed in my wishes by a mere child. It is my will that you marry Mr. Trenville,—and you will find it no easy matter to oppose it.'

Caroline and Emily had left the room, and Mrs. Melmoth rose to follow them, when Mary caught her hand, and would have spoken, but her emotion checked her utterance,—when, making an effort to restrain her feelings, she said—' Stay, and hear me, my mother,—do not think me disobedient or presumptuous. When I tell you why I cannot do as you wish ;—my whole life shall prove to you that I am not what you deem me. I love you, my mother, and would willingly obey you in every thing,—but can you ask your daughter to give her hand to one man, when her heart is another's?—Oh, can you require such a sacrifice as this! I love Frederick Norwood, and how could I marry Mr. Trenville?' Mary could say no more; she wept convulsively. ' You love Mr. Norwood, then,' said Mrs. Melmoth, proudly and coldly, at the same time taking away her hand that Mary had pressed to her heart, in the agony of her spirit,—' and you profess to love your mother ;—the only proof you can give of this love to me, is to give up this romantic, silly affection, and accept the hand of Mr. Trenville. Young ladies' attachments are not as irrevocable as they are apt to imagine ;—if you have the will to obey me, you can readily find power. I must now leave you, as I hear the girls calling me,—for I promised to go with

them to choose a bridal bonnet for Caroline ;—and I hope your own reflections will bring you to your senses, and cause you to act as a girl of prudence should do.' Mary scarcely heard or understood her mother's parting words, for she had sunk into a seat overwhelmed by all that agony of feeling which is so crushing to the young heart, in its first, bitter trial. Little did Mary think that the happiness she felt in Frederick Norwood's society, could have been productive of so much misery. Little did she anticipate, when listening to his voice, as it embodied the fine conceptions of his gifted intellect, when roving with him through the beautiful scenes around Ellwood, that these pleasures would become to her painful reminiscences.

When Frederick was on a visit to his mother, who lived in the village near her aunt's residence, she saw him frequently.—His mother was an old friend of Miss Melmoth's, and Frederick was also a favorite. When Frederick was near her, Mary felt as if she were in a dream, and, when he left her, she was sad and dispirited, yet she knew not how much she had loved him, until she was desired to love another. Frederick Norwood was one calculated to win and retain a heart like Mary's. Possessing talents and mind of the highest order he was all that a woman could be proud of—and a heart elevated and refined in its feelings, he was all a woman could love. He had lost his father in infancy, and his mother had been devoted to him. She had expended nearly all she possessed in giving him his education and profession,—and he looked forward with pleasure to the time when his success in this profession would enable him to give her a home with him in the city where he had established himself.

[Concluded in our next.]

For the Rural Repository.

My Adventures.

PART I.

THE tale which follows has nothing to recommend it but its truth. The circumstances occurred very much in the order in which they are related. This is a simple narration of facts. Whether there is any interest about them or not, there is no fiction.

Some ten years since I was a schoolboy in the town of G—in Connecticut. From all I can recollect of myself at that interesting period, nature was no more liberal in her gifts to me than now. I was a chubby faced, stupid boy, perfectly reckless of the opinions of others, a feature by which I am still characterized. Among the few serious and permanent designs which I ever formed was an ardent desire to run away from school. How this desire arose and took such firm

hold of me I cannot tell; perhaps it was hereditary, as my father, grandfather, great grandfather, and my ancestors for all that I know as far back as Commodore Noah were engaged in the naval service of their country, wanderers upon the face of the sea, and had many of them given their bones to the deep over which their barques had sailed so long. However this might have been, I loathed the Academy and all its accompaniments, and utterly eschewed the affectionate endearments by which the worthy pedagogue essayed to enlist my affections in favor of Daboll's Arithmetic and Morse's Geography. My favorite amusement, in school hours, was to build boats, and out of school, to sail them. It was on an occasion of the latter kind that an incident occurred which gratified my wishes in a strange, but satisfactory manner. I had just launched my tiny vessel in the little cove, where she usually made her important voyages when one of my companions beckoned me to a small eminence which overlooked the waters of Long Island Sound telling me there was a ship lying to, near the shore. She was a handsome vessel, with a long pennant flying from the mast head, and her maintopsail aback. As I looked a boat was lowered from her quarter davits, and manned by two or three sailors, proceeded to the mouth of the cove near which we stood. By this time I had forgotten my own little fancy craft which was no more nor less than a large shingle, schooner rigged, and which had availed itself of my inattention by making the best of its way into the sound in the direction of the approaching boat. I had given it up for lost, when a black boy sitting in the bow of the boat suddenly espied it, and singing out, 'A prize, Massa Jim,' snatched it from the water. The person whom he thus addressed by the euphonious title of 'Massa Jim,' was a young man, very sailorlike in his appearance, sitting in the stern sheets, with the tiller in his hand. I at once recognized his countenance. He was a sixteenth cousin of mine, who at the age of twenty-one had obtained command of a fine ship. Young as he was, he possessed sufficient experience, for his whole life had been passed on the water. Indeed I once heard him declare that it always made him *seasick* to go ashore. I will not detail the particulars of our meeting except to say that, having strenuously urged him to assist me in eloping from school, he proved himself in no way backward, and that same night saw me introduced to a snug little cabin on board the *Traveler*. I cannot describe the nature of my sensations when I found myself thus suddenly, thus at once freed from the only domination to which I had ever submitted. Half a mile of blue, deep water lay between me and the schoolmaster. The schoolmaster? Was he the one

from whom I had fled? Was his the tyranny the iron of which had entered my young soul? Was it his voice which had chid me, his hand which had martyred me with blows? No. Tell it not in Gath, it was his wife. Yes, his wife!

Poor woman! peace to her ashes! she now slumbers soundly in the village churchyard. The tongue that scolded so eloquently is mute forever. I forgive her all, even her making sweet my coffee with molasses.

A few days were passed in the harbor of New-York in replenishing our provisions and water, and then, with the aid of a fine North-wester, the Traveler left her anchorage, passed the bar and was soon out of sight of the Highlands. It was a cool, cloudless morning, and on every side of us were 'winged voyagers' like ourselves, some beating towards the harbor, and others steering with us to the broad, heaving sea. The sight was very animating, and I was struck with boyish wonder at the ease with which the playful waves tossed our ship and all its cumbrous apparel, which in port had been so unmoved and apparently so immovable. But he who is preparing himself for sensations of sublimity amid the grandeur of ocean scenery will first experience such sensations as not only unfit him for admiration, but for the enjoyment of any thing else in life. I tried to brace up against sea sickness for a while fearing the significant glances of the sailors, but as the breeze freshened, and the motion of the ship became more and more irregular I could no longer govern myself, and pride and shame at once forsook me. What passed for one or two days I do not recollect, except that I wished myself at home, notwithstanding the humane endeavors of Captain Talbot to resuscitate me with a tumbler of salt water, and a piece of pork attached to the end of a string, the usual remedy in like cases. If however sea sickness is a bitter medicine, no medicine works greater miracles. After my recovery I seemed to wake to another existence. Every thing around looked bright and cheerful. The difference was like that which concave glasses afford to a near sighted man, introducing me to a new world. We were soon in the Gulf Stream, combating its strong current with as fair a wind as heart could wish. Her destination was the Havana, and the cargo consisted of cattle, lumber and produce of various kinds. I learned to my surprise that the owner resided in Havana. The Traveler was a vessel of about four hundred tons burthen. A faster sailer never skimmed the salt deep; she was logged frequently twelve knots an hour with a free wind, and nine or ten on a bowline. Her masts had a very decided rake aft, so much so, that they frequently excited apprehensions in honest traders who happen-

ed to meet her, while traversing the seas on their 'lawful occasions.' Nothing worth recording occurred on our voyage and I had already begun to tire of the vast fields of water which day after day were the exclusive objects of vision, when, on the close of a very pleasant afternoon, the animating cry of 'Land ho!' resounded from aloft. All eyes were strained upon the dim horizon where something like a cloud was indistinctly visible. Soon after I had turned in, the Captain hailed the watch upon the fore-topsail yard. 'Keep a good look out for the light.' 'Aye, aye, Sir' was the reply. In a few minutes the man aloft sung out 'A light on the weather bow, Sir.' This was the light from the Moro Castle, near which the next morning saw us lying to, and firing a gun for a pilot.

The Moro stands at the eastern entrance of the harbor of Havana, which is here not more than a stone's throw across. Built on, and partly formed of, the solid and unshapen rock, it is indeed a stupendous pile. At its foot the Gulf Stream rolls its fathomless waters. Its base is discolored by the perpetual washing of the sea. It seemed to me that a stronghold so fortified by nature and art might defy a fleet of three deckers. An English seventy-four was once sunk by its guns, but Johnny managed to obtain a position some hundred yards north of the castle, on a higher elevation of land, from which he proceeded to demonstrate that the Moro was not impregnable. The Don has since taken occasion to fortify this position also. From the tower telegraphic signals announce to consignees and others the approach of ships in the offing. Almost all the hills and banks about Havana are bristling with fortifications. In some places near the shore, while leaning over the bulwarks of the vessel, I was struck with the transparency of the water. Objects at the bottom, when there were more than twenty fathoms of water, were as distinctly visible as if seen through a medium of air. In a short time, a boat, with the usual appendage of boats here, an oil cloth top, rowed alongside. It was the Pilot, and filling away, we passed the frowning batteries of the Moro, and anchored in the harbor of Havana.

O. P. B.

MUSIC IN LITERATURE

For the Rural Repository.

The Worth and Devotion of Woman's Love.

Not many months since, I was pointed by a friend to a scrap of newspaper, containing a short rhapsody on the worth and devotion of woman's love. The paragraph was in the opinion of my friend, at once true and beautiful. For the beauty of it, I have nothing to say, unless—that it was more beautiful than true.

The writer of those lines, compared the worth of woman's love, to that of the gems of Golconda; and the devotion of it, to that of the Palmer at Mecca.

Judging from the former of these similes, methinks the nature of pure love is somewhat misconceived. A thing in its nature *invaluable*, is measured by another whose value is most easily ascertained—that without which no man can live happily, by that which no man needs or wants at all—that which is pure and holy in its influence, by that which is essentially unholly and corrupting.

Woman's love!—Its value cannot be measured—it is more delicious to the soul of man than the blessed rains from heaven to the drooping, withering plants, which they soften, quicken and revive—more genial, soothing, to his anxious mind, than the brooding of the parent bird to her clamorous, restless young.

But how shall I speak of the devotedness of woman's love? Is it like the vulgar, ignorant, sordid superstition that draws the pilgrim on towards Mecca's shrine—or has it less of blindness? You have seen the honey bee, enshrined in the first flowers of Spring, nestle there till wind and storm had wrung the fragile blossom from the stem, as though that plant were all the world—Was that devotion? You have seen the lily spread its pure whiteness on the bosom of the waters; you have seen the waters swell and dash and cover it, and then it rose more cheerful, white and fair, clinging to its loved element—Was that devotion? Again, you have seen the many flowers that open their petals to the first star of evening; and worship in rapt silence, the glorious heavens all the livelong night, despite of winds and chills and cumberous dews—Was not all that devotion?—Thus, deep, thus pure and free from selfishness, thus innocent and cheerful, I fondly trust, is woman's love.

S.

Religion.

This following short and beautiful quotation is from the pages of the elegant the benevolent, the inspired Mackenzie. Speaking of those who profess a disbelief in religion, he expresses himself in the following heart touching manner:

'He who would undermine those foundations upon which the fabric of our future hope is reared, seeks to beat down that column which supports the feebleness of humanity:—let him but think a moment, and his heart will arrest the cruelty of his purpose. Would he pluck its little treasure from the bosom of poverty? Would he wrest its crutch from the hand of age and remove from the eye of affliction the only solace of its woe? The way we tread is rugged, at best; we tread it, however,

lighter by the prospect of the better country to which we trust it will lead. Tell us not it will end in the gulf of eternal dissolution, or break off in some wild, which fancy may fill up as she pleases, but reason is unable to delineate; quench not that beam, which amidst the night of this evil world has cheered the despondency of ill requited worth, and illuminated the darkness of suffering virtue.'

Anecdote of the late Emperor of Austria.

DURING one of his visits to Baden the Emperor Francis was walking through the streets, as was his custom, like a private gentleman, and accompanied by only one or two persons of his household. He saw a funeral approaching; it was that of a beggar, whom poverty had so bereaved of friends that no one followed his remains to their last resting place. This melancholy spectacle produced a profound impression on the Emperor's feelings. Turning to the person who accompanied him, he said, 'Since this poor creature has no friend to see him interred, we will perform that sad office, and follow his remains to the grave.' He walked behind the coffin, his attendant followed, and every one who passed, seeing the Emperor, in the train, successively ranged themselves in the procession.—On arriving at the burial place, the Emperor uncovered, and offered up a pious prayer for the soul of the poor beggar. The history of the heroic ages presents few traits more sublime than this.

The Emperor's last visit to Prague, in 1833, was marked by a circumstance no less honorable to his feelings. His Majesty's hours of audience were fixed the same as at Vienna. One day, a poor woman was amongst the number of the supplicants.—Her only means of living was a lute, upon which she played about the streets, and which, by some accident, had become injured. She said she could not afford to pay for the necessary repair, which would cost five florins. The Emperor gave her a purse containing ten. The woman looked at him with mingled gratitude and surprise, and gave him to understand that she needed but one half of the money. 'Never mind,' said the Emperor, smiling, 'keep it; the lute may be broken again, and you will not always have me here to pay for repairing it.'

The Dead in London Streets.

In the neighborhood of Cliffstreet, whither I was going to visit an acquaintance, I saw a stout, athletic man, nearly half bent leaning against a board fence, and surrounded by half a dozen boys. As I approached him, I found that he was in convulsions, and it was easy to perceive that he would not long survive. And yet he struggled manfully with the

tyrant Death. His whole frame shook violently, and I observed that he would sink almost to the earth, and then, with a desperate effort, rise up again, as if he believed as long as he could retain his feet that he was still the victor. His skin was of a bluish color, and never before had I beheld such glaring and fearful eyes. In a few moments he fell heavily upon the pavement—a stiffened corpse! A large crowd soon assembled about him, some of whom knelt down to feel his pulse, and one exclaimed with all the indifference in the world, that he was 'dead as a door nail,' while another cried out, 'Ho my boys, go and bring a dray!' I passed on thinking it must be an ordinary thing to see a dead man in the streets of London. The next day I learned from the coroner's report, that the wretch was a victim of intemperance.—*Philanthropist.*

Extract.

I AM acquainted with a great many *very* good wives, who are so notable and so managing, that they make a man every thing but *happy*; and I know a great many others who sing, and play, and paint, and cut paper, and are so *accomplished*, that they have not time enough to be agreeable and no time to be useful. Pictures, and fiddles, and every thing but agreeableness and goodness, can be had for money! but as there is no market where pleasant manners, and engaging conversation and christian virtues, are to be bought, methinks it is a pity the ladies do not often provide them at home.—*Hannah Moore.*

Lady Wallace.

LADY WALLACE, who was once celebrated in Scotland for wit and beauty, happening to be at an assembly in Edinburgh, a young gentleman, the son of his majesty's printer, who had the patent for publishing Bibles, made his appearance, dressed in green and gold. Being a new face and extremely elegant, he attracted the attention of the whole company. A general murmur prevailed in the room, to know who he was: Lady Wallace instantly made answer, loud enough to be heard by the stranger—' Oh, don't you know him? It is *young Bible*, bound in *calf*, and *gilt*, but not yet *lettered*.'

The Rural Repository.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1836.

USAGES AND PRIVILEGES OF THE 'OLDEN TIME.'—The 'Valentine' of our fair correspondent, for, from the signature, and the neat female hand in which the manuscript is written, we must conclude it to be the production of one of the gentler sex, reminds us that Valentine's Day is near at hand; on the eve of which, as our grandmothers relate, the maidens of 'merry' New England, and for aught

we know of every section of the Union, were wont, in the 'olden time,' to congregate for the important purpose of choosing Valentines, which they did by drawing lots, and after numerous exchanges among those who were dissatisfied with the swains that had been allotted them by dame Chance, each generally succeeded in obtaining the one most to her fancy, to whom it was customary to send, on the morrow, a *billet doux*, or Valentine, to which it was expected the recipient would, if favorably disposed, return a suitable answer, accompanied, in most cases, by some trifling present as a token of his regard. Now as this happens to be Leap-Year, and of course forms an eventful era in the annals of Love and Matrimony, the ladies having the sole privilege of making love, we would suggest to them, presuming them all unused and quite averse to 'go a wooing,' the propriety and utility of reviving the ancient custom of choosing Valentines, and submitting their proposals, as best they may, in simple doggerel or high sounding verse—transcribed on the delicate rose tinted letter paper, elegantly cut in the shape of true-love-knots, doves, hearts, darts, Cupids, etc. or the plain gilt-edged, neatly done up in the form of a motto, to the fortunate Adonis. We hope our friend 'Isadore,' though a little fastidious, intends to make such a disposition of her pretty Valentine; it is far too beautiful a 'flower,' to 'waste its sweetness on the desert air'—to bloom 'unseen' by him, by whom its worth and sweetness would be most appreciated.—For the encouragement of all whom it may concern, and the removal of any scruples which they may entertain with respect to the validity of their rights, or the tenure upon which they hold their privileges in matters of love making, every fourth or Leap-Year, we offer for their consideration the following extract (for which we are indebted to an article in the 'New-York Transcript') from an old volume printed in 1606, and entitled 'Courtship Love and Matrimonia.'

'Albeit, it is nowe become a parte of the Common Lawe, in regard to the social relations of life, that as often as every besextile year doth return, the ladyes have the sole privilege, during the time it continueth, of making love unto men, which they may doe either by wordes or lookes, as unto them seemeth proper; and moreover, no man will be entituled to the benefit of clergy who dothe refuse to accept the offer of a ladye, or who dothe in any wise treat her proposal with slight or contumely.'

The above having been 'parte of the Common Lawe,' ever since the days of Elizabeth, the maiden Queen, who, preferring to sway alone the regal sceptre, to wearing a divided crown, eschewed both love and matrimony, and having never been revoked or superceded, is without question, binding at the present day. The ladies will therefore see that their rights are very extensive and based upon a sure foundation; they are not only allowed the sole privilege of making love the whole year, but their suit cannot be trifled with, or rejected, without subjecting the delinquent to the most severe penalties.'

Letters Containing Remittances,
Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting
the amount of Postage paid.

H. C. St. Johnsbury Plain, Vt. \$1.00; J. M. B. Canova, N. Y. \$0.12½; P. M. Byron, N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. Cummings, Ms. \$1.00; T. W. Durham, M. T. \$0.75; B. B. Union, N. Y. \$3.00; B. P. W. Albany, N. Y. \$2.00; P. M. Oakhill, N. Y. \$2.00.

DIED

In this city, on the 26th ult. Rachel, wife of John Raynor, Esq. in the 57th year of her age.
On the 27th ult. of a lingering illness, Mr. John Reisdorf, At Hillsdale, Columbia Co. on the 14th ult. Bathsheba, wife of Godfrey Garner, in the 49th year of her age.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

Valentine.

OLD custom's set this time apart
To prove the female, maiden heart—
With modest mein she steps aside,
'And whispers soft, 'I'll be thy bride'—
'But yet, unless thy heart is mine,
I'd spurn to be thy Valentine.'

'I'll sooner tempt the ocean deep,
The rocky cliff and mountain steep ;
Or meet the lava, *Aetna's* flame,
Than add to mine thy manly name,
Unless thou'lt joy the wreath to twine,
And fondly call me Valentine.

'I'll sooner dwell on barren isle,
Beyond the ken of human smile—
In howling desert's dreary waste,
Unless with thrilling love thou'lt haste
To cull love's flower, and eglantine,
And claim me as thy Valentine ;

'And wish to join with mine thy heart
Till death alone the tie can part—
Triumphant lead me to the shrine
That lovers call almost divine—
The bridal wreath I then will twine,
And haste to call thee Valentine.

'But if thou wert a mountain lad,
With kilt of green, or tartan plaid,
I'd bid thee seek the eagle's nest,
To pluck the eaglet from its rest,
A trophy for thy bride to see.
How firm thy heart was fixed on me,
Or bridal wreath I would not twine,
Nor ever be thy Valentine.'

Hudson, February, 1836. ISADORE.

There was Silence in Heaven.*

CAN angel spirits need repose
In the full sun-light of the sky ?
And can the veil of slumber close
A cherub's bright and blazing eye ?

Have seraphim a weary brow,
A fainting heart, and aching breast ?
No, far too high their pulses flow,
To languish with inglorious rest.

How could they sleep amid the bliss,
The banquet of delight above ?
Or bear for one short hour to miss
The vision of the Lord they love ?

Oh ! not the death-like calm of sleep
Could hush the everlasting song :
No fairy dream, or slumber deep,
Entrance the rapt and holy throng.

Yet not the slightest tone was heard
From angel voice or angel hand :
And not one plumed pinion stirred
Among the bowed and blissful band.

For there was silence in the sky,
A joy, not angel tongues could tell,
As from its mystic point on high,
The peace of God in stillness fell.

Oh ! what is silence here below ?
The quiet of concealed despair,

The pause of pain, the dream of woe,
It is the rest of rapture thereto.
And, to the way-worn pilgrim here,
More kindred seems that perfect peace,
Than the full chants of joy to hear
Roll on, and never, never cease.

From earthly agonies set free,
Tired with the path too slowly trod,
May such a silence welcome me
Into the palace of my God.

Stanzas.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'BICHLIU.'

I've sat and seen one bright wave chase
Its fellow on the strand,
Then fall away, nor leave a trace
Upon the printless sand—
Though scarce the pebbles felt the shock,
The waves have worn the solid rock !

I've sat and heard the autumn wind
Amid the branches play,
So softly mild, so blandly kind,
It scarcely stirred the spray—
Yet soon it bore spring's verdant birth,
To wither on its native earth.

I've sat and seen the evening sun
Sink from the golden sky,
His long bright race of glory run,
And close his golden eye ;
So slow he passed, scarce changed the light
And yet he left the world in night.

And like yon sea is human life,
Events, like billows roll,
Moment on moment, strife on strife,—
That change us, to the soul ;
And joys, like autumn leaves fall fast—
Hope sets—and being's light is past.

I've stood on earth's most daring height,
And seen day's ruler rise,
In his magnificence of light
To triumph through the skies,
And all the darkness of the world,
Far from his shining presence hurled.

All, too, that fades upon the earth,
Too weak to linger here,
Re-blossom with a second birth,
To deck the coming year ;
Shall Hope, then, man's eternal dower,
Be frailler than a fading flower ?

Ah no ! like autumn leaves that die !
That bloom again in spring,
Fresh joys shall rise from those gone by,
And purer incense bring.
And when, like suns, Hope sets in night,
Shall she not beam from worlds more bright ?

The Palm-Tree.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

—Has his heart forgot so far away,
Those native scenes—those rocks and torrents gray—
The tall bananas whispering to the breeze ;
The shores—the sound of those encircling seas
Heard from his infant day—and the piled heap
Of holy stones, where his forefathers sleep ?

BOWLES.

It waved not through an eastern sky,
Beside a fountain of Araby ;
It was not fanned by southern breeze,
In some green isle of Indian seas ;
Nor did its graceful shadow sleep,
O'er stream of Afric, lone and deep :

But far the exiled palm-tree grew,
'Midst foliage of a kindred hue ;
Through the laburnum's dropping gold—
Uprose that stem of orient mold,
And Europe's violets faintly sweet,
Purpled the moss-beds at his feet.

Strange looked it there ; the willow streamed
Where silvery waters near it gleamed ;
The lime-bough lured the honey bee
To murmur by the desert's tree ;
And showers of snowy roses made
A lustre in its fan-like shade.

There came an eve of festal hours—
Rich music filled that garden's bowers ;
Lamps that from flowing branches hung,
On sparks of dew soft colors flung ;
And bright forms glanced—a fairy show—
Under its blossoms to and fro.

But one, a lone one, 'midst the throng,
Seemed reckless all of dance or song ;
He was a youth of dusky mein,
Whereon the Indian sun had been ;
Of crested brow, and long black hair—
A stranger like the Palm-tree there.

And slowly, sadly, moved his plumes,
Glittering athwart the leafy glooms ;
He passed the pale green olives by
Nor won the chestnut flowers his eye ;
But when to that sole palm he came,
Then shot a rapture through his frame.

To him, to him, its rustling spoke,
The silence of his soul it broke !
It whispered of his own bright isle,
That lit the ocean with a smile ;
Aye, to his ear that native tone
Had something of the sea-wave's moan !

His mother's cabin-home, that lay
Where feathered cocoons fringed the bay ;
The dashing of his brethren's oar ;
The conch's wild note along the shore—
All, through his wakening bosom swept,
He clasped his country's tree and wept.*

Oh ! scorn him not !—the strength whereby
The patriot girds himself to die—
The unconquerable power which fills
The freeman, battling on his hills—
These have one fountain, deep and clear,
The same whence gushed that child-like tear !

* This incident is, I think, recorded by Dr. Little, in his poem of 'Les Jardins.'

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SELECT TALES.

From the Lady's Book.

The Melmoth Family.

[Concluded.]

It was during his visits to his mother, after he left college, that he first became acquainted with Mary. He admired and esteemed her unobtrusiveness, her cultivated mind, and the calm beauty of her intellectual countenance; but, when he heard of her benevolence, and listened to his mother, as she spoke of her piety, her affection to her aunt, her kindness to herself, and her quiet perseverance in the discharge of her personal and domestic duties, his heart whispered to him how invaluable would such a companion be to me!—could I but gain such a wife, and my mother such a daughter—how happy, how blest should we be! The more he saw of Mary, the dearer she became, until he loved her with that intensity which can only be felt, when the reason approves what the heart has chosen. ‘Were she but an orphan, and portionless like myself,’ would he often say to himself, ‘how gladly would I pour out my heart to her,—and ask that, when I have gained a competence, I might hope to claim her as my own, my gentle wife. But how can I hope for this?—she has parents, wealthy and fashionable parents—will they not frown upon me? Poverty clings round me like a curse, and it is a crime the world cannot pardon. Will not even she look down upon me, when surrounded by admirers who have riches and standing to recommend them? Here, all that is around her is favorable to that simplicity and purity of mind and heart, which I have loved to observe in her. But will she be the same when she has mingled with the world? Fool!—dotard that I was, to nurse such a hope!—I, the obscure, the penniless, whose profession is my only dependence—and how problematical is my success? the field is full of competitors who have friends and family influence, and talents superior to mine. How can I hope to overcome the obstacles that bar my progress?—How could I have madly nursed

such a delusion? I love her deeply, devotedly—I love her, yet she shall never hear it,—I will put a seal upon my lips,—they shall never utter what has been nurtured in my heart.—She will shortly leave this peaceful scene,—her mother has requested her return, that she may present her to that society she is formed to ornament,—while I, in another city, and in poverty, must wear out my energies and life in striving for a mere subsistence, for the bread and water of life,—and, if I can gain even this, I must be content. I must give her up,—for reason tells me that here I should yield to despair, and, in its sullenness and torpor, I shall at least find cessation from pain. Hence forward, I will live but for my mother,—for her I will task my strength,—for her I will exert the few talents I possess.’ Such were the feelings which convulsed his bosom, on his last visit, previous to Mary’s return to her family; and, when he left Ellwood, it was with a heavy heart that he again entered upon the scene of his struggles.

It was but a few weeks after this that he received a letter from his mother, telling him she was not well, and felt as if a visit from him would do her more good than any thing else. Frederick knew that his mother was subject to depression of spirits, and he ascribed her request to this, yet he did not hesitate—it was enough for him that she wished to see him, and her slightest wish was to him a command.

When he arrived at home, and hastened to the little parlor where he had been accustomed to see her seated in her favorite corner, in the chair which had been his first present to her, he was disappointed in not finding her, and went to the garden, thinking to take her by surprise. As he was going thither he met a servant, and in asking for his mother, she told him that she was in her room, and had been sick for several days. Frederick hurried to his mother’s chamber, and the first one he saw was Miss Melmoth, who was sitting by his mother’s bed-side; but what were his feelings when he saw his dear mother’s face resting on her pillow, pale and motionless, with her eyes closed and a

wasted cheek, which revealed to him at once the danger and extent of the sickness she had suffered. ‘She has just fallen asleep,’ said Miss Melmoth to him in a whisper, as she pressed his hand. ‘Tell me, my dear Miss Melmoth, how is it that my mother is so sadly changed. ‘Come with me, Frederick,’ said Miss Melmoth, ‘lest she should waken suddenly and the surprise will be too great for her; let us leave the room, and I will then tell you.’ Frederick cast one agonized glance on his pale sleeping mother, and followed Miss Melmoth. When he had joined her in the parlor, she took his hand and said, ‘Compose yourself, my dear Frederick, her situation may not be as bad as we fear; Dr. Belmont has not given up all hope.’ Frederick struggled to restrain his feelings and said, ‘Why was I not sent for sooner? I started immediately on the receipt of her letter.’ ‘It did not reach you as soon as it ought to have done,’ said Miss Melmoth; ‘when that was written she felt her health was declining, but was unwilling to alarm you; but it was not until a day or two afterwards that the disease assumed an aspect of immediate danger—the doctor thinks she is ill, very ill, but there is yet hope. Her symptoms this morning are different from what they were yesterday; this change and the sweet sleep into which she has fallen, will, I hope, be favorable. Dr. Belmont will soon be here, and he will then tell us if this hope is well-grounded. I hear his step now in the hall; I am glad he has come so early.’ The servant opened the door and Dr. Belmont entered. After he had spoken to Frederick, his first inquiry was after his patient. ‘She is sleeping,’ said Miss Melmoth, ‘and I hope much better.’ ‘Shall we go up?’ said he to Miss Melmoth. They left the room: and who can describe the feelings of Frederick as he paced up and down the room in all the restless, feverish anxiety, the heart-rending agony of suspense; one moment calmed by hope, the next tortured by fear. None but those, who like him have tremblingly waited to hear the sentence which is to pronounce the fate of some loved

one who is hanging between life and death, that decision which is either to bring peace to the heart or to crush it by robbing its last faint hope—none but those can tell all that he then was suffering. His heart throbbed hard and quick, his breath grew short as he heard the doctor descending the stairs. ‘Tell me, is there any hope?’ said Frederick, as he entered; the question was needless, for he read its answer in the saddened expression of Dr. Belmont’s countenance. ‘My dear Frederick,’ said the kind physician, ‘look to your mother’s God for consolation, it is nearly all over; go to her, she wishes to see you.’ Frederick rushed to his mother’s room, threw himself on his knees beside her bed, and clasping the hand she held out to him, said, ‘My dear mother, how can I give you up? What will the world be to me when you are gone? Oh, that I could leave it with you!’ And his head sunk on the bed in all the utter destitution of despair, that hopeless giving up of one’s self to the waves of affliction which are rushing over us, and from which we see no escape. ‘My son, my dear, dear Frederick,’ said his mother, ‘do not thus yield to misery; rouse your sinking powers and look unto that God who upheld your mother when she saw her husband on his bed of death, herself about to become a wretched widow, her infant son a helpless orphan. The widow’s God will be the orphan’s stay; look unto him, my son, and he will never leave or forsake you. You could not have expected to have me much longer with you. Compose yourself, my son, and join your mother in prayer to God for your support and consolation in this hour of trial.’ She then tried to raise his hand with hers in supplication, and when her humble, fervent prayer was ended, she relinquished his hand and remained with her eyes closed, as if offering up a mental petition. Frederick rose from his knees, and seated himself on the bedside. His mother then looked at him with a sweet, quiet smile, and held out her hand to him. ‘There is one request I have to make, my son, and if you promise to fulfil it, it will add to your mother’s peace in her dying hour. You love Mary Melmoth; I have watched the struggle which has kept you from making this known to her; you have judged her wrongfully; wealth is no consideration with her; tell her that you love her, and she will willingly wait until your situation allows you to claim her as a wife. She will more than supply my place to you. Oh! how much will it soften the pain of leaving you could I think that you will be blest with a wife like Mary; one who is in every way calculated to make you happy. Promise me to overcome these needless scruples, and go to see her as soon after I have left you as your feelings will permit.’

Frederick buried his head upon his mother’s hand and promised to fulfil her wishes. ‘Now I can die in peace,’ said this affectionate mother. ‘Kiss me, my son; farewell my kind friend,’ said she to Miss Melmoth; ‘be a mother to my orphan!’ When exhausted by the exertion she had made in speaking, she sunk back upon her pillow and breathed gently, as if falling asleep. A placid and beautiful repose settled on her countenance, and as they gazed on her, they were afraid to move lest they should disturb her quiet rest. She lay so tranquil and motionless that Miss Melmoth bent her ear to listen if she could hear her breathe—but all was still—the spirit had returned to God who gave it.

* * * * *

It was nearly two months after the death of his mother that Frederick was on his way to visit Miss Melmoth. He could not trust himself to go through Ellwood, but had taken another route. His heart was still crushed under the weight of that affliction which had rent him of his only tie on earth, and it was to fulfil the wishes of his dying mother that he was about to solicit the advice of her friend. He felt that he could not rest until he had granted her request, though he feared its fulfilment would but seal his misery. He told Miss Melmoth all that he had felt and feared, and that he needed her counsel to direct him. She advised him to go to see Mary, and to tell her parents of his affection and of his situation and prospects. She gave him a letter to take to Mary as he was leaving her, and said, ‘Be patient, Frederick, and Mary may be yours; my brother I know will not oppose you, and Mrs. Melmoth may give her consent, when she finds that Mary will not wed another.’

It was with an agitated heart that Frederick arrived in the gay city where Mary resided. The first one he met at the door of the hotel was one of his college friends, who went with him into one of the rooms, and as he had heard of Frederick’s loss, he tried to amuse him by summing up the news of the day, and in speaking of the fashionable world, he said, ‘By the way Fred, there is a young lady here whom you must know, as she spent much of her time near Ellwood—Mr. Melmoth’s youngest daughter—she is now quite the envy of all our belles as she has young Trenville at her feet; one of our “good matches,” as the ladies call them.’ ‘I have seen her,’ replied Frederick, with a strong effort to gain composure. His friend did not notice him, but went on with his usual volubility, thinking that he had taken the true mode of driving away sorrow. Frederick felt relieved when his friend regretted an engagement obliged him to leave him. When he was gone, Frederick said to himself, ‘It is as I feared! my dear mother and Miss Melmoth

knew Mary only in retirement: Mary in society may be a different being. Why should I ever have hoped to win her, admired and courted as I knew she would be? But whatever be the result, my mother’s request shall be fulfilled if I even find that Mary loves another. Oh! my mother, the only one who loved me in this wide world, would that I were sleeping beside thee in the quiet grave!’

The next morning Frederick went to the house of Mr. Melmoth, and when the servant had taken his card, and he had been seated a few minutes in the drawing room, Mrs. Melmoth and Caroline entered. ‘Good morning, Mr. Norwood,’ said Mrs. Melmoth with an air of cold reserve, which the proud and sensitive Frederick felt keenly. ‘When did you see Miss Melmoth?’ ‘I left her a day or two since,’ replied he, ‘she was well, and I have a letter from her to your daughter. Is she at home?’ he asked with a forced composure. ‘Yes,’ answered Mrs. Melmoth, ‘but I regret that her being very much engaged will prevent her seeing you this morning.’ Mrs. Melmoth was interrupted by a servant bringing to her a box, accompanied by a note. ‘Mr. Trenville’s servant, Madam, has just left this.’ ‘A set of pearls for Mary,’ said Mrs. Melmoth, carelessly, addressing herself to Caroline. This fell on Frederick’s heart like a death blow; his fears were now confirmed, and he felt that Mary was lost to him forever. He rose, requested Mrs. Melmoth to deliver the letter to her daughter, desired his respects to her, and bade them good morning. The last ray of hope that shed a fitful gleam across his desert heart was now quenched in darkness, but he was calm, fearfully so; it seemed as though apathy was incrusting and petrifying every emotion.

On his return to the hotel, he found that Mr. Oakland, a friend of his father’s, had seen his name in the register, and had been waiting to see him.

‘How are you, my dear Frederick,’ said he, as he warmly shook his hand. ‘How fortunate am I to have found you here, for I was on my way to Philadelphia for the purpose of asking a favor from you. I have just received an appointment which obliges me to go to Europe, and I am anxious to have you as my secretary and companion. The change will be of service to you. I shall not detain you long, and you can then return to your native land full of health and vigor, and enter with spirit on the arena of your profession.’ ‘I will go,’ replied Frederick, ‘I have nothing here worth living for and it matters not where I am.’ ‘Talk not so, my young friend, it is not the nature of youth to feel thus—but this will soon pass by—it is only the old who cannot rise again when trouble

has bowed them down. Come, if you are ready to leave here, we will go on immediately and make preparations for our departure, as we must embark in the next packet.' The next week found Frederick a voyager on the dark blue sea.

To return to Mrs. Melmoth.

As soon as Frederick had left the room, Mrs. Melmoth said to Caroline, 'What do you think of the success of my scheme, was it not well planned? Mr. Trenville's present arrived very opportunely this morning, and I determined to make use of the set of pearls as an extinguisher upon his hopes. I knew enough of his character from your aunt's letters to tell that it would not take much to banish him from the house, and now the field is clear for Trenville. Mind Caroline, Mary must not know of this visit; she is in her room, reading, and knows nothing of Mr. Norwood's being here. I will keep her aunt's letter, and then all will go on smoothly. Trenville is in high hopes; I have led him to think her reserve proceeds from timidity, and as he supposes Mary has accepted his presents, it is likely the declaration will follow in due form. Thus far, for Mr. Trenville and for Mary: I will convince her that Frederick has forgotten her, or that he never loved her, and then if she have the spirit and pride of a woman she will marry young Trenville, if it be but from pique. I am quite a politician, am I not? Intrigues are laudable, if employed in a good cause; and what can be a better one than to dispel the romantic notions of love from my daughter's brain, and bring about a union which will place her in affluence.'

Caroline's marriage drew near, and splendid preparations were made for it. A fortunate speculation had enabled Mr. Melmoth to continue his business, and superseded the immediate necessity of making any change in their style of living. Mrs. Melmoth availed herself of this knowledge to the full extent, and she determined that the wedding of Caroline and her bridal paraphernalia, should exceed in splendor any thing that had hitherto been seen in the city. Every thing went off with as much eclat as she desired, and Mr. and Mrs. Warrham were settled in their new abode in a style equal to the wishes of both mother and daughter.

Mr. Trenville, shortly after the wedding found Mary one morning alone in the parlor. Her mother and Emily were not at home, and politeness obliged her to remain. This was an opportunity he had long wished for, and he soon availed himself of it; but what was his surprise and anger, when he heard a mild but firm refusal. He hastily bade her good morning, and left the house, determined never to cross its threshold.

When Mrs. Melmoth found, on her return,

that Mr. Trenville had been there, had made an offer of his hand and been refused, her anger was ungovernable; thus to find all her schemes wrecked by Mr. Trenville's having declared himself sooner than she intended he should—that she must give up all hope of an alliance with the Trenville family—it was more than she could bear. She told Mary to leave her, for that she could never look upon her as a daughter. Mary did not venture to reply; but wept in silence. Her father soon after came into the room, and was surprised to find her in tears. 'What is the matter, my daughter?' said he. 'I have been reprobating her,' replied Mrs. Melmoth, 'for her folly and disobedience in refusing the hand Mr. Trenville.' 'Perhaps she did not love him,' answered Mr. Melmoth, 'that was surely a sufficient reason.' Then, turning to Mary, he said, 'Come, cheer up my child, your aunt has requested your return to her; you were happy with her. There is an old friend of mine who will leave town to-morrow for Ellwood, in his own carriage; he will take charge of you. Have you any objections?' said Mr. Melmoth to his wife. 'She has my permission,' replied Mrs. Melmoth; 'I can no longer receive any pleasure from the society of a daughter who has thwarted all my endeavors for her own benefit, as Mary has done—and I am surprised, Mr. Melmoth, that you should try to excuse her conduct.' The servant then entered to tell them that dinner waited, much to Mr. Melmoth's gratification; for he was anxious to get back to his counting-house and desk.

The afternoon was occupied by Mary in making arrangements for her departure; and, on looking in the drawer of a music-stand for an engraving she had mislaid, she found one of her aunt's letters to her, and wondered how she came to leave it there. She took it with her to her room, to look over it. She was surprised to find she had not seen it before,—and, what were her feelings, as she hurried over its contents!—Mrs. Norwood dead,—Frederick the bearer of the letter,—the struggle in his mind respecting her,—his determination to lay open his heart to her, at the request of his dying mother,—her heart throbbed, her head grew dizzy, and she sank on the floor. A servant, who was in the next room, heard her fall, and came to her assistance. She had not fainted,—her emotion was too great for this,—she requested the girl to assist her to the bed, and she would soon be better. When she became more composed, it then struck her, how strange it was that the letter had been opened, and had not been given her. She looked at the address, and found the words—'savored by Mr. Norwood,' which had before escaped her notice. 'Has Frederick then been here?—Was he the bearer of

this letter?—My head is still confused,—I cannot understand this. How is it that I did not see him, or even hear of his visit?—Why has this letter been kept from me? There seems to be a mystery about it.' At length the truth flashed upon her mind, that her mother had concealed the visit, and withheld the letter, to further Mr. Trenville's wishes. She tried to banish such a suspicion, by thinking her mother could not act thus,—and rose to occupy her mind, by arranging her trunk, and put in the letter, hoping that her aunt would enable her to solve what now seemed so inexplicable.

The next morning, before the sun had risen, Mary had taken leave of the family, and was on the road leading to Ellwood. It was near evening when they entered the serpentine road, winding away among venerable oaks, which led to the dwelling. Mary's heart throbbed, and her eye glistened, as she gazed on the sweet spot where she had spent so many days;—she loved it for its beauty, as well as its remembrances—and well she might, for a lovelier or more picturesque spot was seldom found.

When the carriage stopped, Mary caught a glimpse of her aunt, as she passed one of the open windows, in coming out to meet her beloved niece;—she was soon folded to her heart, and Mary felt that she was now *at home*. The evening passed rapidly away;—Mary had many questions to ask, and her aunt had much to tell of all that had happened since their separation. They wept together, when they spoke of Mrs. Norwood,—but neither of them seemed sufficiently composed to mention Frederick's name. At length, Miss Melmoth said to Mary, 'why, my dear, did you never answer my last letter?' 'I have never received any from you, my dear aunt, for the last three months, except one I accidentally found the day before I left home.'

'Which was that?' inquired her aunt,—'the one taken by Frederick?' 'It was,' said Mary, faintly. 'You knew not then of his visit to you?' 'They never told me,' continued Mary,—'perhaps it was forgotten.' 'No, Mary,' said her aunt;—'there is some mystery in all this,—the ambition of your mother has led her to hide this from you. You did not encourage Mr. Trenville's addresses, or receive presents from him!' 'Encourage his addresses!—receive presents from him!—Pardon, my dear aunt, the warmth with which I repeat your questions,—but I know not what you mean. I strove with all my power to repulse his attentions,—he never sent me a present,—and, when he offered his hand, I gave him a decided refusal.' 'You are the same Mary that left me!' exclaimed Miss Melmoth, embracing her niece.—'I knew that Frederick judged you wrongfully, because his fears led him to

judge too hastily. But it is too late now; Frederick is gone.' 'Gone!—where?' said Mary, turning suddenly pale, and in a tone which showed how deeply her heart was interested in the inquiry. 'To Europe,' replied Miss Melmoth, without perceiving the painful effect of her information,—'and here is a letter I received from him the day before he had set sail. Mary took the letter, glanced her eye over its contents, as though she wished to take in all at once,—she there saw how cruelly her mother had deceived them both;—she saw, too, that to her was owing the wreck of their hopes and happiness. 'Yes, my aunt, it is too late!—Frederick is lost to me forever!'

Day after day, did Miss Melmoth use every endeavor to rouse her dear niece from the torpor which seemed so painfully to have stolen over her since she read Frederick's letter,—nothing seemed to interest her. She would steal away to the solitude of her room, and there sit with her head-bowed—her eyes fixed on the floor—her hands lying crossed and relaxed upon her lap. To rouse her from this state, required no little effort on the part of her aunt. She endeavored to excite her attention by a new book, a beautiful flower, or by a thousand other little means which the ingenuity of affection alone can devise or perform. She would often read to her different passages from the Scriptures;—some, calculated to soothe her mind—others, to convince her of the sinfulness of despair, and the duty of resignation. Those efforts, so kindly intended, and so soothingly and unwearingly continued, were not altogether unsuccessful,—and she soon had the pleasure to find that Mary became restored, if not to happiness, at least to tranquillity and resignation.

Mary and her aunt were sitting one morning at the breakfast-table, when a letter was handed to Miss Melmoth, by the servant, who had just returned from the Ellwood post-office. It was from her brother. She read it, and then handed it to Mary, as she found it addressed to both;—the contents were as follows; 'Come to me, my sister and daughter; I am a ruined man,—my credit is gone. My wife is shut up in her room,—Emily is with Caroline, and I have none to comfort me,—no, not one. Come then, and cheer my heart—for it is almost broken.' 'My poor—poor father!' said Mary. 'Come, Mary, we must not give up to our feelings,—there is necessity for immediate action,—we must prepare to go to him directly.' Having made a few hasty preparations, they took their seats in the stage, and, before many hours, they reached the city. When they entered the house, the first person they met was Mr. Melmoth, who was pacing the hall with hurried steps.

He hastened to meet them;—took a hand of each in both of his—and wildly, and with an agonized expression of countenance, exclaimed,—'My credit is gone!—my credit is gone!' They saw, from his haggard cheeks and sunken eye, that his affliction had wrought fearfully upon him. Mary felt the necessity of exertion;—she knew that, to give way to her grief, would only increase his grief,—and she, therefore, stifled her feelings, and assisted her aunt in her endeavors to cheer and console him. They led him to a sofa, sat by him, and tried every means to calm his mind. Sometimes he would rave almost incoherently,—and then he would sit the fixed, motionless image of despair. Miss Melmoth prepared a composing draught, persuaded him to take it, and induced him to lie down. They watched for a few minutes,—he then lay so quiet, that they left the room, fearful of disturbing him. They then sought Mrs. Melmoth,—they came to her room, but were denied admittance. She was lying on her bed, with the windows darkened, and her maid sitting by her, alternately chasing her temples, and administering lavender-water, for she had been in violent hysterical convulsions. With the selfishness of a character like hers, when she heard of her husband's failure, she had upbraided him with having brought poverty upon her and his family,—and had shut herself in her room, which she had not since left. Emily had made her escape from this scene of her father's misfortunes, and of her mother's mortified pride, and was residing with her sister Caroline,—while the latter, true to her education, had kept aloof from this mansion of distress, as though its atmosphere were infectious. Strange commentary on the boasted dignity of human nature!—but more strange that it is but a sketch;—and that a finished picture of many such every-day occurrences, would make us blush for the paltry selfishness of a vain ambition, whose only aim is fashion and gaudy display.

Soon after Miss Melmoth and Mary had entered the parlor, a friend of Mr. Melmoth's called to have an interview with him. Miss Melmoth spoke to him of her brother's affairs, and she found that the failure of a mercantile house, with which he was involved to a heavy amount, had put a finishing stroke to his fallen fortunes. While they were conversing, they heard a heavy fall on the floor of the room above them, where Mr. Melmoth was left under the quieting influence of the draught prepared for him by his sister. 'My Father!' exclaimed the affrighted Mary. They rushed up stairs, and found Mr. Melmoth fallen and insensible. The gentleman, who was at once aware of the danger, ran for a physician;—he soon returned with one, who felt the pulse—placed

his hand over the heart, but found no sign of life. All was over! We will not attempt to describe the scene that followed.

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When the creditors had settled Mr. Melmoth's affairs, they found there would be a small sum left for the widow. With this she rented a small house in the country, for she could not bear to live in the scene of her former affluence. Miss Melmoth and Mary assisted in arranging the new residence, and Emily joined her mother after a few days, for Mr. and Mrs. Warnham had gone to the North a week or two after Mr. Melmoth's death, on a pretext of business on the husband's part, but really with a view of escaping from the mortification they endured from Mr. Melmoth's failure.

Miss Melmoth's domestic affairs obliged her to return home, but Mary remained with her mother. When Mrs. Melmoth was restored to herself again, her daughter developed to her a plan which she had had for some time in contemplation. 'Your situation is such, my dear mother, that I cannot consent to be a burden to you. My aunt has offered me a home, but as from her limited means she has but little to spare, I, therefore, cannot accept of her kind and too generous invitation. A week or two since I saw an advertisement for a governess; with the advice of my aunt, I applied for the situation, and it is now at my option to secure it. The salary is liberal, and I shall have it in my power to assist you, as I shall have occasion but for very little for my individual use.' 'You become a governess!' said the weak mother;—'the daughter of Mrs. Melmoth apply for so degrading a situation?—it cannot be! even you would not stoop so low.' Mary firmly but respectfully assured her mother that not only had her mind been made up to accept the situation, but that every thing was prepared for her departure the next day, personally to secure it. She had now come to communicate this intention and to ask a mother's blessing. We have seen how that communication was received, and may well imagine the result of the last request. 'Go, you are no longer my daughter; you have always been to me a source of mortification since your refusal of Mr. Trenville. Go to your honorable task—but remember that I will never receive the visits of one who has so far degraded her family.'

A few weeks found Mary established as a governess in a family of wealth and refinement, who resided in the country, and she had already become interested in the two delicate and affectionate little girls entrusted to her care. Some months had passed, when, one evening, as she was walking with her little pupils, a gentleman was discovered approaching on horseback. He alighted and

came towards her. ‘Mr. Montfort?’ said Mary. ‘My dear girl,’ was his only reply, as he affectionately clasped the hand which was held out to him. ‘When did you return from the West Indies?’ inquired Mary. ‘Oh! that you had been with us in our hour of trial!’ And she wept bitterly as she recalled the suffering she had endured when she lost her father. ‘Compose yourself, my dear girl, happiness is yet in store for you. I have come to rob your little pupils of their teacher. I have much to tell you;—take my arm, and let me support you to a seat.’ The little girls ran in tears to inform their mother that they were to lose their dear Miss Mary; and Mr. Montfort mentioned that he had visited her aunt directly upon his arrival,—that he had heard all from her,—that she had told him of Frederick Norwood, and the means that were taken to separate them,—that he had immediately written to Frederick, who was in Paris, and had received his answer, which enclosed a letter for her. ‘I had not the heart to visit you,’ said the generous old gentleman, ‘until I could be the bearer of good news. Here is his letter, which will explain all.’ Mary took it, and (as with instinctive delicacy he walked aside, apparently to examine a beautiful flower) tearing away the seal, tremblingly opened it, and read as follows;

My dear, my injured Mary:—Will you ever forgive your Frederick for having acted so hastily—so foolishly—so like a madman? But when I breathe to your ear, the feelings which tortured me,—the contending struggles which harrowed my bosom, I will hope that all will be forgotten. I am preparing for my departure; a legacy, lately left me, now enables me to claim your hand—a claim which I shall more warmly urge when I shall have reached my native home. I will then resume my profession, and its career must be successful, with my Mary’s happiness in view as an incentive to exertion—and her smiles—my sweetest reward. I can write no more. My heart is too full,—my pen cannot express its tumultuous feelings. Farewell, my dearest; in a few weeks I shall find you at your aunt’s, and fold you to that heart which has been so cruelly separated from you.’

The next week found Mary at her aunt’s, whether Mr. Montfort had accompanied her. We need not say how anxiously she was waiting for the period of Frederick’s arrival. Time, at length brought that arrival;—the consequences, our readers must have already anticipated.

Frederick and Mary were married, after a short interval, and settled in Philadelphia. Her industry, economy and good management, added to her husband’s exertions in the arduous and honorable profession of a lawyer, soon shewed their effects in their

increasing prosperity. As soon as her husband’s circumstances permitted, they offered Mrs. Melmoth and Emily a home; but when they refused to accept it, as Mary did not live as they wished to live in a city,—she forwarded to them, from time to time, such pecuniary assistance as her husband’s means enabled her to do.

This happy couple were blessed with several children, who were educated so judiciously under Mary’s tuition, that, should we at some future period be tempted to write the ‘HISTORY OF THE NORWOOD FAMILY,’ our readers would, no doubt, coincide with our good old friend, Mr. Montfort, whose frequent visits enabled him to judge correctly of what he used to affirm as his opinion. ‘Mary,’ said he, ‘is truly an American wife and mother, and had we more like her and her children, my happy country would always be the land of virtuous and independent institutions; the land of honest exertion, laudable enterprize, and solid acquirements; the land of stern honor and noble grandeur. Her females would exalt her to a throne of glory among nations, and her men would indeed be freemen—proud of their rights—jealous of aggression—and devoted to her physical and intellectual improvement.’

For the Rural Repository.

My Adventures.

PART II.

AFTER having been duly boarded by the custom house officer, we finally hauled alongside the nearest ship, for such a thing as getting in the immediate vicinity of the quay, we soon found to be among the impossibles. Ships were crowded about us like bees in a thickly swarmed hive, ships of all nations, of all sizes and all models. There were huge Spanish line ships, and the less assuming *guarda costas*, saucy little schooners bearing the flag of St. George, and a Yankee sloop of war with the ‘striped bunting.’ Here too might be seen a flock of New London smacks which trade in fish from Havana to Key West, little vessels that seemed fit for nothing more than river navigation, but which shrink not from the roughest winds of these dangerous latitudes. A few days sufficed to make clean decks of our cargo, and with our yards a cock bill, and every thing below made snug and neat, we at length lay in comparative quiet. By this time the owner of the ship had been frequently on board, and though uniformly polite and civil, (there is no more gentlemanly person than your Spaniard,) I confess I did not like the man. He was a diminutive, bent up, sallow, cunning looking fellow, and there was a basilisk expression in his keen eyes when you caught them gazing at you, from under the broad shade of his sombrero, which it was by no means pleasant

to meet. An opportunity was soon afforded me, in company with this person and Captain Talbot to visit the city. No two individuals could present a more striking contrast in their exteriors than my companions; the one as I have described him, with something the visage of the Apothecary in Romeo and Juliet; the other, with his manly air, bold step, open and laughing face, and an eye full of daring and candor. On our first expedition we directed our course to the splendid cathedral where rest the remains of the discoverer of this continent. With what emotion must every spectator behold this last, this only resting place of the great adventurer. For myself however I am constrained to say, boy as I was, my interest was much more excited by the grandeur and beauty of the glorious building where we stood, its numerous columns, its sober and gloomy looking priests, and the divine melody which filled it to its vast roof. Columbus, when dead, made more voyages than the generality of men do in their lives. After being buried in the convent of St. Francisco in Valladolid, his remains were taken from thence to Seville, and there reinterred by the side of Diego, his son. Three years afterwards the bodies of both father and son were once more taken up, and conveyed to the city of St. Domingo in his favorite island. Afterwards, when Spain ceded her possessions in Hispaniola to France, the body of Columbus was again disinterred and transported to Havana, where it now slumbers in the vaults of the Grand Cathedral. How touchingly characteristic of the man is the fact related of him by an eloquent writer, that in a hallucination before his death, he ‘believed himself again on the ocean, and once more steering in quest of adventure over the waves, which knew him as the steed knows its rider.’ From the Cathedral we proceeded into the narrow, dirty and irregular streets, where there is no such thing as walking in safety. Here, we passed a palace like building with its ornamented balconies, and very near it a mean and miserable hovel. At every step we encountered soldiers, savage and swaggering, puffing the smoke of their cigars in the faces of passers by, with the most consummate nonchalance, together with old women, asses and negroes jumbled together in most uncememonious confusion. There is a long and magnificent avenue outside the walls which affords an agreeable contrast to all this. In the cool of the afternoon, Havana turns out the fashionable part of its population upon this favorite lounge, and it is thronged with carriages and foot passengers. The gaiety of the scene enchanting the eye, while the shady and fragrant trees afford a delicious protection from the heat of the sun. The cafe’s too present an enviable retreat from the exposed

and noisy streets. Here you sip, a nectar like coffee, or, if you please, any less healthy beverage. In one of these pleasant resorts we usually passed our evenings. To a man from our cold and unyielding clime no novelty is more alluring than the abundant variety of those luscious fruits which are generally impaired in quality ere they reach the distant 'north.' At all times our ship was flooded with oranges just plucked, bananas, plantains, mangoes, limes, &c. at a very trifling price.

As to the population of Havana it must at present number almost as many as New-York, say two hundred thousand, half of whom at least live outside the walls.

At the period of our visit to it, Havana was far from being under its present efficient police. Gambling houses, and places still less reputable, not only flourished and mocked the impotency of law, but were the nucleus around which was collected a motley band of desperadoes, creoles as well as fugitives from justice in other countries, adepts in every kind of wickedness, and constant, shameless practisers of every imaginable crime. Nightly brawls and assassinations were of frequent occurrence. It was customary to expose the bodies of those who had thus fallen, in some public place, that their relations or friends might have an opportunity of recognizing them. I well recollect the chilling sensations with which I viewed a spectacle of this kind. It was the corpse of a gentleman, for so I judged him by his appearance, who had been robbed and murdered in a lonely alley the preceding night. His rich apparel was almost torn to pieces in the struggle, and what remained of it, as well as his linen, was clotched with blood. One of his fingers, from which a ring, that probably fitted too closely to be easily slipped off, had been violently wrenched away, was terribly lacerated. There were three or four pointard wounds in different parts of his body, one almost exactly through his heart. His face however, with the exception of a red stain upon the forehead, was unspotted, and such a face as that was even in death, I have rarely seen. Dark, and with a frown yet upon the brow, every feature was perfect, and the prevailing expression of dignity and sternness still remained. I almost feared to lift the marble hand which hung listlessly by his side.

'There was a manhood in his look,
Which murder could not kill.'

Weeks passed away in Havana and I saw no preparations for sailing. The oppressive heat had already begun to tire me, and I panted for the fresh breezes of the open sea. The yellow fever too was making its usual ravages, and becoming altogether too neighborly to suit the inclinations of an unacclimated person like myself. Now and then I

rode out with the owner upon the *Paseo*, or visited the forts and ships in the harbor. Much of this person's conversation with Captain Talbot was carried on in Spanish, though he spoke English very well, and always conversed about his shipping business in the latter tongue. He several times sought to induce me to leave the ship, and stay at the Havana, but nothing could tempt me to do this. At length Captain Talbot informed me, to my surprise, that he should not proceed at once to America, as he intended making a voyage to the coast of Africa, for a cargo of gum, ivory, &c. and very strenuously urged me to remain with the owner till he should return, as the voyage would be tedious, unhealthy and dangerous. Ignorant as I was of his motives, I obstinately demurred to all that he said, much to the vexation of the owner and himself, and for a very good reason as I afterwards discovered. I told Captain Talbot that dying at Havana with the fever, or having my throat cut by any of those gentlemen of leisure who abounded in that moral city, was far less pleasing than many other amusements I could imagine, and that therefore I should decline the very civil invitation of Sen'or Lopez and himself. He yielded very reluctantly, and in a short time hastened his preparations for sea. For several nights after this my sleep was disturbed by the creaking of pulleys and blocks, and the noise of men at work in the hold of the vessel. When I inquired the cause, I was informed they were getting the cargo on board, a business, I believe, which is usually performed by daylight. All that I saw of the cargo was a few hogsheads of rum and sugar, a quantity of coffee, a fine assortment of Havana cigars, and some boxes of trinkets of various descriptions. At length the day of departure arrived. The awnings were struck, sails bent, yards squared, hatches secured, and with a pilot on board, we passed the guardian castle of the city and gained the open waters beyond. Having laid the main-top-sail to the mast till we had discharged the Pilot, the Traveler was once more upon her way, with a fair wind, and from her courses to her skysails every rag set that would draw. In a few hours Havana, its forts, towers, churches, parapets, its grey, gigantic Moro, and the twin eminences in the rear of the city, were lost in the misty distance. O. P. B.

nature to the unconscious canvas, and almost causes the drooping spectator to revive under the magic influence of the illusive shade, on a sultry summer day. We have seen many beautiful specimens of skill and taste in sketching; but none of them equaled what we found on our own windows, on one of the cold days this week. There were the most delicate touches in the way of leaves, flowers, and plants, that we ever saw,—drawn too, with the most faithful adherence to natural copy, and apparently with especial reference to beauty of design and effect. The pictures of which we speak were drawn by the most skillful artist in town,—one who wields a peculiarly tasteful and delicate pencil,—one whose imitative powers are inimitable. His name, by which he is peculiarly known among the admirers of his skill, is JACK FROST. •

Westminster Abbey.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

I ROSE and prepared to leave the abbey. As I descended the flight of steps which led into the body of the building, my eye was caught by the shrine of Edward the Confessor, and I ascended the small staircase that conducts to it, to take from thence a general survey of this wilderness of the tomb. The shrine is elevated upon a kind of platform, and close around it are the sepulchres of various kings and queens. From this eminence the eye looks down between pillars and funeral trophies to the chapels and chambers below, crowded with tombs; where warriors, prelates, courtiers and statesmen lie mouldering in their 'beds of darkness.' Close by me stood the great chair of coronation, rudely carved of oak, in the barbarous taste of a remote and gothic age. The scene seemed almost as if contrived, with theatrical artifice, to produce an effect on the beholder. Here was a type of the beginning and the end of human pomp and power; here it was literally but a step from the throne to the sepulchre. Would not one think that these incongruous emanentos had been gathered together as a lesson to living greatness!—to show it, even in the moment of its proudest exaltation, the neglect and dishonor to which it must soon arrive; how soon that crown which encircles its brow must pass away; and it must lie down in the dust and disgrace of the tomb, and be trampled upon by the feet of the meanest of the multitude. For strange to tell, even the grave is no longer a sanctuary. There is a shocking levity in some natures, which leads them to sport with awful and hallowed things, and there are base minds, which delight to revenge on the illustrious dead the abject homage and groveling servility which they pay to the living. The coffin of Edward the Confessor has been broken open,

MISCELLANY.

Sketching.

We have often felt a disposition to envy the talents of those of our friends who are skilled in the imitative arts of drawing, painting, &c. There must be a greater degree of self-complacency and satisfaction enjoyed by those whose pencil-touch transfers the beauties of

and his remains despoiled of their funeral ornaments; the scepter has been stolen from the hand of the imperious Elizabeth, and the effigy of Henry the Fifth lies headless. Not a royal monument but bears some proof how false and fugitive is the homage of mankind. Some are plundered; some are mutilated; some covered with ribaldry and insult—all more or less outraged and dishonored!

The last beams of day were now faintly streaming through the painted windows in the high vaults above me; the lower parts of the abbey were already wrapped in the obscurity of twilight. The chapels and aisles grew darker and darker. The effigies of the kings faded into shadows; the marble figures of the monuments assumed strange shapes in the uncertain light; the evening breeze crept through the aisles like the cold breath of the grave; and even the distant footfall of a verger, traversing the Poet's corner, had something strange and dreary in its sound. I slowly retraced my morning's walk, and as I passed out at the portal of the cloisters, the door closing with a jarring noise behind me, filled the whole building with echoes.

I endeavored to form some arrangement in my mind of the objects I had been contemplating, but found them already in indistinctness and confusion. Names, inscriptions, trophies, had all become confounded in my recollection, though I had scarcely taken my foot from off the threshold. What, thought I, is this vast assemblage of sepulchres but a treasury of humiliations; a huge pile of reiterated homilies on the emptiness of renown, and the certainty of oblivion! It is, indeed, the empire of death; his great shadowy palace; where he sits in state, mocking at the reliques of human glory, and spreading dust and forgetfulness on the monuments of princes. How idle a boast, after all, is the immortality of a name! Time is ever silently turning over his pages; we are too much engrossed by the story of the present, to think of the characters and anecdotes that gave interest to the past; and each age, is a volume thrown aside to be speedily forgotten. The idol of to-day pushes the hero of yesterday out of our recollection; and will, in turn, be applauded by his successor of to-morrow.

O'Connel's Wife

With all that is alleged against the agitator, it seems that he possesses in an eminent degree the finer feelings of the heart. On his wife being toasted at a dinner given to him at Newcastle, he made the following feeling response:

"There are some topics of so sacred and sweet a nature that they may be comprehended by those who are happy, but cannot possibly be described by any human being. All that

I shall do is to thank you in the name of her who was the disinterested choice of my early youth; who was the ever cheerful companion of my manly years; and who is the sweetest solace of that "sear and yellow leaf" age at which I have arrived. In her name I thank you, and this you may readily believe; for experience, I think, will show to us all, that no man can battle and struggle with the malignant enemies of his country, unless his nest at home is warm and comfortable—unless the honey of human life is commanded by a hand that he loves."

Anecdote of Lorenzo Dow.

Some years since Lorenzo preached at Charleston, S. C. and in the course of one of his sermons, attacked with some severity the character of a citizen who had lately died, and whose death he alleged was in consequence of his vices. For this he was, at the instance of the relatives of the deceased prosecuted and found guilty by the jury. The court sentenced him to pay a small fine and endure a short imprisonment. The Governor of the state, however pardoned him and paid the fine himself.

The next Sunday, Lorenzo preached to a crowded audience, commencing as follows:

"There was, we learn from the new Testament, a certain rich man who lived, I think, in Jerusalem, and his name was Dives. He was clad in robes of purple and linen, and fared sumptuously every day. That is, he lived high or what may be called dissipated. Now there was also, I think, in Jerusalem, a certain beggar named Lazarus, who asked only to be fed with the crumbs that fell from the rich man's table. He lay down at the gate of his palace; the rich man would not hear him but set the dogs on him, so this poor beggar died, and then his sorrows ended, for he was carried by angels to Abraham's bosom. Yes, Lazarus went up aloft—his spirit soared to heaven where all good men go when they die. But, my dear brethren you will ask what became of Dives, the rich man? Why, my friends, after a while he died also, and I don't know but he died drunk. I will not, however, say so positively, for I don't know but he has some relations among those who now hear me, and I may be prosecuted for defamation of character.—Protestant.

Pretty Good.

A fellow, and something of a wag withal complaining that he had three diseases about him consulted a celebrated physician.

"Why, sir, first, I have lost my taste; second, I can never tell the truth; and third, I can never remember any thing."

"I think," said the doctor, "I shall be able to do something for you, and will send you some pills."

The pills were sent, and one taken according to directions, soon after which the patient met the doctor.

"Doctor," said he, "those pills you sent me were of the vilest material—I am imposed upon."

"I know it," said the doctor, "the pills were of the vilest materials but I see the cure is effected—I perceive that your taste is restored—that you have told the truth—and my word for it you will never forget."

Monkeys.

A REMARKABLE instance of the sagacity and feeling of a she monkey happened to two of our officers while shooting. Coming home after a long sabbath, the purser saw a female monkey running among the rocks, and immediately fired at her; she fell with the young one in her arms. On the purser coming up, she grasped her little one close to her breast, and with the other hand pointed to the wound which the ball had made, and which had entered above the breast. Dipping her finger in the blood, and then holding it up she seemed to reproach him with being the cause of her death, and consequently, of that of the young one, to which she frequently pointed. "I never," said Sir William, "felt so much as when I heard the story, and it serves to show how strongly the parental feelings are implanted in the brute creation.—*Harle's Letters.*

Letters Containing Remittances, Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

D. A. Capan Center, N. Y. \$1.00; Z. F. Buffkin, N. Y. \$1.00; J. F. H. Richfield, O. \$2.00; O. H. V. South Durham, N. Y. \$2.00; S. A. S. Nelson, N. Y. \$1.00; B. F. H. Bristol, Ct. \$1.00; P. M. Holland Patent, N. Y. \$2.00; I. B. T. Canonsburg, Pa. \$5.00; H. B. Jr. Kinderhook, N. Y. \$1.00; H. W. Terryville, Ct. \$1.00; B. C. Albany, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Andover, Ms. \$2.00; P. M. Cambria, N. Y. \$2.00.

MARRIED.

At Livingston, on the 9th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Wagaman, Mr. Frederick Kornback, to Miss Fanny Ham.

At the same place, on the 23d ult. by the same, Mr. Henry H. Hale, to Miss Eve Maria Miller.

At the same place, on the 30th ult. by the same, Mr. Peter Niver, to Miss Margaret Maria Decker, all of the above place.

At the Manor of Livingston, on the 10th inst. by the Rev. J. N. Wyckoff, of Catskill, William J. Fryer, to Miss Margaret Livingston, daughter of the late Alexander Crofts, Esq.

At Claverack, on the 30th ult. by the Rev. J. Berger, Mr. Lewis Weismer, to Miss Hannah Melius, of this city.

At the same place, on the 3d inst. by the same, Mr. Walter W. Merrifield, to Miss Ann Eliza Palmer.

At Clermont, on the 11th inst. by the Rev. Wm. Thatcher, Mr. Jeremiah Ham, of Claverack to Miss Elizabeth Ann Sheldon, of Livingston.

At Kondout, on the 30th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Cheeny, Mr. Peter Decker, to Miss Mary Colvill, daughter of John Colvill, Esq. formerly of this city.

DIED,

In this city, on the 5th inst. Frances Mary, daughter of P. V. Barringer, aged 2 months and 20 days.

On the 6th ult. Sabrina, consort of Mr. Gersham Olds, in the 63 year of her age.

On the 8th inst. Sally, wife of William W. Trueisdall, in 40th year of her age.

On the 13th inst. at the house of his son, W. W. Trueisdall, William Trueisdall, an officer of the revolution, aged 84 years.

At New-York on the 1st inst. Capt. Alexander Coffin, Jr. aged 71 years, and on the 6th Capt. George Gorham Coffin, aged 69 years, both sons of the venerable Alexander Coffin, of this city.

At the same place, on the 6th inst. John T. Jenkins, of the U. S. Navy, aged 28 years.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

MR. ENRICO.—The following verses were written at sea some two years since, when on a voyage to the South Atlantic, and our ship progressing under the genial influence of mild weather and a free trade wind. If they are worth preserving in the pages of your excellent miscellany, they are at your service.

THE WHALE SHIP.

BEFORE the favoring wind full free
Our good ship gaily flies,
And bears her courses gracefully,
Let storm or calm arise.
Before her prow the blue wave bright
Divides in wreathy foam,
And it sparkles free in the murky night,
When the deck watch think of home.
There are gallant hearts upon that barque
Free as their native air,
Who seek in the Ocean Caverns dark,
A reward for toil and care.
Through heat and cold, or foul or fair,
The prize they still pursue,
And freely toil and peril dare,
That stern and stalwart crew.
They met on deck and were strangers all,
Wide were their homes apart,
There were those who'd sprang at their country's call,
The brave and free of heart.
There were stalwart men, who long had made
Their home upon the sea,
And some who sighed for the greenwood shade,
And the green hill's quiet lee.
There were some who sought on the Ocean's breast,
In the Sailor's stirring life,
Relief from the heart's deep wounds, and rest
From the harsh world's heartless strife;
And some were led by a noble zeal,
And a love of a seaman's craft,
To seek on her deck, come woe or weal,
A well-earned station aft.
A seaman good, her captain stood,
Her course and trim to scan,
No better sailed the briny flood,
A sailor and a man;
Her officers their duty knew,
Both mate and harpooneer,
And each boat was manned by a gallant crew,
Who knew no craven fear.
And thus equipped our ship of speed
To Southern seas sails on,
Free hearts, free hands, and a willing head
And our voyage will soon be done,
When homeward bound with favoring gale,
Full with the sea's rich spoil,
We'll bless the hour we spread our sail,
And drink to our finished toil.

A.

THOUGHTS.

'A child is born'—
Such is the brief remark,
A passing circumstance, concerning which
No one is interested, save perchance
The tender mother, who with looks of love,
Hangs o'er the unconscious infant. But there is
In these few words, thus carelessly expressed,
A depth of meaning and an import vast,
Beyond the power of language or the reach
Of human comprehension.

Day has dawned
On Afric's desert; and the rising sun
Found no obstruction to his burning rays,
Save where a few tall palm trees spread their leaves,
Above a sparkling fountain. There alone
In that deep solitude a Christian stood
Beneath their shadow; he had wandered far
With weary step to trace the upward course
Of Nile's dark waters; and as he surveyed
The tiny rill that murmured at his feet,
His thoughts found utterance—

'And can it be

That this small rivulet, this silver thread
Which glitters in the sunbeam, is the Nile?
'Tis even so. This small, this slender stream,
This rill, whose feeble murmur scarce can break
The silence of the desert, is the Nile!
This rivulet, increasing by degrees,
Becomes a mighty river. Broad and deep
Its rapid current sweeps resistless on,
Forever, onward, till at last it flows,
Commingling into ocean.'

Is not such

The dawn of young existence! Is not such:
The opening germ of infant intellect?
'Mind is immortal,' and its high career
Is onward—upward—spurning all control—
And having passed the boundaries of time,
Like the proud eagle, it is lost at length
In the deep bosom of eternity.
Nor stops it there; but onward, upward still
In limitless progress high and vast
With tireless pinions urges still its flight.
'Mind is immortal,' and to me there seems
An awful import in that simple phrase,
'A child is born.'

BALLAD.

BY BISHOP HEBER.

'Oh, captain of the Moorish hold,
Unbar thy gates to me,
And I will give thee gems and gold,
To set Fernando free.
For I a sacred oath have plighted,
A pilgrim to remain,
Till I return with Lara's knight,
The boldest knight of Spain.'
'Fond christian youth,' the captain said,
'Thy suit is soon denied,
Fernando loves a Moorish maid,
And will with us abide.
Renounced is every Christian rite,
The turban he hath ta'en,
And Lara thus hath lost her knight,
The boldest knight of Spain.'
Pale, marble pale, the pilgrim turned,
A cold and deadly dye;
Then in his cheeks the blushes burned,
And anger in his eye.
(From forth his cowl a ringlet bright
Fell down of golden grain.)
'Base Moor! to slander Lara's knight,
The boldest knight of Spain!
'Go look on Lugo's gory field
Go look on Tuyo's tide!
Can ye forget the red-cross shield,
That all your host defied?
Alhama's warriors turned to flight,
Granada's sultan slain,
Attest the worth of Lara's knight,
The boldest knight of Spain.'
'By Allah, yea!' with eyes of fire
The lordly paynim said,
'Granada's sultan was my sire,
Who fell by Lara's blade:

And though thy gold were forty fold

The ransom were but vain
To purchase back thy Christian knight,
The boldest knight of Spain.'

'Ah, Moor, the life that once is shed
No vengeance can repay,
And who can number up the dead
That fall in battle fray?

Thyself in many a manly fight
Hast many a father slain;
Then rage not thus 'gainst Lara's knight,
The boldest knight of Spain.'

'And who art thou, whose pilgrim vest
Thy beauties ill may shroud:
The locks of gold, the heaving breast,

A moon beneath a cloud?—
Wilt thou our Moorish creed recite,
And here with me remain?

He may depart that captive knight,
The conquered knight of Spain.'

'Ah, speak not so!' with voice of woe,
The shuddering stranger cried;

'Another creed I may not know,
Nor live another's bride!

Fernando's wife may yield her life,
But not her honor stain,

To loose the bonds of Lara's knight,
The noblest knight of Spain.'

'And know'st thou then, how hard the doom
Thy husband yet may bear?
The fettered limbs, the living tomb,

The damp and noisome air?
In lonely cave, and void of light,
To drag a helpless chain,

Thy pride condemns the Christian knight
The prop and pride of Spain.'

'Oh that within that dungeon's gloom
His sorrows I might share,
And cheer him in that living tomb,

With love, and hope, and prayer!
But still the faith I once have plighted
Unbroken must remain,

And God will help the captive knight,
And plead the cause of Spain.'

'And deem'st thou from the Moorish hold
In safety to retire,
Whose locks outshine Arabia's gold,
Whose eyes the diamond's fire?

She drew a poinard small and bright,
And spake in calm disdain,

'He taught me how, my christian knight,
To guard the faith of Spain.'

The drawbridge falls! with loud alarm
The clashing portals fly,
She bared her breast, she raised her arm,

And knelt, in act to die;
But ah, the thrill of wild delight
That shot through every vein;

He stood before her,—Lara's Knight,
The noblest knight of Spain.

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VOL. XII.—[III. NEW SERIES.]

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1836.

NO. 20.

SELECT TALES.

The Widow and her Son.

BY W. IRVING.

During my residence in the country, I used frequently to attend at the old village church. Its shadowy aisles—its moldering monuments—its dark oaken paneling, all reverend with the gloom of departed years, seemed to fit it for the haunt of solemn meditation. A Sunday, too, in the country, is holy in its repose; such a pensive quiet reigns over the face of nature, that every restless passion is charmed down, and we feel all the natural religion of the soul, gently springing up within us.

'Sweet day, so pure, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky.'

I do not pretend to be what is called a devout man; but there are feelings which visit me in a country church, amid the beautiful serenity of nature, which I experience nowhere else; and if not a more religious, I think I am a better man on Sunday than on any other of the whole seven.

But in this church I felt myself continually thrown back upon the world by the frigidity and pomp of the poor worms around me.—The only being that seemed thoroughly to feel the humble and prostrate piety of a true christian, was a poor decrepid old woman, bending under the weight of years and infirmities. She bore the traces of something better than abject poverty. The lingerings of decent pride were visible in her appearance. Her dress, though humble in the extreme, was scrupulously clean. Some trivial respect too had been awarded her, for she did not take her seat among the village poor, but sat alone on the steps of the altar. She seemed to have survived all friendship, all society;—and to have nothing left her but the hopes of heaven. When I saw her feebly rising and bending her aged form in prayer—habitually conning her prayer book, which her palsied hand and failing eyes would not permit her to read, but which she evidently knew by heart; I felt persuaded that the faltering voice of that poor woman arose to

heaven far before the responses of the clerk, the swell of the organ, or the chanting of the choir.

I am fond of loitering about country churches, and this was so delightfully situated, that it frequently attracted me. It stood on a knoll round which a small stream made a beautiful bend, and then wound its way through a long reach of soft meadowy scenery. The church was surrounded by yew trees which seemed almost coeval with itself. Its tall Gothic spire shot up lightly from among them, with rooks and crows generally wheeling about it. I was seated there one still, sunny morning, watching two laborers who were digging a grave. They had chosen one of the most remote, neglected corners of the churchyard; where, from the number of nameless graves around it, would appear that the indigent and friendless were huddled into the earth. I was told that the new made grave was for the only son of the poor widow. While I was meditating on the distinctions of worldly rank, which extended thus down into the very dust—the toll of the bell announced the approach of the funeral. They were the obsequies of poverty; with which pride had nothing to do.—A coffin of the finest materials, without pall or covering, was borne by some of the villagers. The sexton walked before with an air of cold indifference. There were no mock mourners in the trappings of affected woe; but there was one real mourner who feebly tottered after the corpse. It was the aged mother of the deceased—the poor old woman whom I had seen seated on the steps of the altar. She was supported by a friend, who was endeavoring to comfort her. A few of the neighboring poor had joined the train, and some children of the village were running hand in hand shouting with unthinking mirth, and now pausing to gaze with childish curiosity on the grief of the mourner.

As the funeral train approached the grave, the parson issued from the church porch arrayed in the surplice, with prayer book in hand, and attended by the clerk. The service, however, was a mere act of charity.—

The deceased had been destitute, and the survivor was pennyless. It was shuffled through therefore, in form, but coldly and unfeelingly. The well-fed priest moved but a few steps from the church door; his voice could scarcely be heard at the grave; and never did I hear the funeral service, that sublime touching ceremony, turned into such a rigid munificence of words.

I approached the grave. The coffin was placed on the ground. On it were inscribed the name and age of the deceased—"George Sommers, aged 26 years." The poor mother had been assisted to kneel down at the head of it. Her withered hands were clasped, as if in prayer, but I could perceive, by a feeble rocking of the body, and a convulsive motion of the lips, that she was gazing on the last relics of her son, with the yearnings of a mother's heart.

Preparations were made to deposit the coffin into the earth. There was that bustling stir which breaks so harshly on the feelings of grief and affection; directions given in the cold tones of business; the striking of the spades into the sand and gravel; which at the grave of those we love, is, of all sounds, the most writhing. The bustle around seemed to awaken the mother from a wretched reverie. She raised her glazed eyes, and looked about with a faint wildness. As the men approached with cords to lower the coffin into the grave, she wrung her hands and broke into an agony of grief. The poor woman who attended her took her by the arm, endeavoring to raise her from the earth, and to whisper something like consolation—"Nay, now—nay, don't take it so sorely to heart." She could only shake her head and wring her hands as one not to be comforted.

As they lowered the body into the earth, the creaking of the cords seemed to agonize her; but when on some accidental obstruction; there was a jostling of the coffin, all the tenderness of the mother burst forth; as if any harm could come to him who was far beyond the reach of worldly suffering.

I could see no more—my heart swelled into my throat—my eyes filled with tears—I

selt as if I were acting a barbarous part in standing by and gazing idly on this scene of maternal anguish. I wandered to another part of the churchyard, where I remained until the funeral train had dispersed.

When I saw the mother slowly and painfully quitting the grave, leaving behind her the remains of all that was dear to her on earth and returning to silence and destitution, my heart ached for her. What, thought I, are the distresses of the rich!—they have friends to soothe—pleasures to beguile—a world to divert and dissipate their griefs. What are the sorrows of the young? Their growing minds soon close above the wound—their elastic spirits soon rise above the pressure—their green and ductile affections soon twine round new objects. But the sorrows of the poor, who have no outward appliances to soothe—the sorrows of the aged, with whom life at best is but a wintry day, and who can look for no aftergrowth of joy—the sorrows of the widow, aged, solitary, destitute, mourning over an only son, the last solace of her years; these are indeed, sorrows which make us feel the impotency of consolation.

It was some time before I left the church-yard. On my way homeward, I met with the woman who had acted as comforter; she was just returning from accompanying the mother to her lonely habitation, and I drew from her sonic particulars connected with the affecting scene I had witnessed.

The parents of the deceased had resided in the village from childhood. They had inhabited one of the neatest cottages, and by various rural occupations, and the assistance of a small garden, had supported themselves creditably and comfortably, and led a happy and blameless life. They had one only son, who had grown up to be the staff and pride of their age:—‘Oh, sir,’ said the good woman, ‘he was so comely a lad, so sweet tempered, so kind to every one around him, so dutiful to his parents. It did one’s heart good to see him on Sunday, dressed out in his best, so tall, so straight, so cheerful, supporting his mother to church—for she was always fonder of leaning on George’s arm, than on her good man’s; And, poor soul, she might well be proud of him, for a finer lad there was not in the country round.’

Unfortunately, the son was tempted, during a year of scarcity and agricultural hardships to enter into the service of one of the small crafts that plied on a neighboring river. He had not been long in this employ when he was entrapped by a press gang and carried out to sea. His parents received tidings of his capture, but beyond that they could learn nothing. It was the loss of their main prop.—The father, who was already infirm, grew heartless and melancholy, and

sunk into his grave. The widow, left lonely in her age and feebleness could no longer support herself and came upon the parish. Still there was a kind of feeling toward her through the village and a certain respect as being one of the oldest inhabitants. As no one applied for the cottage, in which she had passed so many happy days, she was permitted to remain in it, where she lived solitary and almost helpless. The few wants of nature were chiefly supplied from the scanty productions of her little garden which the neighbors would now and then cultivate for her.

It was but a few days before the time at which these circumstances were told me, that she was gathering some vegetables for a repast, when she heard the cottage door suddenly open. A stranger came out, and seemed to be looking eagerly and wildly around. He was dressed in seaman’s clothes, was emaciated and pale, and bore the air of one broken by sickness and hardships. He saw her and hastened towards her, but his steps were faint and faltering; he sank on his knees before her, and sobbed like a child. The poor woman gazed upon him with a vacant and wandering eye—‘Oh! my dear, dear mother! don’t you know your son! your poor boy George?’ It was indeed the wreck of her once noble lad, who, shattered by wounds, by sickness, and foreign imprisonment, had, at length, dragged his wasted limbs homeward, to repose among the scenes of his childhood.

I will not attempt to detail the particulars of such a meeting, where joy and sorrow were so completely blended; still he was alive! he was come home! he might yet live to comfort and cherish her old age! Nature, however, was exhausted within him, and if any thing had been wanting to finish the work of fate, the desolation of his native cottage would have been sufficient. He stretched himself on the pallet on which his widowed mother had passed many a sleepless night, and never rose from it again.

The villagers when they heard that George Sommers had returned, crowded to see him, offering every comfort and assistance that their humble means afforded. He was too weak, however, to talk—he could only look his thanks. His mother was his constant attendant; and he seemed unwilling to be helped by any other hand.

There is something in sickness, that breaks down the pride of manhood; that softens the heart, and brings it back to the feelings of infancy. Who that has languished, even in advanced life, in sickness, in pain and despondency; who that has pined on a weary bed in the neglect and loneliness of a foreign land, but has thought on the mother ‘that looked on his childhood,’ that smoothed his

pillow and administered to his helplessness? Oh! there is an enduring tenderness in the love of a mother to a son that transcends all other affections of the heart. It is neither to be chilled by selfishness, nor daunted by danger, nor weakened by worthlessness, nor stifled by ingratitude. She will sacrifice every comfort to his convenience; she will surrender every pleasure to his enjoyment; she will glory in his fame, and exult in his prosperity; and, if misfortune overtake him, he will be the dearer to her from his misfortunes; and if all the world beside cast him off, she will be all the world to him.

Poor George Sommers had known what it was to be in sickness and none to soothe—lonely and in prison, and none to visit him.—He could not endure his mother from his sight; if she moved away his eye would follow her. She would sit for hours by his bed, watching him as he slept. Sometimes he would start from a feverish dream, and look anxiously up until he saw her bending over him;—when he would take her hand, lay it on his bosom, and fall asleep with the tranquillity of a child. In this way he died.

My first impulse on hearing this humble tale of affliction, was to visit the cottage of the mourner, and administer pecuniary assistance, and if possible, comfort. I found, however, on inquiry, that the good feelings of the villagers had prompted them to do every thing that the case admitted, and as the poor know best how to console each others sorrows, I did not venture to intrude.

The next Sunday I was at the village church; when, to my surprise, I saw the poor old woman tottering down the aisle to her accustomed seat on the steps of the altar.

She made an effort to put on something like mourning for her son; and nothing could be more touching than this struggle between pious affection and utter poverty: a black ribbon or so—a faded black handkerchief, and one or two more such humble attempts to express by outward signs that grief that passes show. When I looked around upon the storied monuments; the stately hatchments; the cold marble pomp, with which grandeur mourned magnificently over departed pride; and turned to this poor widow, bowed down by age and sorrow at the altar of her God, and offering up the prayers and praises of a pious, though a broken heart, I felt that this living monument of real grief was worth them all.

I related the story to some of the wealthy members of the congregation, and they were moved by it. They exerted themselves to render her situation more comfortable, and to lighten her afflictions. It was; however, but smoothing a few steps to the grave. In the course, of a Sunday or two after, she was missed from her usual seat at church,

and before I left the neighborhood I heard—with a feeling of satisfaction, that she had quietly breathed her last, and had gone, to rejoin those she loved, in that world where sorrow is never known; and friends never parted.

For the Rural Repository.

My Adventures.

PART III.

For many days our good ship went rejoicing on her way, but a long calm succeeded in which nature and all existence seemed stagnated, and the sun, as he fulfilled his monotonous mission, was the only moving object in the whole field of vision. There we lay, during nearly a week,

'Like a painted ship,
Upon a painted ocean.'

Our awnings were spread, and the men forbidden to work or walk in the sun which, without protection was absolutely scorching. The wind-sails were of no benefit, for there was not a breath of wind to fill the flapping canvass, or ripple the ocean's motionless face. At such a time, a man must look to his companions for relief, and if there is a quarrelsome fellow among them the best way is to throw him overboard at once. I was happy in the society which now surrounded me. Talbot was generous, fearless and good tempered, desirable qualities anywhere. The first mate, Mr. Jeremy Butler was as singular in character and habits as in person. Mr. Butler was a humpback and not more than four feet in stature. This circumstance did not however lessen him in his own opinion. A more consequential person I never saw. His height on shipboard he considered a positive advantage. 'It takes me to walk between decks' the little man would say, and nothing pleased him more than to see some tall fellow knock his head against the beams. A sailor over five feet was his aversion. The first salutation I ever received from him was a threat occasioned by my laughing at his grotesque appearance, as he was swearing one day at a great six footer of a fellow in the main top, resembling a monkey making grimaces at a bear. Jeremy said nothing at first, and though he 'looked daggers, used none' till he had exhausted his vocabulary of hard names upon the man in the top, among which the words 'long lubberly rascal' were pronounced with most emphasis and bitterness, when he beckoned me to him. Observing a piece of rope in his hand, I complied rather reluctantly. 'D'y'e see this nice bit of rope, youngster' said he. I assured him that I did. 'Well, unless you want me to freshen your headway overboard with it, I advise you hereafter to clap a stopper on your impudent jaw. Laughing at me, was you, ha!' continued Jeremy, increasing in rage and

drawing one end of the rope through his left hand—'Oh, no! Mr. Butler' I replied, 'not at all, Sir, it was that *long* man in the top I was laughing at.' 'Ah! ah! that indeed, that indeed! you was perfectly right. I should have laughed myself at the fellow only it is necessary to keep a sober face before the ship's company. Now what's such a long chap as that good for, unless in case of wreck he might answer for a jury mast. Talking about long fellows my boy,' continued Jeremy, relapsing at once into perfect good humor, 'there was an officer in our mess on board the privateer S. in the late war, so tall that he had to sit down to put his coat on.'

Manuel Rebus, the second mate, was a young Spaniard, very grave in his deportment and attentive to his duties. The cabin was not very large, but there were three pleasant state rooms with two births in each, in one of which I located myself. Rebus played the flute well, and Talbot sung with considerable taste and effect, while Butler supplied his share of the general amusement by telling *yarns*, of which he had any number on hand. He had a fine Newfoundland dog who was either the hero or a very important personage in all his stories. The number of the crew would have excited suspicion in an older person than myself, which their employment during one of the calm days, in hoisting guns out of the hold would by no means have diminished. As it was, I soon learned that the Traveler visited the coast of Africa for other commodities than gum and ivory.

Day after day of unchanging sunshine. The winds and waters were in a lamblike mood. In such weather, as Mr. Butler aptly observed, an old woman might put to sea in a tub. A table was brought up from below and set under the quarter deck awning, and there we made our meals, during the continuance of the pleasant weather. Here too, cards, chess, backgammon, liquor and cigars were in constant requisition. The men slept and smoked and swore. Now and then a shark appeared astern, and for a moment all was lively. A hook baited with pork was thrown overboard, all watched the monster with anxiety. At first he approaches somewhat carelessly, loiters about the inviting object, nibbles warily at one side of it, and then, as if not altogether satisfied with the result of his investigation, sails slowly away; He is not long absent however, for if he has had suspicion probably his appetite overcomes his reason or *instinct*, and once more he draws near the dangerous temptation. For a moment he surveys it, and then, rolling over on his back, makes a greedy snap at the seducing morsel. In an instant he finds himself in another element, and is drawn flouncing upon deck. It is singular with what delight the men cut up the rascal, talking all

the while to him about the importance of keeping a better look out. After duly dissecting him, he is cooked and eaten, but I confess I was never tempted to taste the delicate food.

If I had before doubted the object with which the Traveler was fitted out for her voyage to the Coast I might have learned it from a conversation which took place one day between the three worthies who guided the destinies of our ship. They were sitting at the table engaged in their usual pastime of cigars and brandy. 'Wasn't it somewhere about this latitude, Captain' inquired Jeremy, 'we fell in with the French cruiser last year?' 'No! don't you recollect, we were on the southern coast of Cuba.' 'Oh, true, so it was, so it was, well, it was a singular incident any how! You was not with us then, Rebus?' 'No,' replied the grave Spaniard, 'if I may inquire, what was the incident?' 'Yes, you may inquire, and perhaps I'll answer you. But first, suppose you scull that moderate quantity of *aqua fortis* a little more this way if you please. That I'll do. My respects to you, Signor. Well, as the Captain here says we were running smoothly along before the trades, when one morning just at daybreak what should heave in sight but a large waterspout about two miles distant on our starboard quarter, and between us and it, perhaps half way a French armed schooner, looking very much like one of those cruisers which are kept in commission to put down the *Slave Trade*,' said Butler with a knowing grin. 'Well, the waterpout seemed to be making sail rather faster than either of us to such a degree that we deemed it necessary to fire one or two guns by way of breaking it. Whether this effect is occasioned by the shot, or merely by the concussion produced by the discharge of the gun, I am not at present able to inform you, Mr. Rebus, but, in the mean time will trouble you for that brandy which seems to be in a manner becalmed under your lee.' Mr. Rebus pushed him the bottle and he proceeded. 'However this may be, we fired with shot, and unluckily instead of hitting the spout our ball landed in the schooner's hammock nettings just as the men were stowing away their hammocks. Alot went the tricolor, and Johnny Crapeau not seeing it was all a mistake, luffed up at once into the wind, and before we had time to luff also gave us a raking fire. This did us but little injury only cutting away a brace or so and maiming one or two gentlemen of color who were taking passage with us for the Havana. Of course we had to return the compliment, and not knowing you perceive but what she was a pirate under French colors we determined to fight both her and the waterspout. Very luckily we had on board a shifting twelve

pound caronade, which, on our coming to close quarters did excellent service. At the first discharge we carried away the fellow's galley, cook and all overboard, and the way for about ten minutes we threw the balls into the frog soup was wonderful. A squall shortly after separated us, and we saw no more of the Frenchman.'

I have before remarked how much of our happiness at sea depends upon our companions. They are our world. It is not on shipboard as in society on shore where you may adopt to a despicable enemy Uncle Toby's language to the fly, 'There is room enough in the world for me and thee.' There is not room enough on board a ship for two unfriendly individuals. They must live together, perhaps mess together, sleep within a few feet of each other, perform the same duties and pass months in most unamiable proximity. We had a monkey on board the Traveler, who shewed that he fully appreciated the correctness of the foregoing hints. A long and deadly enmity had subsisted between him and a favorite parrot of the Captain's. It may be that this ill will was excited by the superior estimation in which the bird was held by all hands, whereas Jacko who was very mischievous, and stole every thing in his reach, often got his ears boxed for his impudence. Besides this, the parrot's constant reiteration of 'Pretty Poll' undoubtedly led the monkey to suppose that she desired to institute inviolous comparisons between her beauty and his ugliness. What was worse yet, he could never get a sly cuff at her, as Butler's dog, who went by the classical appellation of 'Old Grimes,' uniformly sided with the weaker party. One unfortunate day, however, the parrot had perched upon the starboard cat head and was taking a comfortable nap. The rascally ape saw her unprotected situation, looked cunningly around, then crept stealthily forward stopping every few feet to gazo behind him, 'Old Grimes' was no where in sight, and scrambling up the forecastle like a lamplighter he placed one paw upon the gaudy crest of poor Poll, and lifting her gently up, dropt her overboard. The parrot was with difficulty saved, and a cord by which in future one of Jacko's legs was held fast, prevented his doing farther damage.

Our voyage was not destined to remain calm and peaceful. At the close of a serene, beautiful day, I had turned in, heartily tired of doing nothing. Talbot sat by the table, reading by the imperfect light of a lamp. Butler was amusing himself with pulling the ears of his dog. So still was the ship that, closing my eyes, I might have deemed myself in my bed at home. Sleep fell gently on me, but I did not sleep long. A sharp, bright flash that seemed to pervade every

cranny of the ship and a simultaneous peal of thunder woke me rather abruptly to a change of scene. The vessel was encountering tremendous waves, at every shock of which her strongest timbers trembled, and the increasing roar of the blast fell on my ear with a fury perfectly appalling. There was a great uproar on deck, in the midst of which I was able to distinguish the shrill voice of the first mate, hailing a man aloft. 'Cross trees there! how many more times have I got to ask if that fid is out?' I could not hear the answer, but concluded from what followed, it was not very favorable. 'Bear a hand with it, you long lazy scoundrel. You call yourself a sailor do you? Sailor! you d——d humbug. Are you ready yet, Sir?' 'Aye, aye, Sir, lower away.' I now resolved to make my way to the deck, for I had never before witnessed any thing like a storm. They were sending down top-gallant masts; the mainsail was already clewed up, the mizen topsail furled, and fore and main topsails close reefed. The rain was coming down in a deluge, and over the thick, black mantle of stormy clouds that hid the sky, the lightning flashed in a constant, devouring blaze, shewing a gloomy and pitiless heaven above, and the waves for leagues around tossing in wild, and terrific tumult. The men had got through their hard work aloft, and were now drawing tarpawlings over the guns to secure them against the lightning. Butler was standing near the wheel, talking with Rebus. As for Talbot, having seen all snug, he was preparing to go below. 'Ha! youngster,' said Butler, as soon as he espied me, 'a dirty night this. Have you said your prayers yet?' at this moment a huge sea broke over the weather bow, sweeping the lookout on the forecastle off his legs, capsizing half a dozen hen coops with all their inmates, and nearly drowning an old porker with her interesting litter of young ones. The pigs squealed, the chickens made all manner of distressed noises, and the little man, after bestowing one curse on the fellow at the wheel, laughed loud and long, looking, by the gleams that revealed his singular face and form, more like a grinning imp than a human being. 'Well, Mr. Rebus' he said at length 'I suppose you can spare me now, and at eight bells I'll relieve you punctually. Keep your conductors carefully rigged out, and if the wind freshens much, let the Captain know it. By the way those hencoops may as well be secured. Here, Harris, lash up those hencoops again, and d'ye hear, one or two of you clap on to that old sow's mizen rigging, and put her in irons. If she don't muzzle her turnip trap forthwith, I'll seize her up and give her a dozen.' So saying, the first mate descended to the cabin, whither I followed him, glad to escape the rain, the violence

of which in these latitudes no persons can conceive who has not been a witness to them. Mr. Butler, after striking a light and swallowing a strong potion of brandy, betook himself to his birth, informing me that if I wished to sit up, and amuse myself with reading, he would lend me 'A Narration of dreadful Shipwrecks,' which would undoubtedly be very entertaining. I gratefully declined, the edifying offer, and tried once more to woo coy sleep.

The return of morning brought no diminution of the bad weather, but the spirits of all hands seemed to rise in proportion to the violence of the storm. Talbot, as he always did, shewed himself a prime seaman. The Traveler, bowed down by the blast, still rushed gallantly onward sending the opposing waves in clouds of spray over her deck. It has been said that in a scene like this, when the deep lifts its bands on high and the powers of the air are combined against the frail bark which struggles like an atom in the seeming chaos, man may deeply learn his insignificance. I humbly think that there he may learn his greatness. For there, upon the vast and troubled waters is his little vessel, the work of human ingenuity, riding buoyantly on the highest billow, while human skill and daring keep the storm at bay, and carry her through the warring elements, unscathed and triumphant.

It was not till night again set in that the gale abated. The sea still ran very high, but the wind, though strong, blew no longer in fitful and irregular gusts. Before the middle watch, topgallant masts were again got up, topgallant yards crossed, three reefs shaken out of the topsails, and the main tack hauled aboard. The sky too presented favoring appearances, and as I was descending the companionway I paused to observe the first, and only opening in the dark canopy above. The fragments of a thick cloud were separating, and in the blue space from which they suddenly retired, one pearly star was shining like the solitary fire which burns upon the altar of Hope, when all the other lights of the heart have gone out.

O. P. B.

WEDDING RINGS.—The singular custom of wearing wedding rings, appears to have taken its rise among the Romans. Before the celebration of their nuptials, there was a meeting of friends at the house of the lady's father, to settle the articles of the marriage contract, when it was agreed that the dowry should be paid down on the wedding day, or soon after. On this occasion there was commonly a feast, at the conclusion of which, the man gave to the woman a ring as a pledge, which she put on the fourth finger of the left hand, because it was believed that a nerve reached from there to the heart, and a day was then fixed for the marriage.



FRANKLIN.

BIOGRAPHY.

Benjamin Franklin.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, a native of Boston, was born on the 17th January, 1706. The paternal branch of his ancestors inhabited the county of Northampton, in England. His mother was a native of Boston, and was descended from one of the principal settlers of New-England. From the facility he discovered in learning the rudiments of his native language, his parents believed him endowed with more than ordinary genius, and resolved to raise him to the profession of a clergyman. Before he had reached his eighth year he had attained a great reputation in his class, for industry and capacity. But these academical honors, and hopes of ecclesiastical distinction, were of short duration, for towards the end of the first year his parents discovered that the expense of collegiate education would far exceed their slender revenues. For two years he was employed in his father's store, who was a chandler and soap boiler, but disliking the occupation, he conceived an ardent inclination for a sea-faring life. This scheme he was obliged to relinquish, as his father, who had already lost a son upon the sea, violently opposed it. He was finally bound to his own brother as the printer of a newspaper. The newspaper conducted by his brother, being the only vehicle of the kind in New-England, and the second which had been established in America, engrossed, with much interest, the attention of the public. But on account of some misunderstanding, between him and his brother, he was compelled to leave his native place; and

having found a vessel in the harbor, bound to New-York, he engaged a passage, and after a prosperous voyage of a few days, he landed at that city, where, having endeavored for some time in vain, to procure occupation, he proceeded onwards with a faint hope of better fortune, to Philadelphia. He now perceived himself, at the age of 17 years, thrown upon the mercy of the world; at the distance of 400 miles from his native home, with but a single dollar in his pocket. His appearance at Philadelphia, on this occasion, was not a little romantic. He is represented as making his entrance into Market-street, with a roll of bread under each arm, with his pockets enormously distended by shirts and stockings, which he had crammed into them on leaving the boat; and thus accounted, walking, in the solemnity of a Sunday morning, through the principal streets of the city. An appearance so singular, drew upon him, even in those days of native simplicity, the observation of the inhabitants, among others, of his future wife, in whose eyes he made, it seems, 'a very awkward and ridiculous figure.' Having eat a portion of his bread, and bestowed the remainder on a fellow-passenger, he sought a draught of water from the Delaware. Here he obtained employment as compositor in one of the printing-houses. He visited England a short time afterwards, and remained in London, where he obtained employment in one of the most considerable printing-houses in that city. By his temperate habits and rigid economy he procured not only a decent subsistence for himself, but the means also of relieving the necessities of his friends.

Having resided for a year and a half in the British capital, and growing tired of the uniformity of his life, he conceived a scheme with an enterprising companion, of traveling through the continent of Europe. But by the accidental intervention of a mercantile friend, these designs were interrupted; he persuaded him to accompany him as clerk, and on the 22d July, 1726, they set sail for America, and arrived at Philadelphia on the 11th of October. In 1730, he married a lady, whose maiden name was Read; whom he had courted before his departure for England, had forgotten during his absence, and now espoused in her widow-hood. To others Franklin has recommended his own example of early marriage, as an incitement to industry, a pledge of honesty, and especially, as a preventive against disreputable attachments; from which he himself was not entirely exempt. An advice which as long as the means of existence are practicable, as it corresponds with the disposition of human nature will rarely be questioned or disobeyed.

Soon after his return to America, in connexion with several young men of respectable character and abilities, he instituted a club, denominated the 'Junto,' in which were discussed, moral and political subjects; an association which endured with undiminished reputation, for 30 years, and was at last succeeded by the present Philosophical Society. In 1732, he commenced, and continued for 25 years, the publication of 'Poor Richard's Almanac';—Of this Almanac, ten thousand copies were distributed every year. The last, of 1757, in which he collected the principal matter of the preceding numbers, was republished in various forms in Great Britain, and thence translated into foreign languages, was dispersed and read with great avidity throughout the whole continent of Europe. In 1736, he was chosen clerk of the general assembly, and in the following year, postmaster of Philadelphia; and being no longer overwhelmed by the blasting influence of domestic necessities, his genius began from this time to emerge, and to be employed in schemes of public utility. In 1741, he commenced the publication of a 'General Magazine and Historical Chronicle for the British Plantations,' which he conducted in addition to his Gazette. By the governor, he was commissioned justice of peace; soon afterwards alderman; and by the corporation one of the common council of the city. He was elected, in 1744, a member of the provincial legislature, and so unlimited a popularity did he obtain in that assembly, notwithstanding his deficient eloquence as a public speaker, that his election was repeated for ten years without the solicitation of a vote. About the year 1745, he discovered various properties of the

Leyden Vial; as the means of accumulating, retaining, and discharging any quantity of the electric matter with safety. He was the first who fired gunpowder, gave magnetism to needles of steel, melted metals, and killed animals of considerable size, by means of electricity.

From his observations upon this fluid, he was at length induced to imagine its identity with lightning. He attempted, therefore, to explain, upon this principle, the theory of thunder-gusts, and of the Aurora Borealis; and in 1749, conceived the design, the most sublime perhaps, that has entered the imagination of man, of drawing from the heavens its lightning, and conducting its terrific energy, harmless into the bowels of the earth. The degree of Masters of Arts was conferred upon him by Yale College, and that of Cambridge, in honor of his discoveries. In 1758, he was sent by the provincial assembly, to conclude a treaty with the Indians at Carlisle; and in the following year was appointed on a more important mission, to Albany, where the British government had assembled a congress of commissioners to confer upon a plan of defence for the colonies, against the threatened hostilities of the French and the incursions of the Savages.

The proprietors of the different provinces becoming too overbearing and tyrannical, drove the assemblies to refer their cause to the jurisdiction of the mother country, and Franklin was appointed by the Pennsylvania Assembly to proceed thither as advocate of the province. He undertook this office without reluctance, embarked upon his voyage in June, and arrived in London in July, 1757. The excellent capacity which Franklin discovered in this negociation, greatly increased his popularity amongst his countrymen, and he was now entrusted with the additional agencies of Massachusetts, Georgia and Maryland: it spread also his reputation more extensively through England. He was now elected, with special honors, a member of the Royal Society, and was admitted to the highest degrees in some of the Scotch and English universities.

In the summer of 1762, he returned to America. Upon his arrival, the assembly of Pennsylvania voted him their thanks for his meritorious services, which as a more solid testimonial of their approbation, they accompanied with a compensation of 5,000 pounds; and as his election had been continued during his absence, he resumed, without interruption, his seat in the house. In 1763, he traveled into the northern colonies, to inspect and regulate the post-offices; performing a tour of about 1,800 miles. In 1764, he again sailed for England on the same mission. After a year's residence in London he made an excursion into Holland and

Germany, and in the year following, to Paris. In the latter place he was received with marks of unusual distinction. He was introduced to Louis, XV, and to the different members of the royal family, and was entertained amongst the nobility and gentry of the court with all the hospitality and courtesy for which the French nation is so distinguished.

The famous project, which the British ministers had formed of taxing the colonies, had been communicated by their agents to the provincial assembly in 1764, some time before the departure of Franklin from America: against this measure, he was among the first and most ardent in proclaiming his opposition. During the violent altercations which arose upon the merits of this subject in parliament, it was proposed by the party in opposition, in order to obtain more ample and authentic information concerning the interests and feelings of the Americans, that Franklin should be interrogated publicly before the house of commons. The whole of this examination, being published, was read with avidity both in America and England.

In May, 1776, he was appointed with John Adams and Edward Rutledge, to hear certain propositions of English commissioners, who had arrived on the coast, whose purpose was, to propose terms of accommodation, or rather 'offer pardon, on submission,' to the American Congress. In the same year, he was appointed commissioner to the court of France. Franklin, though he had designed, after the many fatigues he had undergone in foreign embassies, to spend the evening of his life in his native country, seeing the importance of the emergency, accepted without hesitation, this appointment; and in the end of October, 1776, in the 71st year of his age, set out upon his voyage. At his departure from America, he placed the whole of his possessions in money, between 3,000 and 4,000 pounds, in the hands of Congress, by which he testified his confidence in the success of their cause, and induced others of more wealth to imitate his example.

But notwithstanding a war with England was a national passion with the French, there were circumstances which Franklin had to encounter that obstructed the immediate success of his operations:—Kings are ever averse to patronize rebellion, however their present interests may be promoted by it. The surrender of Burgoyne's army to the provincial troops, occasioned very joyful sensations in that country, and from this period the French rulers began to listen with a more prone attention to his suit, which he continued to urge with increased industry. The American ambassadors were recognized, and the treaty of alliance was concluded, with

the court of Versailles, on the 6th February, 1778. Among the ambassadors of other countries then residing at Paris, he supported the dignity of his character and station; and in his intercourse of visits with them, suffered no neglect of any of the punctillios of honor and ceremony.

When the Russian ambassador, whose card being left at his door, occasioned a return of the *supposed* civility, betrayed much alarm at the accident. Franklin, with his usual composure, observed, that he perceived no cause of embarrassment, 'Prince Bariatenski has but to *erase my name* out of his books of visits received, and I will *burn his card*.'

Perceiving a daily aggravation of his diseases, and the powers of life rapidly declining, and as nothing now remained to detain him, he made haste to set out upon his voyage to America. His extreme infirmity of health, not allowing him to endure, without injury, the motion of the carriage, the Queen's litter and mules were sent to convey him upon his journey to the place of embarkation. He had a prosperous voyage, and arrived on the 14th September, in the harbor of Philadelphia. He was now broken down by the pressure of 80 years.

The news of his arrival at Philadelphia, diffused every where a universal congratulation. It was announced by the ringing of bells, by bonfires and discharge of artillery. He was attended at his landing by the members of Congress, of the University, and the principal citizens, who formed into processions, went out to meet him, and amidst their acclamations, was conducted to his dwelling. From the manner in which he bore his sufferings, and the aspect in which he viewed his approaching dissolution, we refer to this interesting correspondence: 'You kindly inquire after my health,' says he, in a letter to his favorite niece, 'I have not much reason to boast of it. People that will live a long life, and drink to the bottom of the cup, must expect to meet with some of the dregs. However, when I consider how many terrible diseases the human body is liable to, I think myself well off that I have only three incurable ones: the gout, the stone and old age; and these, notwithstanding, I enjoy many comfortable intervals, in which I forget all my ills, and amuse myself in reading or writing and telling many stories, as when you first knew me, a young man about 50.' 'I have grown so old as to have buried most of the friends of my youth. By living 12 years beyond David's period, I seem to have intruded myself into the company of posterity. Yet had I gone at 70, it would have cut off 12 of the most active years of my life; employed, too, in matters of the greatest importance.'

On the 17th of April, 1790, in the 84th year of his age, he expired in the city of Philadelphia; encountering this last solemn conflict, with the same philosophical tranquillity and pious resignation to the will of heaven which had distinguished him through all his life.

MISCELLANY.

An Extract.

THERE is a close connection between ignorance and vice; and in such a country as our own, the connexion is fatal to freedom. Knowledge opens sources of pleasure which the ignorant can never know—the pursuit of it fills up every idle hour, opens to the mind a constant source of occupation, wakes up the slumbering powers, gives the secret contest victory, and unveils to our astonishment ideal worlds; secures us from temptation and sensuality, and exalts us in the scale of rational beings.—When I pass by the grog-shop and hear the idle dispute and obscene song—when I see the cart rolled along filled with intoxicated youth, singing and shouting as they go—when I discover the boat sailing down the river, where you can discover the influence of rum by the noise it makes—I cannot help but ask, were these people taught to read? Was there no social library to which they could have access? Did they ever know the calm satisfaction of taking an improved volume by a peaceful fireside; Or, did they ever taste the luxury of improving the mind? You have hardly ever known a young man that loved his home and his book, that was vicious.—Knowledge is often the poor man's wealth. It is a treasure that no thief can steal, no moth nor rust can corrupt. By this you turn his cottage to a palace, and you give a treasure which is always improving and can never be lost. 'The poor man,' says Robert Hall, 'who has gained a taste for books, will, in all likelihood, become thoughtful; and when you have given the poor a habit of thinking, you have conferred on them a much greater favor than by the gift of money, since you have put in their possession the principle of all legitimate prosperity.'

WHOEVER has acquired a taste for reading, so fixed that it has settled into habit, has become in the highest sense independent of all other sources of amusement, and sufficient to himself. Fashion and society may set up their ephemeral idol, one day adanitting, and another excluding him according to its unsettled caprices. They may throw the sunshine of their favor alternately upon the rich, witty, learned, young, fortunate and gay, and he may not be able to claim to be either. But if he have learned really to love study and to hold converse with the mighty dead; he may

set all their derisions at defiance. He can draw his supplies of interest and amusement, and those of the highest order, which life can furnish from his own perennial and exhaustless fountains. Neither need he envy the possessor of the most magnificent apartments, in which to deposit his splendid copies, with their gaudy engravings, gildings, and bindings. To a real lover of books, a stall so that it may be amply furnished, is as good as the Vatican, and Nature offers him her universal ticket of admission to the grand apartment of her reading room; and, seeing him enter satisfied, with his book in his hand, her composed visage will always meet him with a ready welcome.

THE VERY LAST.—'Grandmam,' said an urchin to his father's mother, the other day, living somewhere in Worcester county, 'Grandmam, the rail road is coming through our town.' 'Is it,' Siah,' said the venerable dame. 'Well, I hope it will come through by daylight, for I long to see one terribly.' *Boston Transcript.*

The Rural Repository.

SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1836.

MOMENTOUS CONCERNS.—Our readers will perceive by the poetical epistle on our last page, that our fair correspondent has acted upon our advice with respect to the disposal of her Valentine, and as the answer seems to be altogether favorable, we take no little credit to ourselves, for bringing an affair that seems to have been of long standing, so near to an amicable conclusion; and should the negotiation now pending end in a treaty of matrimony, our endeavors, in a small matter, might prove as beneficial as, it is hoped, will be the mediation of Britain between France and the United States, on the momentous question of Peace or War.—We had written thus far, when lo, and behold! what should wing its way into the loop-hole of our attic but the welcome news that France had agreed of her own accord to pay the money. 'And so,' thought we, 'the mediation goes for nothing—and who knows but our humble efforts in the service of our friends may, after all our self gratulations, have availed as little—who knows but the lady intended from the first, ere we gave birth to the thought, to gladden the heart of her despairing swain according to our wise suggestion? We must acknowledge, while sitting, pen in hand, alone in our dimly lighted retreat, assaying to tax our poor brains to make out a paragraph, we felt rather crest-fallen as the idea crossed our cranium; but consoled ourselves, at length, with the thought, that even if such should prove to be the case, we had failed of having acquired the credit of a peace-maker in good company; and withal highly felicitated ourselves on the opportunity it afforded us of extending still farther the comparison of our insignificant selves and our puny efforts, with a mighty nation and her noble endeavors to promote peace throughout the world; for, like the British government, we should at least have the satisfaction of having shown our friendly disposition and good will to the parties concerned; and can now as freely offer our congratulations to our respected correspondents, on the success

that seems likely to attend the novel expedient of the fair Isadore to make known the state of her affections to her disconsolate lover, as if we had had a hand in bringing it about ourselves.

HUDSON LUNATIC ASYLUM.—It will be seen by the following extract from the Albany Argus, that the proprietors of this institution have been singularly successful in their treatment of the patients under their care, and it is to be hoped that the friends of those afflicted with Lunacy will avail themselves of the opportunity this Asylum affords of putting them under skillful and judicious treatment.

HUDSON LUNATIC ASYLUM.—S. & G. H. White, M. D. proprietors. From the report of the proprietors of this institution, it appears that eighty-six patients have been treated during the past year, of whom fifty-four have been admitted and thirty-two were remaining January 1, 1835.

Remaining, January 1, 1836, thirty-five patients, to wit: Chronic cases thirty, recent cases five, who are convalescing or much improved.

Two hundred and thirty-nine have been admitted since July 1, 1830, and received the benefit of this institution, the reports of which show the importance of removing patients who are deprived of their reason early to an asylum where they may be restored, under proper treatment, in at least nine cases out of ten. Many improvements have been made, and the accommodations extended, for the better classification of the patients at this establishment.

To Correspondents.

We have on hand a few communications from old correspondents, which will shortly be published. It would be foreign to the plan of our paper to fill its columns wholly, or even for the most part, with original matter; they will therefore see that it cannot be always convenient to publish them in the number following their reception. We endeavor to insert original articles as nearly as possible in the order they are received, excepting such as on account of their length we have not time to examine immediately, and those adapted particularly to the time or season, in which cases, the first are laid by to wait our leisure, and the last take the precedence of articles that are equally suitable at all seasons.

The poetical effusion upon Slander, by the 'Minstrel of the Swamp,' came safe to hand, but has for some time been among the missing; it is now, however, found, and will be inserted in our next.

'The Devoted,' is respectfully declined; we presume it is the production of a young writer, as, besides some inconsistencies in the plot, the matter is not sufficiently digested.

'My First Appearance upon the Stage of Life,' and a few stanzas over the signature of W. A. J. are yet to be examined. If approved they will appear either in our next number, or the one succeeding it.

Letters Containing Remittances.

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

S. D. D. De Ruyter, N. Y. \$1.00; W. J. A. Erieville, N. Y. \$3.00; R. B. Berlin, N. Y. \$2.00; P. M. Richmondville, N. Y. \$2.00; P. M. Andover, Ms. \$3.00.

MARRIED.

At the Manor of Livingston, on the 18th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Van Wagner, Doct. Robert Clow, of Clermont, to Miss Margaret Stuyvesant, daughter of Peter R. Livingston, Esq. of the former place.

At the same place, on the 13th ult. by the same, Mr. Davis S. Wright, of Durham, to Miss Elizabeth Petrie, of the former place.

At the same place, on the 20th ult. by the same, Mr. Waldford of Kinderhook, to Miss Hannah Nichols of Taghkanic.

On the 24th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Ayres, Mr. Henry T. Levi, of North-East, Dutchess Co. to Miss Clarinda C. Beach, of Sangersfield, Oneida County.

At Rondout on the 10th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Cheesey, Mr. Peter L. Snook, to Miss Hester, daughter of Christian L. Hawyer.

At Eaton Village, on Sunday, the 4th of Oct. last, by the Rev. Mr. Smither, Mr. John F. Neal, to Miss Mary Ann Stone, both of Nelson.

DIED.

At New-York, on the 25th ult. Mary B. daughter of Oscar and Mary Dornin, aged 23 months, formerly of this city.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository

Mr. EDITOR.—The following answer to a poetical effusion that appeared in a late number of the Repository, was to have been forwarded in time for your last number, but was inadvertently mislaid and forgotten—Will you be good enough to insert it in your next? It was originally written on a sheet of fine gilt-edged letterpaper, beneath a small, but elegant copperplate engraving, representing an oak encircled by a vine, on one of the branches of which rested a pair of turtledoves; and after being folded in the most approved style, was sent, inclosing a plain gold ring, to the lady to whom it is addressed.

TO ISADORE.

Lady, the good old custom I admire,
That waked again thy long neglected lyre;
Wildly the warm blood through each artery flew,
As I pursued your welcome *billet doux*:
My heart, loved Isadore, is ever thine—
With joy transported is thy Valentine!

Oh that my simple, trifling gift may find,
With thee, dear maid, at least, acceptance kind;
But on thy favor I would not presume,
Though Hope doth now my lonely path illumine:
Through all thy coldness, Love's pure flame may shine,
And bless, at length, thy faithful Valentine.

Let then this sing my dearest wish explain,
Scorn not the gift, nor deem the donor vain,
If heart and hand be freely offer too,
And in return would ask the same of you—
Oh, bow with him at Hymen's sacred shrine,
And ever be his own, sweet Valentine!

As doth the turtle ever constant prove,
So amid weal or woe, will I, my love;
Then do but 'whisper soft, "I'll be thy bride,"'
And my fond bosom shall thy blushes hide;
As the proud oak sustains the tender vine,
So cherished there shall be my Valentine.

Fall oft the towering oak, by lightning clef't,
Doth stand of all its pride and power bereft;
Its foliage sear, its strength and beauty gone,
A blighted thing, men sadly look upon;
Still to its wasted form close clings the vine—
Thus constant mayst thou prove, my Valentine.

But if that circling vine feel first decay,
Its leaves, so bright and green, fade fast away,
The sheltering oak still shields from heat and storm,
Banding, as 'twere in love, its lordly form:
As the firm-set oak to the trembling vine,
So true will be, to thee, thy Valentine.

Now, fare-thee-well, we soon, I trust, shall meet,
And I my homage offer at thy feet;
Then, should the siren Hope indeed prove true,
And not in vain, to thee, thy lover sue,
With joy we'll 'haste the bridal wreath to twine,'
And be, for aye, each other's Valentine.

Kinderhook, Feb. 1836.

ORVILLE.

The Winter King.

BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

O! what will become of thee, poor little bird?
The muttering storm in the distance is heard;
The rough winds are wakening, the clouds growing black?
They'll soon scatter snow flakes all over thy back!
From what sunny clime hast thou wandered away?
And what art thou doing this cold winter day?
I'm picking the gum from the old peach tree,
The storm does not trouble me, Pee, dee, dee!

But, soon there'll be ice weighing down the light bough
On which thou art flitting so playfully now;
And, though there's a vesture well fitted and warm,
Protecting the rest of thy delicate form,

What, then, wilt thou do with thy little bare feet,
To save them from pain, 'mid the frost and the sleet?
I can draw them right up in my feathers, you see
To warm them, and fly away! Pee, dee, dee!

But, man feels a burden of care and of grief,
While plucking the cluster and binding the sheaf
In summer we faint, in the winter we're chilled,
With ever a void that is yet to be filled.
We take from the ocean, the earth, and the air,
Yet, all their rich gifts do not silence our care.
A very small portion sufficient will be,
If sweetened with gratitude—Pee, dee, dee!

But what makes thee seem so unconscious of care?
The brown earth is frozen, the branches are bare;
And how canst thou be so light-hearted and free,
Like Liberty's form, with the spirit of glee,
When no place is near for thy evening rest,
No leaf for thy screen, for thy bosom no nest?
Because the same hand is a shelter for me
That took off the summer leaves—Pee, dee, dee!

I thank thee, bright monitor what thou hast taught
Will oft be the theme of the happiest thought.
We look at the clouds—while the bird has an eye
To Him who reigns over them, changeless and high.
And now, little hero, just tell me thy name,
That I may be sure whence my oracle came,
'Because in all weather I'm merry and free,
They call me the Winter King—Pee, dee, dee.'

From the Forget-Me-Not, for 1836.

The Dying Sister.

BY MARY HOWITT.

WHAT matters it, though Spring-time
Upon the earth is glowing—
What though a thousand tender flowers
On the garden beds are blowing?

What matters it, though pleasant birds
Amongst the leaves are singing,
And a myriad lives, each passing hour,
From mother Earth are springing?

What matters it?—for one bright flower
Is pale, before them lying—
And one dear life, one precious life,
Is numbered with the dying!

Oh! Spring may come, and Spring may go—
Flowers, sunshine, cannot cheer them;
This loving heart, this bright young life,
Will be no longer near them!

Two lights there were within their house,
Like angels round them moving;
Oh, must these two be parted now;
So lonely and so loving!

No longer on the same soft couch
Their pleasant rest be taking—
No longer by each other's smiles
Be greeted at their waking—

No longer, by each other's side,
Over one book, be bending!—
Take thy last look, thy last embrace,
That life, that joy, is ending!

Henceforth thou wilt be all alone!—
What shalt thou do, poor weeper?
Oh human love, oh human woe!
Is there a pang yet deeper?

Ah! yes—the eyes perceive no more—
The last dear word is spoken:
The hand returns no pressure now—
Heart, heart, thou must be broken!
Can it live on without that love
For which its pulse beat ever?
Alas! that loving, trusting heart
Must ache, and bleed, and sever!

Child, cease thy murmuring—God is by,

To unseal that mortal prison;

Mother, look up, for, like our Lord,

Thy blessed one is risen!

Raise thy poor head, poor bruised reed;

Hope comes to the believing!

Father, be strong—be strong in faith—

The dead—the dead are living!

Even from outward things draw peace—

The long night watch is ended;

The morning sun upriseth now,

To new day glory splendid!

So, through the night of mortal life,

Your angel one hath striven—

The eternal suns shine not so bright

As the redeemed in heaven!

To join the spirits of pure,

Your chosen hath departed!

Be comforted!—be comforted,

Ye bowed and broken hearted!

The Late Fire.

In the Knickerbocker Magazine for January, there is a poetical piece on the late extensive conflagration, vastly superior to the occasional performances suggested by similar occurrences. The following lines, selected from the poem, give a general and comprehensive picture of the calamity, and its principal circumstances:—*Mirror.*

'O'er the city's hum,

There rose a cry, which, ere the morn was come,

Swelled to a roar that struck her proudest dumb;

From lip to lip, from street to street it flew—

Thousands to thousands gathered, as it grew:

Peal wakened peal, till tower and dome and spire

Shook with the tocsin of the demon Fire!

Whose beacon glow, re-signaled from the sky,

Flashed floods of light on Fear's dilated eye.

The fearless hearts, still prompt, at Terror's call,

To form, in Danger's front, a breathing wall.

Flocked to the scene. For once the subtle foe

Defied their art, and mocked them with its glow,

Think not before the fiery wreck they quailed—

'Twas not their courage but their means, that failed;

The quenching stream grew stagnant, ere its tide

To the red surge their aching hands could guide:

And the fierce tyrant they so oft had quelled,

Powerless to smite, a conqueror they beheld.'

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VOL. XII.—[III. NEW SERIES.]

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1836.

NO. 21.

SUBJECT TALES.

The Three Palmers.

It was about the hour of noon on a fine autumnal day, in the year 1193, that three men whom their dresses, and the white staves which they bore in their hands, proclaimed to be Palmers, entered the little village of Ginacia, which is situated about five miles from the city of Vienna. They seemed worn with toil and travel, their garments were coarse and wretched even for persons of their description, and they had suffered their hair and beards to grow to an immoderate length. He who seemed to direct the movements of the three was very tall, and displayed a figure of remarkably fine proportions. His limbs seemed of Herculean strength, his eyes were blue and sparkling, and his hair of a bright yellow color inclining to red. As he strode along, a short distance in advance of his companions, his gait and gestures gave him more the air of a monarch or a conqueror than of a meek and pious pilgrim. Occasionally, however, he seemed to recollect the sacred character which he had assumed, and to make an effort to tame down the imperious expression of his features into something like humility and sanctity. His companions were frequently seen, although with evident deference and respect, to remonstrate with him on his bearing, which he sometimes answered by altering the mode of his behaviour in the manner above mentioned; but more frequently by an obstreperous laugh, by lifting up his brawny hand, which seemed better fitted to grasp the battle-axe than the palmer's staff, or by carolling a stave or two of some popular Provencal ditty.

Another peculiarity was remarked in the conduct of the Palmers, as they traveled from town to town, that, instead of soliciting alms, they seemed to be profusely supplied with money, which they expended freely and even lavishly. The tall Palmer too—for so he was designated—took great pains to conceal his features with his hood, and to avoid the castles and palaces of the great, which were

the places into which such persons in general were most anxious to obtain admittance. On the present occasion they gave another instance of the strangeness of their conduct, by stopping at the miserable hovel, which was the only thing in the shape of an inn or hostelry appertaining to the village of Ginacia, instead of proceeding on to Vienna, where they might procure the best fare and lodging.

They had no sooner arrived at this hovel, than the contents of their wallet proved that they had not been forgetful of the wants of the flesh. A noble goose was produced and placed upon the spit, and the operation of cooking it was sedulously performed by the tall Palmer himself. The host's recommendations of his wines were not attended to; but the travelers produced their own flagons from their wallets, remunerating the host, however, in the same manner as if they had partaken of his vintage.

'By my troth,' said the Palmer, as the dinner smoked upon the board, and his blue eyes flashed fire in anticipation of the banquet, 'Multon—Doyley—our labor has not been in vain. Holy Palmers, show your piety by your zeal in appropriating the blessings which Heaven has bestowed upon you.'

'Reverend Father,' said Doyley, in a tone of deprecation, but following nevertheless the example of good feeding which his tall brother had set him, 'methinks that your conversation still savors too much of the vanities and indulgences of this sinful world. I doubt not, that should it please Heaven to restore you to all that you have lost, you will cherish as ardently as ever what the good Curate of Neuilly called your three daughters—Pride, Avarice, and Lust.'

'Nay, in verity, holy brother,' replied the other, 'I have resolved to part with all three; and to give the first to the Templars, the second to the Monks, and the third to the Bishops.'

A hearty laugh followed this sally, and the holy men then returned to their repast with redoubled vigor. 'Multon, friend!' said the tall Palmer, 'we must be wary—we are watched. The Duke, you know, loves me

not; and were I to fall into his hands, it would be long again ere I should see the merry land in which I was born. That minstrel who has trod so closely on our heels is a spy, I warrant ye; and his features and accent, however he may try to disguise them, prove him to be English. Nevertheless, we are here with hearty good cheer before us, and reverend pilgrims though we be, the stirrup-cup and the song must not be forgotten. Let us quaff one cup to the Countess Soir—another to the land we are hastening to—a third to the confusion of the Paynims;—and then join me in the lay which we trolled out yesternight.'

The cups were quaffed with most laudable alacrity and vigor, and then the three joined in the following ditty:—

Come fill up the tankard, the wisest man drank hard
And said that when sunk in care,
The best cure, he should think, would be found in good
drink,

For where can curses lurk if not there?

Trowl, trowl, the bonny brown bowl,
Let dotard and fool from it flee:
Ye sages, wear ivy; and, fond fellows, wive ye;
But the bonny brown bowl for me.

Let old Time beware, for if he should dare
To intrude 'midst companions so blithe,
We'll lather his chin with the juice of the bin,
And shave off his beard with his scythe.'

While the Palmers, were thus piously occupied, they had not observed a minstrel who entered the room, and placing himself at its farthest extremity leaned upon his harp, and gazed intently at them. There was a strange mixture of intelligence and malignity in the expression of his countenance as he curiously scanned the features of the tall Palmer. When the song was concluded, he rose, and, approaching the festive board, made a lowly obeisance. The reverend trio started as if they had seen a spectre. 'Ha!' said he who had answered to the name of Doyley, 'tis the spy minstrel!—What would ye with us, man? We are Palmers, with whose reverend characters it would ill accord to listen to the wanton and profane ditties of wandering minstrels.'

'Nay,' said the minstrel, 'I know many a syte to which your ears, most holy fathers,

might listen, and your cheeks never blush. I can tell you of the exploits of good Christian knights in the Holy Land, of holy Peter the Hermit, of Godfrey of Bouillon, and of brave King Richard of England.'

' Nay, nay,' said the tall Palmer, ' prithee, begone ; we have our frugal meal to dispatch, our prayers and penance to perform, and to retire early to our humble beds, that we may be stirring betimes in the morning.'

' Ye are discourteous churls,' said the minstrel, ' and ye shall one day remember, to your cost, that ye gave the minstrel neither meat nor drink, and would not listen to his ditty.'

Thus saying, the minstrel took up his harp, and with a look of defiance left the apartment.

Although the meal of the Palmers was not quite so frugal, nor their prayers and penances so exemplary as they wished the minstrel to believe, yet the beds on which they stretched themselves to pass the knight, did not belie the humble character which they had ascribed to them. The travelers, however, were well disposed to slumber, and the fatigues of the day's journey, as well as the fumes of the wine cup, combined to transform the three straw pallets which the host had spread out for them in their apartment, into very luxurious couches. The tall Palmer's mind was not inactive, although his body was quiescent. A thousand visions, of a thousand things, presented themselves to the mind's eye of the sleeper. War and tumult, and ignominy, and imprisonment, and triumph, and love, and dominion, occupied by turns his imagination. Once he fancied himself entering a great city amidst the acclamations of assembled thousands—warriors and statesmen and churchmen hailed him as their lord—a fair and well-known face welcomed him with smiles—a disloyal and treacherous brother threw himself at his feet, craving pardon and expressing penitence—and a reverend prelate placed a crown upon his brows, and breathed a benediction on the soldier of the cross. At that moment he thought that the fair lady laid her hand upon his arm ; but her touch, instead of being light and gentle, was so heavy and violent that it dispelled his dream ; and starting from his sleep, he found himself in the grasp of an armed man. The tall Palmer, however, was not a person to be easily overpowered. As lightly as the lion shakes the dew-drop from his mane, did he shake off his assailant, and then clenching his unarmed hand, aimed so tremendous a blow at his steel cask that it felled him to the ground. He found, however, that the apartment was full of men similarly armed, and that his two companions were secured and bound. The intruders, for a moment, shrank back, appalled at the gigantic

strength of their opponent. ' Tis Diabolus,' said one. ' Tis he, or that other one whom we seek,' returned another, ' for no one else could have aimed a blow like that : but close round him ; we are surely too numerous, and too well armed, to be daunted by one naked man.'

The odds against the tall Palmer were indeed fearful, but he defended himself for a long time against his assailants. At length, however, two men, stealing behind him, seized his hands, and contrived to slip a gauntlet over them, by which they made them fast. The Palmer, then seeing that in the game at which he was most expert, fighting, he was foiled, began to resort to means which he much more rarely made use of expostulation and remonstrance. ' How now, my masters,' he said ; ' what mean ye ? are ye Christian men, to assault three poor religious persons who are traveling on their way home from the Holy Land ?'

' Nay, nay,' said the minstrel, for he was among the number of these unwelcome visitors, ' they are no Palmers ; and when my lord recovers from the effect of that unchristian blow, he will soon be able to recognise in this holy man a person who has before bestowed his favors upon him.'

' Men and Christians !' said the Palmer, ' I charge ye, as ye would avoid the malison of Heaven and of Holy Church, let us pass our way.'

The threat of ecclesiastical censure seemed to produce some effect upon the grim soldiers ; but the minstrel perceived that the person whom the Palmer had stricken to the ground was recovering : ' Arise my Lord,' he said ; ' once more behold this man, and say if the tale that I told thee is not true.'

The Duke, for such he was, approached the Palmer, and each, by the glare of the torches, gazed on the other, and beheld the features of the individual to whom, of all mankind, he bore the most deadly hatred.

' Tis Richard of England !' said the Duke ; ' the betrayer of the Christian cause ; the assassin of Conard of Montserrat : the friend of usurpers and infidels.'

' Leopold of Austria,' said Richard, ' thou art a liar and a coward ! Keep on thy case of steel, and unset the one of these hands, and then repeat what thou hast now said, if thou darest.'

' Bear him to the Emperor at Hagenau,' said the Duke, ' with his companions. My good Sir Fulk Doyley, and my Lord Thomas of Multon, did you think that I would allow you to traverse my territories without paying you the courtesy of a visit ?'

' Thou art a traitor to God, and to the holy cause which thou didst swear to maintain in Palestine !'

' Away with the King,' said Leopold ; ' if

he may be called a King, whose brother wears his crown, and who is prisoner to a Duke. Away with him, and let the Knight and Baron bear him company.'

The journey from Ginacia to Hagenau afforded no events with which it is necessary that the readers should be acquainted. Arrived in that city, the princely Richard was immediately thrown into a dungeon ; and although he offered the Emperor a large sum for ransom money, that monarch preferred the malignant satisfaction of holding so renowned and powerful a prince in his custody, to the gratification of his darling passion, avarice. With the news of the capture of the far-famed King of England, spread, exaggerated reports of the strength of his arm and his personal prowess. It was expected that with his own unarmed strength he would be able to tear down the walls of his prison and to effect his escape. Among those who listened most eagerly and with the greatest impatience to these reports was Prince Arthur, the Emperor's only son. The prince was considered the bravest knight and the strongest man in Germany. The narration of the feats of Richard gave him no small uneasiness, and he ardently longed for an opportunity of trying his strength with the English monarch. He had visited the royal captive several times in his dungeon, and it was by his courtesy that the King was treated with the respect and attention which was due to so distinguished a person, even although fallen into adversity. After the English had, by means of the well-known adventure of Blondel, the minstrel, discovered in whose custody their monarch was, and made large offers for his liberation, the Prince endeavored to persuade his father to accept their terms, but without success. Besides his sympathy for the unmerited sufferings of his father's prisoner, the chivalrous prince was desirous to see him at liberty, that they might meet each other on equal terms, and try fully and fairly the strength of their respective arms. At length, however, he became so impatient of delay, and so envious of the King of England's reputation for strength, that he wrung from the Emperor his consent that a day should be appointed on which he and Richard should each give and receive a blow in order to ascertain which of them was the stronger. Richard smiled when he received the Prince's challenge to meet him on this occasion, and expressed his willingness to abide the ordeal.

On the day appointed, the Emperor and Empress, the Princess Margaretta, and the principal persons about the Court, assembled in the great hall of the castle of Hagenau, for the purpose of witnessing this trial of strength. The dark eyes of Margaretta glistened with wonder and delight as the King of

England, of whom she had heard so much, but had never yet seen, strode into the hall. His gigantic form, his sinewy limbs, and the haughty, undaunted expression of his features, filled her with apprehensions on her brother's account; and yet there was something in her heart which would not allow her to wish that the latter might be successful. The Prince seemed to entertain no fear for the result: in outward appearance, the combatants seemed pretty nearly matched: the Prince was as tall and muscular as the King; he had sustained the assault of many a celebrated warrior, and had as yet withstood the blows of the mightiest unmoved. They were neither of them armed, but were clad in silk-en tunics, and wore Oriental turbans on their heads.

'Richard of England,' said Arthur, 'if thou wouldest forbear this trial thou mayest, but acknowledge that thou darest not compete with me, and give me that jewel in thy bonnet in token of that acknowledgment.'

'Arthur of Austria,' said Richard, 'I came not here to prate; and if the Emperor has only exhibited his prisoner this day that he may listen to the vain vauntings of his son, the sooner he consigns him back to his dungeon the better. I am ready, Prince, to bear thy blow, but I lack both wit and spirit to listen or reply to thy tauntings.'

'Forbear, forbear, Arthur,' said the Princess, 'and provoke not this rash quarrel farther; acknowledge the King of England's superior prowess. Surely an unknown knight like thee may, without discrediting thyself, make such an acknowledgement to the most renowned warrior in Christendom.'

'Peace, idle girl,' said the Prince. 'And now, King Richard, look to thyself, firm, or the fame of thy prowess is eclipsed for ever.'

Thus saying, he raised his arm, clenched his hand, which seemed massy and ponderous as iron, and aimed a blow at Richard's head, which those who beheld it accompanied with a shriek of horror and dismay. The King, however, received it with his arms folded, his eye wandering carelessly round the hall, and unshaken as the trunk of the oak by the gentle breeze of summer. The shriek was instantly changed into an expression of admiration and wonder.

'Did the Prince strike me?' said Richard, turning round to his opponent. 'Give me your hand, young Sir; now fare you well, and may you be more successful in the future trials of your strength.'

'Nay, nay, Sir King,' said the Prince, detaining him; 'this semblance of courtesy suits me not. The proud barons of England must not say that their King disdained to try his strength on the Austrian prince. Here stand I ready to receive thy blow. Thou wilt

not! Then here do I proclaim thee a coward, and no true knight. Thy strength consists in resistance, and not in assault. Thou art fearful to try thy arm on me, because thou knowest that thy blow will not produce an effect even equal to that which I have bestowed upon thee.'

The King turned shortly round upon the Prince. There was an expression of determination, but not of violent effort, in his features. He, in his turn, clenched his hand raised his arm, and darting his blow with the velocity of lightning at the Prince, the latter fell lifeless to the ground.

'He's slain! he's slain!' shrieked the Empress; 'the cold-hearted Englishman has murdered my boy.'

All present instantly crowded round the corpse, and every effort was used, but unsuccessfully, to restore to it animation. 'It is in vain—it is in vain!' said the Emperor. 'Oh Heaven!' he added, clasping his hands, 'he was my only son—my only hope.' The Empress gazed on the body sternly and silently, then, turning to her husband, 'It is the finger of Heaven,' she said; 'thy wickedness and violence in detaining this King thy prisoner, have drawn down the wrath of God upon us. Release him and let him go, lest a worse evil befall us.'

'Now, by Our Lady,' said the Emperor, 'rather will I let him rive the life from me, as well as from my son. Away with him! Sink him in the deepest and most loathsome dungeon of the castle; and load those proud limbs with fetters, till their cruel and unnatural strength be reduced to infantile weakness.'

Richard cast a grim look of defiance and triumph on his imperial jailer, and followed his guards silently to his place of durance.

The Emperor's commands were strictly and relentlessly obeyed. The captive King was thrust into a subterranean dungeon, from which the light and the breath of heaven were alike excluded; his limbs were loaded with irons, and neither meat nor drink was provided for him. But the stout heart of Richard Plantagenet was not easily daunted. His guards heard him singing as gaily and as lightly as if his prison were a lady's bower, although the only accompaniment to his music was the dull heavy clank of the footsteps of his jailer as he paced backwards and forwards on the outside of the dungeon.

'Oh lady, lady fair,
My heart is full of thee;
And no frown but the frown of thy dark blue eyes,
And no sigh but thy own white bosom's sighs,
Can ever work sorrow in me.

Oh lady, lady fair,
The Paynim has fled from me;
I have slain the knight who bade me kneel,
I have answered the threats of kings with steel,
But I bend my knee to thee.'

Oh lady, lady fair,
A sceptre has passed from me,
And an empire been lost—yet still I command
A nobler sceptre—thy own white hand,
And more than an empire in thee.'

As the captive concluded his song, he heard his prison door slowly unbarring; and shortly afterwards the jailer entered, holding a torch in one hand, and leading a lady by the other.

Richard started at this apparition, and, gazing on the features of his fair visitor, recognised the Lady Margareta.

'And can your mind find leisure, Sir King, in so dismal a lodging as this, to chant the praises of your lady fair?' asked the Princess.

'The true knight,' answered the King, 'can always find leisure for such an occupation, especially when his lady fair is so near him as mine was.'

As he spoke, he gazed earnestly at the lady, who blushed deeply and hung down her head. The gallant monarch was always ready to make love; and although the subject of his song was a lady between whom and him wide seas and lofty mountains were set, yet he did not hesitate to assure Margareta that it was she, and she only, who occupied his thoughts; and that ever since he had beheld her in the morning, he had forgotten his own sorrows in the contemplation of her surpassing beauty.

'I come to free thee,' said the lady: 'I come to deserve thy thanks, thy gratitude—I dare not say thy love. Yet, if I unloose thy fetters, thou must take under thy protection the helpless being to whom thou wilt owe thy deliverance.'

'Sweetest lady! I will wander to the end of the world with thee—or, better, thou shalt flee with me to merry England. There eyes almost as bright as thine will smile on thee a joyous welcome. Fair damsels and steel-clad barons shall alike bless thee for restoring their monarch to them.'

'Tis now dead midnight,' said the lady: 'all the inmates of the castle, save the sentinels, are sunk in profound slumber. We dare not attempt to pass through the castle gates, but must ascend to my chamber. A ladder of ropes is fastened to the casement, by which we may safely descend; and then we shall find three palfreys for thyself, for me, and for Rudolph, thy tender-hearted jailer, who dares not stay behind thee.'

'Thanks generous dame,' said the King. 'A few hours' hard riding will conduct us to the forest, within whose recesses we may devise means of disguise and concealment, and of finding our way to some of the ports in Flanders, in all of which there are vessels from England ready and anxious to facilitate the return of their king. But these fetters, lady, must not be the companions of our journey.'

Rudolph, had, however, provided for that emergency. He speedily unlocked the fetters, and the King of England once more stood up an unshackled, if not a free man. At that moment a hideous outcry pervaded the castle. The word of alarm was heard passing from sentinel to sentinel, and torches were seen approaching in the direction of the King of England's dungeon.

'She's gone—she's fled!' said a female voice which was immediately recognized to be that of the Empress. 'I found her chamber deserted, and a ladder of ropes attached to the casement. This ill-omened violence of thine will prove the ruin of our house.'

'Peace, woman, peace!' said the Emperor: 'let us see if our prisoner is safe.—Ha!' he added, as with about a dozen followers, who brandished their naked swords above their heads, he came within view of the object of his search. 'Behold the traitor with that dishonored minion in his arms. Smite him! slay him! the murderer of your Prince—the betrayer of my daughter.'

The myrmidons were not slow in obeying the commands of their master, and advanced towards the unarmed captive. Margaretta, who was lying in his arms in a state of death-like stupor, seemed roused by the flash of their sabres, and exclaiming 'Save him—spare him!—back—back,' rushed between the intended victim and his assassins, and received the weapon of the foremost in her bosom. A dreadful shriek was uttered by every voice; the uplifted swords fell, one and all, to the ground; and Margaretta, bathed in blood, sunk at the feet of her father.

'Her heart is pierced! she's dead—she's dead!' shrieked the Empress: 'wo to our house, wo worth the hour in which violent hand were laid upon the sacred person of a Christian King: wo, wo to me; my son—my daughter—where are ye?'

The Emperor stood for a moment mute, and still as a statue. The red flush of anger which had inflamed his features, was succeeded by a livid paleness, and the fierce rolling of his eye seemed to be giving place to the glassy glare of mortality. At length, his brow grew black as night, and his lip quivered with a malignant smile, as he asked, in a low and stifled voice:

'Is not the den of my Numidian lion situated opposite the dungeon of the prisoner?'

'It is, my liege,' answered an attendant; 'the doors face each other, and are separated only by this narrow corridor.'

'Thrust back the traitor to his cell then,' said the Emperor, 'and let loose the beast upon him. That princely brute shall be my avenger.'

The Empress caught her husband's arm, and gazed with a look of deprecation in his face. The stern, inflexible expression there

seemed to freeze her into silence, and she sunk to the earth. In the mean time, the attendants prepared to force King Richard back to his dungeon; but folding his arms, and with a smile of mingled triumph and contempt on his features, he spared them the effort by walking tranquilly thither. The door of the lion's den was then immediately unbarred, and the furious animal sprung to the entrance. The glare of the torches arrested his progress for a moment, and as he rolled his red eye around upon them, the spectators had an opportunity of observing his dimensions. He was above eight feet in length, and nearly five feet and a half in height. His long shaggy mane extended from the top of the head to below the shoulders, and hung down to the knees. His feet were armed with claws which seemed to be nearly two inches long; and while his right fore-foot was advanced, he lashed the earth with his tail, and gazed intently into the opposite cell, in which his destined victim awaited his attack. An instant afterwards he uttered a dreadful roar, and sprung towards Richard. He attempted to spring upon him from above; but the King, with his clenched hand, smote him so violent a blow on his breast, that he reeled back in a breathless state, while volumes of smoke issued from his mouth and nostrils. A murmur of approbation and applause, which was gathering from the assembled spectators, was instantly hushed on beholding the still stern features of the Emperor. Again did the animal spring upon the King Richard, and again did the latter, with the same Herculean strength, repel the attack. The animal now stood at the door of his den, as if willing, yet fearful, to renew the assault; he stamped violently with his feet, beat his sides with his tail, erected the hair of his head and mane, and opening wide his mouth, displayed his angry teeth, and again set up a tremendous roar. The emperor and his attendants shrunk back appalled; but what was their astonishment at seeing the King, in his turn, become the assailant, and rushing from his cell, dart upon the incensed animal, and thrust his arm down his throat. For a moment the lion struggled with his audacious assailant, reared and plunged, and seemed to shake even the strong foundations of the castle with his struggles. Then the death-rattle was heard in his throat; his limbs, after quivering for an instant, were stretched rigid and motionless on the ground; and Richard, drawing forth his arm, displayed the heart of the ferocious animal in his grasp.

'God save King Richard!' burst from the lips of every one present. 'The right hand of God is stretched over the Soldier of the Cross. The powers of Heaven fight in the cause of Heaven's chosen servants.' Such

were the exclamations which rang in the ears of the undaunted monarch, while the beaming eyes and agitated features of the spectators testified their admiration and astonishment still more strongly. 'The will of Heaven be done!' said the Emperor, approaching his captive. 'I have already paid dearly enough, King Richard, for detaining you in my custody, and will not tempt the wrath of Heaven further. Say, is the ransom money ready?'

'Three hundred thousand marks is the sum demanded,' said King Richard scornfully, 'Is it not most generous Emperor?'

'Talk not of ransom,' said the Empress to her husband, 'lest, even while we are speaking, this strong-ribbed castle should totter to its base, and overwhelm us in one general ruin.'

'Nay, nay, Madam,' said Richard; 'the people of England are not such churls as to deny that sum to purchase the freedom of their King, nor do I wish to be indebted to the generosity of the Emperor Henry. The ambassadors from England are now in this city, prepared to pay down two-thirds of the proposed ransom, and to deliver hostages for the remainder. Say, Emperor, shall their demands be acceded to?'

'Even so,' said the Emperor; and while his avarice and fear wrung this reluctant consent from his malignity and cruelty, the big drops rolled from his temples down his cheeks, his lips quivered, and his knees trembled from the violence of the internal struggle.

The sequel of this history is too well known to be here repeated. King Richard was set at liberty, and, with his two companions who had acted the part of his fellow Palmers, arrived safely in England on the 20th of March 1194. He was received by his subjects with demonstrations of unbounded joy; his exploits became familiar topics of conversation amongst all ranks of society, from the highest to the lowest; and, above all, his adventure with the lion was made the theme of universal wonder and eulogy, and procured for him his popular surname of *Cœur de Lion*.

HAPPY DAYS.—A paper was found after the death of Abderam III, one of the Moorish Kings of Spain, who died at Cordova in 961, after a reign of 50 years, with these words written by himself. 'Fifty years have passed since I was Caliph, I have enjoyed riches, honors and pleasures, heaven has showered upon me all the gifts that man could desire. In this long space of apparent felicity I have kept an account of how many happy days I have passed—their number is fourteen. Consider, then, mortals, what is grandeur, what is the world, and what is life.'

For the Rural Repository.

My Adventures.

PART IV.

A short sketch of our commander will explain the cause of his present unfortunate employment. He was the only son of an English sea captain who had retired from his profession and settled in the town of New London, in Connecticut. James was a chip of the old block, and having sat upon his father's knee listening to his long yarns till he was eleven or twelve years old, became inflamed with the desire of following a sailor's life. He accordingly intimated his wishes to the old gentleman, and received a flat refusal. In consequence of this he took French leave, and was on board a whaleship and out of sight of land before his father missed him. 'Well, who'd have thought it,' said the old fellow, as Mrs. Talbot went into hysterics on the occasion; 'however, I was just his age when I did the same thing.' Three years afterwards the youngster returned, and in no degree abashed, entered his father's door. So much had he altered that few recognised him. His slender frame had become athletic and muscular, his fair cheek was thoroughly tanned, his hand that had been white and soft as a girl's, was now brown and hard. It is a pity much cannot be said of his manners and morals. He was no longer the innocent child; as his father said, he had 'become a very old boy.' From this time forth he was permitted to follow his own inclinations. Chance threw him into a slave ship commanded by one Ballez, a gay and gallant Spaniard. His adventurous spirit, and seamanly qualities initiated him into high favor with his commander, he soon rose to the station of first mate, and in a desperate encounter with an English cruiser displayed uncommon bravery. After this, Captain Ballez was seized for some offence by the authorities of Brazil, and so disposed of that neither Talbot nor any of his friends could discover him. Talbot succeeded to the command, and at the end of his voyage was empowered by a merchant of Havana to direct the building of a new ship at the north. In this he was joined by his old friend Jeremy Butler. The two determined while they were about it to have something like a ship. The traveler was pierced for sixteen guns, and mounted fourteen, two of which were 'long guns.' Beside this, she carried a shifting twelve pound carronade, and a sixpounder for shore occasions. There were swivels, too, for use in the tops, blunderbusses, ship pistols, cutlasses, boarding pikes, battle axes, powder and ball in abundance. Her crew consisted of about seventy thorough seamen of all nations and colors. And yet this formidable vessel was disguised with such art that she sailed from New-York as a mer-

chantman, and no one questioned or suspected the honesty of her vocation. I had got into a *hornet's nest* unawares.

'I say, Bates,' said a thin yellow-fever looking subject to one of his messmates, 'doesn't this here weather fry all the pitch out of your old hide? I doesn't see how you fat fellows makes out to carry sail in hot latitudes! Blast my eyes if you don't look for all the world like a wet swab.'

'A wet swab! you lean scarecrow; what's the use of such a 'natomy of a man as you are, clattering round the decks with the wind blowing right through and through you like a sieve, and your bones shaking all the while like a ship's canvass when she's going about. May be you didn't hear the captain, say the other day that the great Commodore Cæsar never would have a light built hand in his squadron, but always told the commander of the ordinary, "let me have men in my ship that are fat."

'Cæsar!' said a gruff and weather-beaten sailor, 'Cæsar! I never heer'd of that Commodore. What station was he on? Wonder, if he's any relation to our cook!'

'Fore royal yard there!' shouted the captain from the quarter-deck. 'Sir!' 'Are you keeping a bright look out, my lad?'—'Aye, Aye, sir!' 'Aye, Aye, sir!' echoed Talbot, in a voice that started every man in the ship off his legs. 'A very bright look out, you're keeping. Can you make out what that is on the weather bow, you blind scoundrel?' All eyes were now turned to windward, and general exclamations of surprise followed.—The traveler was at this time in sight of the coast, and but a few miles from the mouth of the Cacheo river. The object that thus suddenly arrested the attention of her crew was a brig, coming down before the wind with the speed of a deer. The breeze was very fresh, and the squally appearances were such that the traveler's topgallant-sails were handed, although the brig still carried her royals. This imprudence was explained by another object which appeared about a mile astern of the brig. A large ship which had not even taken in the studding-sails that like wings propelled her onward was in full chase, both vessels heading in a direction that would bring them across our course. 'Ah!' said Talbot. 'that's the story, is it? Steward, hand me my glass. You Bates, knock off your speechifying, and see that all the guns are shotted. That's a British sloop of war, Mr. Butler,' continued the captain, as he applied the glass to his eye, 'but you know she can't hurt us as long as we have no live stock on board. She'll overhaul the brig, though, to a dead certainty.' 'If I don't mistake, sir,' said Butler, who had been for some minutes watching the clouds with an anxious eye, 'there's a squall brewing yonder that

will put an end to their sport, unless they bear a hand with it.' 'True, true,' replied the captain, gazing at a mass of dark and rapidly approaching clouds, beneath which the thin scud, like a floating veil, was swiftly flying. 'you say right, sir; send the men to the main clue garnets and buntlines, while I take another peep at these fellows.' By this time the brig, evidently a slaver, passed right ahead of us, at about fifty yards distance, her bellying sails nearly splitting with the pressure of the wind, and the foam flying from her bows, as she seemed almost to leap over the irregular and white capped swells which boiled beneath her keel. The ship, too, was coming up 'hand over hand,' and had now begun to take in her studding-sails, alow and aloft, in regular man o' war style, and as she approached more nearly we could discover her epauletted commander in animated conversation with some of his officers, making eager gestures towards the object of pursuit. Nothing could exceed the curiosity which now prevailed on board the traveler. The men were gathered in clusters about the decks gazing with breathless interest, and not a sound disturbed the general silence except the rushing of the ship through the water. Talbot was watching the scene through his glass, only removing it occasionally to take a glance at the lowering sky. 'Ah,' said he at length, 'beginning to argue the question, ha?' A bright flash, a wreath of smoke from the bow of the corvette, then a heavy report, and an iron messenger went whistling through the air, and buried itself in the slaver's stern. 'Very well done, that!' said Butler; 'John Bull must have been practising gunnery since the late war. At him again blue jacket,' continued the first mate, rubbing his hands with great glee, his piercing grey eyes sparkling with excitement, as gun after gun roared from the ship, and at each discharge completely raked the still flying brig. The slaver, however, kept gallantly on her way, and as yet no answering report testified any disposition to fight as long as she could fly. The alternative was not long left her, for a luckier shot than any that preceded it, carried away her maintopmast, and down it came hanging in the rigging over her side, and effectually impeding her progress. Notwithstanding her crippled condition she began now to shew fight, and rattled away at her adversary with considerable spirit. It was her only chance, and a poor one it was. Obscured by her own smoke and that of the corvette, which was rolling in thick huge volumes to leeward, the brig's fate seemed sealed. Her fire became fainter and fainter, and was drowned in the thunders of the ship's superior battery, which had taken up her position on her quarter, and was pouring in her destructive broadsides

without intermission, and with comparative impunity. But another power was at work for the slaver's deliverance. 'Luff, you sir,' shouted Talbot, and ere the weather topsail braces and cluelines were manned, out burst the squall from the threatening clouds, and the Traveler's lee ports were under water, and her topmasts quivering like fragile reeds. Then succeeded a short, fearful strife with the storm, and our good ship, thanks to the foresight of her officers and the activity of her crew, rode it through uninjured. But far different was the case with the corvette. In the ardor of the chase, the ominous appearances overhead had been unobserved; not a reef had been taken in her topsails, and when the blast, brief as it was terrific, had subsided, three stumps were all that remained of the lost masts, which towered but a few minutes before with their pyramids of canvas, surmounted by the flag of Old England, and the noble vessel floated a wreck upon the waves. The slaver was in no better condition, and both she and her antagonist lay to leeward of us, about a mile apart, drifting like logs upon the water.

'Now, Captain Talbot, this is what I call a regular Godsend' said Butler, 'that brig has no doubt some five hundred black beauties aboard, and as I take it all the hands are killed, they must be in a manner like sheep without a shepherd.' 'I thank you for the hint, Mr. Butler, and will profit by it,' replied the Captain. 'We will run down for her forthwith,' and in a few moments the Traveler's course was altered and with squared yards she was rushing along before the wind and heading directly for the slaver. On she went dashing by the corvette whose guns were now as useless as the teeth of a dead lion, and rapidly nearing the brig. She was soon within hailing distance, and Talbot repeatedly hailed her, but no answer was returned. Indeed, not a man was visible about her, and Talbot resolved to lay her alongside at once, as the sea was already subsiding, and from the known alacrity of English seamen, he could not long expect the corvette to be an inefficient spectator. The Traveler was accordingly laid alongside the slaver and followed by a number of his men, Talbot leaped aboard without opposition. Alas! what a spectacle of horror did they then behold. Nearly a score of bodies were stretched upon the deck, stiff and lifeless, there lay men of all colors, their grim and ghastly features distorted with the agonies of death, their forms mangled and crushed, their limbs scattered here and there, while puddles of blood washed from side to side with every roll of the ship. And from beneath the hatches which were still battened down, came a roar like that of wild beasts, the yells of strong men suffocating by hundreds in the hold of

that floating Hell, blended with the shrill cries of women and the wailings of children. The first act of Talbot and his men was to remove the hatches, and the poor wretches overturned and trod upon each other in their frantic anxiety to get upon deck, and breathe the fresh air. They were transferred as speedily as possible to the Traveler, making no resistance, for they seemed to think themselves indebted to their present captors for freedom, an idea which our captain continued to encourage, and which saved him afterwards all trouble with them. This being done, no time was to be lost, and Talbot had already advanced to the gangway for the purpose of leaving the unfortunate brig when the sharp report of a pistol echoed from her cabin, succeeded by the shriek of a female voice. Instantly he rushed to the companionway and descended. The door at the foot of the ladder was locked, but with a few powerful blows he sent it from its hinges and entered. In the center of the apartment a table lay shattered amid a heap of broken decanters, plates and tumblers while near it, seated upon a camp stool, with his back braced against the bulkhead, and his feet stretched amid the broken fragments, sat a ruffianly looking fellow, apparently the captain or mate of the vessel. He was a man of about the middle stature, stoutly built, with thick locks of red hair, large, bushy whiskers of the same hue, and a face which was not only bloated and purple with hard drinking, but marked and seamed with the lines of vice and depravity. His coat was off, and the sleeves of his check shirt rolled up to his elbows discovered a pair of brawny arms, from a wound in one of which crimson drops were fast falling on his white duck trowsers. In his hand he held the pistol which had just been discharged. But the object which next presented itself was a far more interesting one. It was a young girl, in a rich and ornamented dress, her hands clasped, her features of ashy whiteness, kneeling at the ruffian's feet, and supplicating him for mercy. As Talbot entered, the man made an attempt to rise, but weakened with loss of blood, only staggered forward a few paces, and then, with a deep curse, fell heavily upon his side. With his usual decision, Talbot paused but a moment to survey the scene, and without asking any questions, caught the suppliant female in his arms, sprang with her upon deck, leaped nimbly on board his own vessel, and in a few minutes the Traveler was hauled off from her companion, and bounding over the waves again with a strong and propitious breeze.

The story of the rescued girl is soon told. She had sailed with her father in a merchantman bound for Cadiz, and their vessel had been attacked the day before by the slaver which, like many of her class, was half pirate.

Aster plundering the ship of all that was valuable, these highwaymen of the sea, compelled her father and such of the crew as remained alive to embark in a small boat without provisions or water, and then left the vessel in a sinking condition. The captain of the slaver however, retained the daughter as his prize, probably acting on the motto of 'beauty and booty,' and had confined her below during the long chase of the British cruiser. After the squall, he descended to the cabin, and when Talbot boarded the brig, threatened to shoot her if she should call for aid or attempt to remove from her position. Undeterred by this menace she was about to cry for help, when he discharged his pistol, but luckily his wounded arm prevented him from aiming with steadiness, and she escaped unhurt. She seemed very grateful to her deliverer, and occasionally, while relating her story, fixed her dark tearful eyes upon him with an expression which should have been reward enough for any man.

We had a fine run to the Brazils, which was our destination, and the poor blacks who all the while thought they were on their way back to Africa, appeared happy and contented. They were about five hundred in number, and little restraint was placed upon them. They were permitted to spend a great part of the day on deck, they had rice in abundance, and their allowance of water was unstinted and regular. Owing to this, very few died on the passage, and most of them were in better condition at the end of the voyage than when they came on board. The crew were in high spirits at the ease with which our cargo had been obtained, and the same unbounded glee would have reigned in the cabin but for the young Spanish lady's grief at her father's loss. Talbot however did all in his power to console and encourage her and she seemed to forget her bereavement when walking the deck and leaning upon the handsome young sailor's arm, or listening to his manly voice as he sung some stirring ballad of the sea.

It was a bright, balmy morning when we came in sight of the tall Sugarloaf which stands at the harbor's mouth of Rio de Janeiro. We had just got near enough to see that small indenture of the coast which forms the entrance to the harbor, when a tantalizing calm succeeded. There we lay floating for a whole day, the mountains bounding our view with their blue and ragged outlines, and no living thing in sight save now and then the royal eagle of Brazil soaring far above us and beating the still air with his adventurous wing, till he became an invisible speck in the sky.

O. P. B.

INGRATITUDE.—People with short memories are necessarily exposed to the vice of ingratitude.

MISCELLANY.

Mountain Scenery.

THERE is something in the wildness and sublimity of mountain scenery, that tends to remind us rather of eternity than decay. The perishable works of man are no where to be seen. No city lies in gloomy ruins, to show the outlines of its faded greatness; no remnant of a sanctuary here stands to show the worship that has passed away. We see no falling record of the glorious deeds of those whose names are learnt in history's page. We stand upon the mountain and we scarcely know that man exists upon the earth. This is not the land where arts have died, or science has been forgot; these rocks never echoed the eloquence of orators or the song of poets: these waters never bore the proud ships of the merchant; the soil never yielded to man the fruits of his industry. It is not here that the finger of time can be recognized. In vain would he set his mark on snows that never fall nor disturb the last dumb form of adamantine ice. In vain he stretches out his hand where the rushing torrent and the wavering waterfall, blest with an eternity of youth, dash on their headlong course, regardless of the blighting power that withers strength, or lulls to rest, the creations and the creatures of mortality. Here, we may pause, and say, that Time has lost his power. Here we may view the faint efforts of Time overthrown in an instant. Changes there are; but the work of an hour has defeated the slow progress of decay. The lightning of the thunder storm, the blowing tempest, the engulfsing flood, the over spreading avalanche, have effaced from the surface of nature, the impress of time, and left naught in the change to remind us of age. Surely, there are scenes in life which seem created to awaken in mankind the recollection, that even time can lose its power. Who will not feel the nothingness of the pleasures, the cares, nay, or even the sorrows of our petty span, when, for a moment, he dwells, with his heart and soul, upon the thoughts of an eternity! Yes, it will sober the gay, it will comfort the grieved. Everett.

Good Luck.

THE following remarkable assertion is made by Lord Exmouth, one of the most famous of the British Admirals:

'I have never known what fortune meant. I never chose my station, and never had a friend but the King's pennant, but I have always gone where I was sent, done what I was ordered; and he who will act upon the same principles, may do as I have.'

Such an idea it would be well to impress upon the young, to animate them to the

exercises of judgment and habits of industry: Dr. Young has somewhere observed,

'Look into those you call unfortunate,
And closer viewed, you'll find they are unwise.'

It is one of the strongest arguments against lotteries, that they tend to beget a dependence upon chance, or fortune, and thus teach men to undervalue industry and skill. Why then should we in all our business transactions, recognize a chance? Why should we continually erect an altar to that unknown God, and refer continually to his gifts all these advantages which are the rewards of industry and virtue, sent in the course of providence by him, 'from whom cometh every good and every perfect gift.'—U. S. Gaz.

Cobbett's Habits.

The late Mr. Cobbett in his diet was extremely frugal and simple, and fastidiously regular in his hours, rising before the sun, and retiring to bed by nine. He used to say, 'no honest man ought to be up later than ten.' Two young gentleman, who attended him as secretaries, alternately rose at about three or four o'clock in the morning to write while he dictated, which he usually did while pacing the room backwards and forwards, paying regard to the punctuation, parenthesis, &c. all in the same breath, so that the matter needed no further correction for the press. He would not permit any alteration in the domestic arrangements during his stay at Landguard, but seemed studious to conform to all existing regulations, good humoredly overruling any proposal to consult his ease or comfort. The room in which he slept looking into the farm yard, his host expressed a fear that he might be disturbed too early in the morning by the noise of the cattle and poultry. Mr. Cobbett quashed the objection by saying, 'he were but a poor farmer who would allow his live stock to be up before him.'—Lowell Jour.

Advantages of Female Conversation.

TALK to women, talk to women as much as you can. This is the best school. This is the way, to gain fluency, because you need not care what you say, and had better not be sensible. They, too, will rally you on many points, and, as they are women you will not be offended. Nothing is of so much importance, and so much use, to a young man entering life, as to be well criticised by women. It is impossible to get rid of those thousand bad habits which we pick up in boyhood without this supervision. Unfortunately you may have no sister. But never be offended if a woman rally you. Encourage her, otherwise you will never be free from your awkwardness or many little oddities, and certainly never learn to dress.

The Rural Repository.

SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1836.

GOING AHEAD.—It cannot be denied that the spirit of enterprise which our citizens have for many years exhibited is continuing at the present moment with increased energy. The old court house is now demolished to the great dissatisfaction of sundry tribes of swallows who claimed a title by occupancy to a fee simple in the belfry, and chimneys thereof—A new and very splendid court house is erected which will be ready for the session of our courts at the April circuit. Upon the site of the old court house the Presbyterian society are about building a church of the Gothic order, upon a handsome and extensive plan, to be finished according to contract some time in November next. The Dutch Reformed congregation are also building a fine edifice for their place of worship, and in addition to these improvements we are informed that the gloomy looking jail in Warren St. is to be transformed into a city hall. The Railroad too will soon begin to add its enlivening and animating influence to the city. Our merchants are awake and stirring. The property of the Hudson Tow-Boat Company has changed hands, and from the skill of its proprietors, and the improvements they have made in their boats, no doubt can be entertained of its future prosperity. Besides this, several of our most wealthy, enterprising, and active capitalists have purchased a new steamboat, the Westchester, which has never been disgraced in trials of speed with the swiftest boats on the river, and with elegant accommodations and in complete order will run twice a week from this city to New-York. They have also established a line of sloops between Hudson & New-York, as well as Albany, admirably combining the advantages of freight and speed, and a steamboat, carrying passengers and freight will also run from here to Albany. We say to our energetic fellow citizens in the language of the West, Go Ahead.

SHIP News.—Ship Helvetia, Capt. Cottle, of Hudson, was spoken 1st Oct. with 1,860 barrels Sperm oil; Martha, Riddle, 20th May, 600 Sperm; Geo. Clinton, Barrett, at Huani, in October, 350.

Letters Containing Remittances.
Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting
the amount of Postage paid.

M. N. B. Moscow, N. Y. \$0.62; L. A. T. Windham, N. Y. \$1.00; I. H. J. Salubris, N. Y. \$2.00; E. B. Coxackle, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Warren, Vt. \$1.00; C. L. Lake, N. Y. \$1.00; E. H. S. Sullivan, N. Y. \$2.00; P. M. South Oxford, N. Y. \$1.00; F. H. U. Perrysburgh, O. \$1.00 P. M. Deerfield, Ma. \$2.00; J. C. Dracut, Ms. \$4.00.

MARRIED.

In this city, on the 10th inst by the Rev. Wm. Thatcher, Mr. Wm. H. Lees, to Miss Lucretia Schryver, of Catskill. On the 1st inst, by the Rev. Geo. H. Fisher, Mr. Charles Bame, Merchant, to Miss Catherine Waggoner, all of this city.

On the 15th inst. by the Rev. Wm. Whittaker, Mr. Abner Hitchcock, of Valatie, to Miss Almira Clark, of Catskill. At Taghkanic, on the 27th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Vedder, Mr. Jacob Conklin, of Copake, to Miss Polly Amelia, daughter of Henry Linck, Esq. of the former place.

At Claverack, on the 5th inst. by the Rev. J. Berger, Mr. Jeremiah Poucher, to Miss Jane Hill, both of Claverack.

At the same place, on the 28th ult. by Ambrose Root, Esq. Mr. Jacob Coons, to Miss Huldah Matilda Bruffinson, both of the above place.

DIED.

In this city, on the 4th inst. at the residence of his son-in-law, W. Rockwell, Mr. Elisha Wells, aged 86 years.

On the 10th inst. Margaret Jenkins, widow of Thomas Jenkins, formerly Mayor of this city, in her 89th year.

On the 14th inst. of a lingering illness, which she bore with Christian fortitude, Mrs. Mary Ann wife of Mr. P. W. Barringer, in the 24th year of her age.

At New-Orleans, La. on the 22nd ult. Mr. Daniel D. Newberry, aged 37 years, late of this city.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository

The Slanderer's Tongue.

The poison of asps is under their lips.—ROM. III. 13.
The Bohon Upas' deadly shade
Spreads death and desolation round,
The coiling serpent's poisoned dart
Inflicts unseen, the mortal wound;
Not so much dreaded Java's tree,
Whose noxious odors round are flung,
Nor hissing serpent's fatal dart,
As the envenomed Slanderer's tongue.

Over Afric's barren deserts wild,
Sirocco's blast sweeps uncontrolled,
And Asia's horrid pestilence
In gloom terrific shrouds the world;
Not so much feared the siroc's blast,
That sweeps the frightful waste along,
Nor Cholera such dread inspires,
As the envenomed Slanderer's Tongue.

MINSTREL OF THE SWAMP.

Hudson, Feb. 1836.

For the Rural Repository.

Melancholy Musings.

Thou friends of Youth, ah! where are they—
And where those happy hours,
Of the sunny ray of Boyhood's day,
And its fair and roseate bowers?
Where are those schemes and projects all,
And where those visions bright—
Are they doomed to fall, at the withering call
Of Time, in eternal night?
But ah! the pleasures, hopes and joys
Of young mind's cloudless day,
Which Youth enjoys, but Time destroys—
Ah! Fancy, where are they?

Their Memory has not yet fled,
But lives through countless years,
And hallows the bed of the sleeping dead,
With affection's tribute of tears. W. A. J.
Hudson, March, 1836.

'THE LAPSE OF YEARS,' by Mrs. Sigourney, is one of that gifted lady's most successful descriptions of some of the scenes of past years. It will come home to the bosoms of many a one now dwelling in 'lofty domes.'

From the Knickerbocker.

The Lapse of Years.

Come to thy native village—for 'tis sweet,
How'er an adept in the world's proud lore,
To turn and trace the simplest elements
Of hope of joy. See, there the favorite brook
That sped the water-wheel, and gaily bore
Thy tiny boat,—and there the broader pool
Whose icy surface lured thee forth, to share
Exciting sport, then winter touched thy cheek
With living crimson. Oft yon hillock marked
Thy hoop's fantastic round—for still thy foot
Was fleetest in the race, and thy clear voice
Rang like a bugle, when the shout pealed high,
—Thou canst not think so many years have fled
Since those good days.

See'st thou yon clamorous band
Hasting to school? Not one of these had touched
Life's threshold, when thy manly arm was strong
To crush the dangers in its pilgrim-path.

Stretch forth thy hand and touch them, if thou needst,
Like sceptic Thomas, such a proof to solve
Thy doubt. Behold that blooming creature, full
Of the sweet grace of perfect womanhood:
Didst thou not take her oftentimes in thine arms,
When scarce a few scant moonshad o'er her rolled?
Perchance, thou mayest remember how the nurse
Would snatch her from thee, for thine uncouth hand
Skilled not to yield her head its full support,
And thy rough whiskered cheek did frighten her.
—Seek'st thou thy playmates? They are hoary men
And matrons bowing 'neath their lot of care—
And some who highest bade the kite aspire,
Have lowest sank to rest. Thou canst not feel,
What a stern robber Time has been to thee;
And yet, methinks, the officious eye might trace
Some silvery tints amid thine own bright hair.
—How silently the autumn's falling leaves
Come drifting through the air. The snow-flake steals
Scarce with a lighter foot. So fleet our years,
And while we dream their greenness still survives,
Amid the remnant of their withered pride,
Our steps make sullen echo.

Yet the sheaf

Looks not with envy towards its tasseled germ,
Nor the ripe peach bemoans its fallen flower;
Why then should man his vanished morn regret?
The day of duty is the day of joy,
Of highest joy, such as the heavens do bless,
So keep perpetual summer in thy soul,
And take the spirit's smile along with thee,
Even to thy winding-sheet.

You lowly roof,—

Thou knowest it well, and yet it seems more low
Than it was wont to seem—for thou has been
A denizen of loftier domes and halls
Meet for the feet of princes. Ask thou not
For father or for mother,—they who made
That humble home so beautiful to thee:
But go thy way, and show to some young heart,
The same deep love,—the same unchanging zeal
Of pure example, pointing to the skies,
That nurtured thee. So shalt thou pay the debt
To Nature's best affections, and to God.

From the New-Yorker.

Death at Sea.

BY MRS. J. H. SCOTT.

We smoothed away the silken hair
From her angelic brow;
We drew above each upturned orb
Its lid, as white as snow:
We gathered slowly on her breast,
Where now the young heart slept,
The folding of her icy shroud,
Then turned aside and wept.

We wept—for our sweet summer bird,
The loving and the free,
Had flown, with all its wildwood songs,
Its thrilling melody:
And we were on the mighty deep;
And well we know how dark;
Without the light of those dear eyes,
Must be our homeward bark.

We thought upon her sunny smile,
Warm as her own pure heart;
Her ringing laugh, which made the gloom
From every face depart:
We thought upon her brow of light,
And her low voice of love:
Alas! that we remembered not
Such only live above!

She had been with us since the first
Frail spring-rose saw the light;
Had blessed with us Spain's brilliant morn,
And fair Italia's night:
And now with 'rapt and yearning soul,
Toward her own home she came,
And yet upon her fond lips dwelt
Each well beloved name.

O, little sister! with the wreath,
Twined for that dear one's hair,
Press now no more thine ear to earth,
To list her coming far;
And thou, lone mother, murmuring oft
'When will my darling come?'—
Know that thy precious flower doth bloom
In a far lovelier home.

We knelt beside the shrouded clay,
We gave the last sad look:
And with scarce beating hearts, our stand
On the still deck we took:
We saw her hallowed form descend
Far down the shelving deep,
With prayers that, in some coral cave.
Peaceful might be her sleep.

Song.

BY MOORE.

As a beam o'er the face
Of the waters may glow
While the tide runs in darkness
And coldness below,
So the cheek may be tinged
With a sweet, sunny smile,
Though the cold heart to ruin
Runs darkly the while.

One fatal remembrance,
One sorrow that throws
Its bleak shadows alike
O'er our joys and our woes,
To which life nothing darker
Or brighter can bring,
For which joy has no balm
And affliction no sting!

Oh! This thought in the midst
Of enjoyment will stay,
Like a dead, leafless branch
In the summer's bright ray;
The beams of the sun
Play round it in vain,
It may smile in his light,
But it blooms not again.

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Of all descriptions, neatly executed, with ink of different colors, on new and handsome type, at the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms, at this office.

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At this Office, a Boy from 12 to 14 years of age, to work by the week.

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Wm. H. Stoddard.

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VOL. XIII.—[III. NEW SERIES.]

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1836.

NO. 22.

SILVER TABLES.

From the Ladies Companion.

The Negro Insurrection.

A TALE OF NEW ORLEANS.

'Ha! this looks well—my spells begin to work, and I shall soon have the satisfaction of separating that cold blooded Northerner from my gentle Natalie.' So spoke Vincent de Bourg, who stood like another satan, exulting over the misery he was creating. The Eden into which this spirit of evil was gazing, was one of those French gardens, a few of which, still remain around New Orleans on the borders of the Mississippi. It appeared a complete bower of orange trees, whose pure white blossoms contrasted with its golden fruit, and deep green glossy leaves, threw an air of richness, beauty, and coolness over the scene. The young Frenchman had made his way into this 'sweet solitary nook,' by removing a piquet of the cypress fence, one of which, the slaves generally contrive to keep loose, as a means of escaping at night to their clandestine excursions. Before him, extended an alley formed by orange trees, whose close foliage was trimmed so as to resemble arches. Beyond this, the glimmering of water was seen through the trees, which flowed in a canal, whose banks were ornamented by vases formed from the small myrtle orange trees, cut with such exactness, as to appear as if chiseled out of green marble.—Himself concealed, Vincent de Bourg gazed thro' the blossomed boughs, up the alley, where stood a bower of multiflora roses, so closely covered with those small pink flowers, as to resemble a rose colored tent, thrown up under the shade of those 'trees of ancient beauty.' There sat a fair young girl, her head reclining on her hand, over which, fell in disorder, her bright chestnut ringlets, while from her large hazel eyes, fixed on vacancy, tears of bitter sorrow were slowly rolling down. She seemed some tender floweret, over which a sudden storm has passed and left it prostrate and crushed. On the other side of the garden, a gay and graceful young Creole girl was coquettishly

smiling, while a young gentleman was placing a bouquet of the scarlet pomegranate flowers in her hair. The house which joined this garden, was built with a shelving roof, that projected so as to form a covering to the piazzas or galleries, that ran all round it.

The plantation of which this was a part, belonged to Monsieur de Lanneville, a French noble, who, during the revolution, fled to New Orleans.—He was a loyal and honorable old man, and even in exile, devoutly attached to his country and the memory of his king. France was his favorite theme, and he listened indignantly, when the wealth, learning or splendor of any other country was mentioned.

'Ah France, my country!' he would exclaim, while tears rolled down his cheeks, 'with thee, fell learning, rank, and splendor! Eh, mon dieu! what glorious days I have seen at the court of the amiable Louis and the peerless Antoinette. She was a lovely creature,' he would add, taking snuff to conceal his agitation. 'Then there was such a thing as rank which raises a man above the *canaille*—there was a splendor, which kept vulgar minds at a distance, and procured the owner the respect which is denied him here in this equalizing country.'

Soon after his arrival at New Orleans, Monsieur de Lanneville married the daughter of a rich Creole planter, and at his death, succeeded to Le Bocage, the plantation on which he now resided. They had many children, who all died young, except one, a daughter. She was the child of their old age, and they almost idolized her.

Celeste de Lanneville was extremely beautiful. Her skin was fair, without a trace of color, which contrasted pleasingly with her glossy black hair and soft dark eyes. Her form and features were molded with the most classic elegance. She was endowed with great talents, and with the assistance of her father, was skilled in many accomplishments. Celeste was indulged to excess by both her parents. Her father brought from France an excellent library, but the passionate feelings and lively imagination of young Celeste, led her to prefer his French

romances, over which she spent many hours: In consequence, she had imbibed so much taste for mystery and intrigue, that her passions, fostered by such culture, had assumed great mastery over her, and would have made her strict mother, could she have read her daughter's heart, tremble for her safety. Conscious of her defects, Celeste had as yet been artful enough to conceal them, and was pronounced by all, a lovely and fascinating girl. The greatest charm which Celeste possessed, was the variety of her manner. At one time, she was all polish and dignity—at another, the archness, the sparkling vivacity of her conversation, chained all listeners to her side, and then again, she touched their hearts by her languishing grace, or the thrilling tenderness which beamed from her soft dark eyes. Woe to him on whose conquest Celeste was bent, for she was a finished coquette, and seldom failed to bring her victim to her feet, only to be scorned again.

The young creature, who sat in the multiflora bower dissolved in grief, was a foundling who had been brought up in the family of Monsieur de Lanneville as a daughter. Many years back, the country had been deluged by a crevasse of the Mississippi, and this child had been found by some slaves in a ruined house, the inhabitants of which had all perished. Nothing was known of the family, except that they spoke English.

The little Natalie, as she was now christened, had ever been a favorite with her adopted parents and sister. If not as brilliantly beautiful as Celeste, the qualities of her heart and mind were far superior. As if the misfortunes of her family had cast an enduring shade over the young Natalie, her mild countenance had assumed a pensive cast, and she had ever a love of deep, musing and solitary communing with herself. This, when not rightly directed, is frequently dangerous to a young and ardent being, but gave a strength and consistency to her mind and principles, they otherwise might not have attained. Although her form was slight, her soul was firm, her resolves high. The attachment of the young foundling to her

adopted parents was great, as it was founded on a grateful sense of their goodness towards her, but the love she bore Celeste, was molded of gratitude, sisterly affection, and a deep admiration of her talents and acquirements, and in her ardent mind, almost assumed the form of adoration. Love in his wanderings to and fro on the earth seeking victims, had not left the foster sisters scathless; each had felt his power.

The family of Vincent de Bourg resided a short distance from Le Bocage, and an intimacy had always been kept up between the two houses. This intimacy ripened into love on the part of Vincent and Celeste, who was then but just fifteen. Their attachment was not pleasing to Monsieur de Lanneville, as De Bourg, was a wild and wilful young man, and there was not a more inveterate gambler in all New Orleans. De Bourg was forbidden the house, but by means of the broken fence, obtained frequent interviews with Celeste in the garden.—These interviews were discovered by Quimbo, a slave, who revealed them to his master. Great was the indignation and grief of Mon. and Mad. de Lanneville, when they learnt their daughter's disobedience. In order to separate her from her lover, they conveyed her to her aunt, Mad. de Clairville, who lived in the summer on the borders of Lake Pontchartrain, and who promised never to lose sight of her by night or day.

The wrath of the young Creole was great, when she learned her separation from her lover was owing to Quimbo, and she vowed to make him suffer deeply for his interference when she returned. Although months had passed over, ere Celeste again saw her home, she did not forget her cruel intentions, but on every occasion caused the poor slave to be severely whipped. One day she was passing the place where the slaves were employed picking cotton.

'Quimbo, you lazy dog,' she said to him, 'why do you not pick faster.'

'Madeinsell,' said the slave grinning, 'Quimbo's heart willing, but his fingers no pick.'

It needed but a small thing to arouse the ire of the irritable Celeste towards him, and in a violent rage, she sent for the overseer, and commanded him to whip Quimbo for insolence towards her.—The overseer was compelled to obey her directions, and she had the satisfaction of seeing the poor slave suffer, while the deep vows of revenge he uttered, were not known to any around, except those slaves who understood the African tongue.

Two years had now rolled away, and the attachment between Celeste and Vincent had ceased. The fire had burnt out, and the fickle Frenchman had already placed his

versatile affections on another. He loved Natalie with all the fervor he once felt for Celeste. His efforts to raise a corresponding feeling in her bosom, were however vain, she even disliked and avoided him, nor was it long before he found a rival in those affections he was so anxious to obtain. During a visit at New Orleans, Natalie had become acquainted with a young man from the Northern states, who had entered into business with a relation of M. de Lanneville. Consequently she saw much of him both there and at Le Bocage and an ardent attachment had sprung up between them.

Her adopted parents were very unwilling to part with her to a Yankee, one whom they had ever looked on with contempt, but as Augustus Warren was a great favorite, and had promised never to take their gentle Natalie to the North, they gave their consent to the union.

Beloved by the one to whom she had surrendered her heart, as the hours of the young Natalie now flew past their wings were gilded with a brighter hue than had been ever shed over them before.—Love, the sweetest flower in life's garland, was woven in hers. Elegant and accomplished, and as high souled as herself, Augustus was all she could wish, and she loved him with all the devotedness a heart like hers could feel.

Great was the rage of Vincent de Bourg, when he learnt the approaching union between Natalie and Augustus Warren. To be scorned for a Yankee! it was too much, and in the depth of his dark, passionate heart, he swore the marriage should never take place. But how to prevent the event? He revolved many a plan in his mind, none of which satisfied him, when the return of Celeste, who had again been visiting her aunt, suggested a refined vengeance, which he immediately proceeded to put in execution. This was to induce the lovely Celeste to use all her fascinations to lure him from Natalie, 'then when deserted by her lover,' he said, 'I think *la petite* will repent in bitterness of soul, she ever bestowed her love on such a worthless object.'

Let me once behold that countenance, which is ever decked in smiles for my hated rival, clouded with hopeless sorrow, and I shall be happy. But Warren, shall he go scathless, and live in happiness with the beauteous Celeste? No, no, he has wronged me and shall feel my power. But of that in future.'

The plotting Frenchman found a ready agent in Celeste. Her admiration for the young Northerner was extreme, for he was very different from the generality of her admirers, and novelty gave a zest to the conquest. Accordingly, every art and every charm of the fascinating Creole, were arrayed against the heart of Warren. The affection she felt for her adopted sister, brought some

little remorse for her intended treachery, for although Celeste was artful and unprincipled, her heart was not totally devoid of good feeling. Her love of admiration, however, was too deeply rooted, and when added to this, her passions became engaged, she no longer hesitated.

'Natalie cannot love as I love,' she said 'she is a native of a colder clime, and feels not the fervor which animates our Southern bosoms. She will soon recover from her lover's desertion, and be happy with another, while I—I cannot, will not live unless I can obtain the love of Augustus. But why do I doubt, who ever withheld the power of my fascinations where I have deigned to bestow my attention. Augustus! the cold Natalie is unworthy of you, and you shall be mine, if beauty and art can win you.'

Augustus Warren was a great admirer of beauty and female accomplishments, and as Celeste possessed these in a greater degree than her foster sister, he was often attracted to her side. Natalie was rather reserved, while the vivacity of Celeste and her *spirituelle* conversation, interested him strongly. His feelings were not very deeply seated, so that Celeste already fancied she had gained an interest in his heart, and she should soon behold him at her feet.

One afternoon, as Bastienne, Qumbo's wife, was working in the field, her husband ran up to her in the greatest agitation. 'Come quick behind the sugar house,' he said. Bastienne followed her husband to the appointed place, which was secluded from all.

'Well, Quimbo, what de matter wid you,' she asked, 'by guu! you look so, you scarey me.'

'They seek me to whip me,' he said in African, 'but Quimbo have whip enough, he never stay here more.'

'Whip you?'

'That daughter of the devil, Mansell Celeste, sent me to the overseer to have me whipped, but I slipped away from Scipion, and now will fly to the swamp. But I will have my revenge.'

Bastienne, who had sat on the ground stupefied with grief at the idea of Quimbo's departure, now started up. 'Revenge!' she exclaimed.

'Yes, I go to rouse the slaves on all the plantations, they are very ready to rise. We shall be free, Bastienne! No more work—no more whip—our wives shall dress in the white ladies' finery, and they shall work for the hated Negro. But bark!—they come.'

With a bound he cleared the enclosure, and before his pursuers could overtake him, had gained that impervious mass of swamps and forests which extended along the Mississippi, leaving but small space between it and the river, to the cultivator.—This dreary

region was inhabited but by snakes and alligators, and only accessible to the Negroes and Indians, who crawl along on the roots of the trees. Convinced that all hope of securing the runaway was in vain, the chase was abandoned with curses, loud and deep.

' Methinks, fair Celeste,' said De Bourg, one day, ' you advance but slowly in your intended conquest—you find Natalie too powerful to contend with.'

' Indeed, Monsieur, I fear her not.'

' You have secured your victim then.'

' Almost.'

' Only almost? ah, Mademoiselle, I fear you are doomed to meet with a failure here.'

Stung by these assertions, Céleste redoubled her efforts to rivet the chain she was fast throwing around young Warren. Her proud heart was forced to admit the humbling thought, that however devoted he might be to her in the absence of Natalie, yet when she appeared, he returned to her side. Whether a sense of duty led him, she knew not, but began to fear, should he return her love, honor would forbid him to declare it. After much musing, an idea occurred to her, which none but a heart seared by selfishness, and from which an ardent love of admiration had excluded every nobler sentiment, could have imagined. This was to work on the feelings of the generous Natalie, and make the gratitude and devoted friendship she felt towards Céleste, induce her to renounce Augustus, and do all in her power to influence him to transfer his affections to Céleste. Her plans formed, the brilliant Céleste was seen to droop—her spirits were fled—the charming vivacity which delighted all, was gone. She refused all invitations to the balls at the neighboring plantations, and spent her time in her room or in the garden, alone.—The good Mons. and Mad. de Lanneville, were very much distressed, and prescribed numerous medicines, but still Céleste was the same. A deep melancholy came over her, and it seemed as if she would never smile again. Poor Natalie's heart was almost broken when she saw this sad change in her beloved sister. One day Natalie saw her walk slowly in the garden. She followed her, saw her enter the multiflora bower, and throwing herself down on the mossy floor, seemed to abandon herself to gloomy contemplation. Natalie stood gazing on her sorrowing friend, and the deep sigh she heaved aroused Céleste. Starting up, she seated herself and throwing her arms on the table before her, leaned her head on them, in moody silence.

' Oh Céleste!' said Natalie taking her hand, ' why will you not trust me with the cause of your secret sorrow?'

' Tell you!' said Céleste, drawing away her hand, ' oh, I would tell the whole world, rather than you.'

' What!—have I any thing to do with the grief which thus preys on you?'

' Urge me no more,' said Celeste, bursting into tears, ' I never will disclose to human being the cause of that anguish which is fast dragging me to the grave. Yes, dearest Natalie, I am dying—I feel I shall not live to see another summer.'

Natalie sank on the seat beside her friend, and throwing her arms around her, wept bitterly. ' Oh what will become of me—what will become of your dear parents if we lose our beloved Celeste?'

' I must die—I will die,' said the young Creole gloomily, ' unless—but no, no!—you would not, could not do it—I must not think of it,' and seizing both of Natalie's hands she gazed wildly up in her face.

' Would not!—can I save my friend, my sister, from sorrow or perhaps death, and you doubt my willingness!—oh, Celeste!'

' Forgive me, my own Natalie, I know your heart, you would save me—but this sacrifice I fear is too great—I cannot ask it.'

' Celeste, my sister, tell me at once what I can do to sooth your wretchedness, and by all the kindness and friendship you have shown to me, a poor orphan, were it at the risk of my life's blood, I would do it.'

Céleste threw herself on her knees before the bewildered girl, and seizing both her hands said passionately, ' Natalie, I love your Augustus!—to distraction—to death—give him to me—tell him you no longer love him—if you renounce him, he will be mine!'

Natalie's breath stopped—she gazed long and wild in the face of her cruel foster sister, then fell insensible on the ground at her feet. Céleste started up and gazed on her in horror. ' Have I killed her,' she said, ' can the cold Natalie feel so deeply?'

Overcome with terror, she ran to the canal, and bringing water in a plantain-leaf, bathed her forehead. When Natalie began to recover, Céleste's remorse had fled, and she still pursued her relentless plan.

' Alas! sweet Natalie, I was selfish when I asked you thus to sacrifice yourself for me. When I am gone, you will be a daughter to my parents, and endeavor to sooth their regret for their lost Céleste. Life, to me, is a desert, without Augustus, and I am resolved not to live longer in this constant misery.' Natalie did not answer. Céleste arose to go.

' Forgive me Mademoiselle Natalie for trying your feelings thus. I never should have disclosed the cause of my sorrow to you, had you not vowed you would die to serve me. But I have heard those words before,' she added coldly, ' they are easily said.'

When she had departed, Natalie clasping her hands, said in a tone of anguish, ' die for her?—oh that were easy, but resign every

hope of happiness and live!—that I cannot do. Renounce Augustus! no, no!—nothing shall ever induce me to do this. ' Ah, selfish Natalie! is this your friendship, have you so often vowed to devote your whole life to the happiness of your benefactors, and do you shrink on the first trial? Shall the beautiful Céleste, the pride of her friends, fade and die, when you, the child of her bounty, can save her. Her mourning parents will soon

follow their idolized daughter to the grave, while you, will you be happy even with Augustus, if this happiness was procured by the misery or death of my friends, my benefactors. And what if Natalie die? She will be mourned, but not with the heart breaking grief the death of Céleste de Lanneville would occasion.—Augustus will marry Céleste, and happy in each other, they will only remember Natalie in gentle sadness and gratitude. But I might live—can I resolve to devote myself to years of sorrow—and now that I know the deep happiness of being beloved, must tear it from my heart? Selfish friend that I am!

Yes, Céleste, those words are easily said, but all I have promised, I will perform.'

The humble Natalie did not imagine any difficulty in inducing Augustus to transfer his affections, as her partial fondness for Céleste saw in her irresistible attractions. She had perceived the great admiration he felt for her, and had heard Vincent say, if young Warren had seen Céleste first his heart would have been hers, as she was more suited to him than the sounding Natalie.—As these reflections passed through the mind of the young orphan, she sat, her face covered with her hands, and buried among the multiflora roses weeping, as if her gentle heart would break. She was yet too young to be a stoic, but after the first burst of natural feeling, her heart resumed its fortitude. With a deep sigh, she resolved to withdraw herself gradually from the society of Augustus, and thus leave Céleste mistress of the field, and if she found Céleste was succeeding in gaining the hearts of Warren, assign some reason for breaking their engagement.

' Alas, I shall act with duplicity, but if I do it to secure the happiness of her, who has been always as a kind sister to me, I trust heaven will forgive me.'

When Natalie returned to the house, she heard that Céleste had been taken very ill, and all the family were assembled around her in the greatest anguish. Natalie approached the bed, on which was laid the apparently dying Céleste, and leaning over her, whispered—

' Céleste, I have vowed to do all you would wish. Live for Augustus—he shall be yours if it lie in my power.'

Céleste clasped her arms around the neck of her generous friend, calling her, her guar-

dian angel, her preserver, and kissed and embraced her so tenderly, that Natalie felt almost repaid for the sacrifice she had made.

From that moment, the beloved and beautiful Celeste rapidly recovered. Her quiet had in some measure fled, for with all her art, she could not forget her happiness was purchased at the expense of that of the unrepining Natalie. To none, the recovery of Celeste seemed to bring more pleasure, than to Augustus. That truth was brought forcibly to the heart of the unhappy Natalie while sitting as before mentioned, in the multiflora bower alone. She gazed through the roses on Celeste and Augustus, while he was placing the pomegranate flowers in her hair.

'Ah, how he seems to admire her,' she sighed, 'and well he may, for she is indeed a peerless creature, much more worthy of his love than the uncultivated Natalie.'

Vincent de Bourg, in the meanwhile, gazed with a fiendish pleasure on her sorrow, from his concealment among the oranges.

Now that Natalie had made her decision, she pursued her path unswervingly. She refused all invitations, preferring, as she said to stay at home alone, and avoid Augustus with the greatest care.

One cool evening, Madame de Lanneville proposed making a call on her neighbor, Madame de Bourg. Every one assented except Natalie, but the old lady would not excuse her, so that she was forced to go with them.

'I think, Celeste,' said Natalie, 'I will ride in the carriage with you and your parents, as the sun is not quite down.'

'And let me drive alone?' said Augustus, 'you are cruel, in thus dooming me to a solitary ride.'

'I will go with you,' said Celeste good naturedly, 'if mama will permit me.'

'I prefer you should go with me, *ma chere*.'

Celeste kissed her mother's cheek, and said laughingly, 'now you must let me go mother, you know I have to ride in that old ark.'

Without waiting for an answer, she gave her hand to the pleased Augustus and sprang in his tilbury, smiling and kissing her hand as she drove away, while Natalie sank down in a dark corner of the carriage, covered her face with her veil, to hide her despair from all eyes.

'I wonder,' said Celeste, what can induce Natalie to prefer riding in the carriage in preference to going with you. I would at any time brave the sun to enjoy the society of an agreeable companion.'

This was said in such an apparently artless manner, and her fine eyes were fixed in such evident admiration on the flattered Augustus, that he forgot Natalie's coldness, and gave

himself up to the luxury of being esteemed and admired by so lovely a being as the young Creole.

The party were warmly welcomed by Mad. de Bourg, the elder, who was sitting in the gallery when they arrived, enclosed in a cage of gauze to protect her from the musketoes. She seized them all, and gave them a hearty kiss on each cheek, then gave them over to the remainder of her family, who now came out, except Monsieur de Lanneville, who she seated by her side, and they were soon busily engaged exchanging civilities and snuff, and talking of *la belle France*, which was the old lady's native country. Music was now proposed, and after Vincent had performed on the violincello, and his sister Madelou on the guitar, Augustus asked Natalie to sing. She quietly refused singing that evening. A little piqued, for she had often refused him lately, he turned to Celeste, who all smiles and good nature, took her seat at the harp.

'How beautiful she looks,' sighed Natalie. Her perfect form, small foot, and soft white hand, were displayed to advantage at the harp, and she sang with so much taste and sweetness, the poor Natalie saw Augustus was touched to the soul. 'But it is as it should be,' she continued, 'the accomplished and beautiful Mademoiselle de Lanneville is alone worthy of him. And she looks so happy! oh, dearest Celeste! gladly will I appear capricious, stupid, any thing rather than see that bright brow clouded again.'

'Come, can we not get up a dace,' said Vincent, 'Mademoiselle Celeste, may I lead you to the piano.'

'No, no,' said Madame de Bourg, 'let Mademoiselle dance, we will send for Pero with his bonjo, and Jacot with his violin.'

They accordingly made their appearance, their black faces shining with pleasure at the idea of playing for the ladies. Monsieur de Lanneville handed out old Madame de Bourg, who, although nearly eighty, tripped about as lightly as any one. Augustus after being refused by Natalie, danced with Celeste, who, all grace and loveliness, kept the eyes of the charmed young Northerner on her alone.

'Celeste, do you know what is the matter with Natalie?' asked Augustus, 'she avoids me continually, and seems to prefer the company of de Bourg to mine. She looks so pale and sad, I fear I have done something to displease her—her conduct puzzles me.'

'Ah, if I dared tell you—yet you ought by all means, to know it, as it may alter your views towards her.'

'What can you mean?'

'Perhaps I am wrong, but I feel so much interest for you, I must tell you. Poor Natalie has for many years been attached to Vincent de Bourg, but as he is so dissipated,

my father would not consent to her union, and insisted on her acceptance of yourself instead. It was a great effort for her to do this, and indeed I can scarcely justify her—however she seems so miserable that I pity her much.'

Augustus was greatly shocked. Although his senses were captivated by the beautiful Celeste, his heart would have been Natalie's. The idea that she, he had loved so well, had never returned his affection, would have made him wretched, were he not so indignant at her deceit. But when he turned to Celeste, and saw her soft dark eye fixed on him with so much tenderness and anxiety, he felt that here was one who would not deceive. In her he should find love and truth. But why detail all the art employed to gain the heart of Augustus from the unresisting Natalie. Alas! he is not the only one who has been flattered and dazzled, and softened, until his heart has surrendered to the enchantment he had not firmness to break. He still would have loved Natalie, but she had deserted him, and when he thought on her conduct—the pure attachment he supposed Celeste felt for him, produced such pleasant reflections, and was so soothing to his wounded vanity, that he believed he loved the fair Creole, as well as he once had loved her foster sister. That evening he left the house, Celeste's accepted lover. He would have written to Natalie giving her, her liberty, but this Celeste forbade, begging him not to mention to Natalie to de Bourg, as she would be displeased with Celeste, for betraying her confidence.

'Leave it to me,' she said, 'I will manage this affair.'

Celeste managed so well, that the next day, Augustus received a letter from Natalie severing the ties between them, absolving him from all vows or engagements to her. Augustus folded it up with a sigh. 'Can this be true,' was all the affection Natalie expressed from me, deceit? Yes, I must believe it. It was a pleasant dream but 'tis past.'

Great was the astonishment of Monsieur and Madame de Lanneville, when they learned the new course affairs had taken. The good old couple raised their hands and eyes and uttered many a *mon dieu!* and declared no such things were done in their country. 'But what can we expect of Americans?' they said, shrugging up their shoulders, 'those who have thrown off loyalty to their king, will always be found wanting in fealty to their love.'

Agreeable to the instructions of Celeste, Augustus had not mentioned the name of de Bourg, merely stating the engagement subsisting between himself and Natalie had been broken off by mutual consent.

'Mon dieu! but you are odd children,' said the old man.

Augustus found it rather more difficult to gain her father's consent to his engagement with Celeste, than it had been when he asked for Natalie. He was not a Catholic, which was a very great objection, but he was already considered as a son, and possessed of great wealth which all weighed with the old gentleman. Moreover, the heart of their darling Celeste was deeply interested, as had been proved by her late illness—added to this, was his promise of permitting his children to be brought up as Catholics, which influenced the mother, so that after much hesitation, and tears, and sighs, the lovers were allowed to look forward to a speedy union.

[To be Continued.]

For the Rural Repository.

My Adventures.

PART V.

THE ship was brought to an anchor in the harbor amid a fleet of bumboats which are always ready to surround a vessel ere she is moored, laden with cocoanuts, bananas, pine apples, oranges, melons, yams and fresh grub of every description. I shall pass over the particulars connected with the landing and sale of our cargo, except saying in the technical language of the slaves, that the ebony, from its excellent condition, fetched over two hundred and fifty dollars a log. And when the reader recollects this, he may estimate the force of the temptation which induces men to embark in this unholy traffic. This part of his business accomplished, Captain Talbot next turned his attention to the disposal of his fair young charge. She had no relatives nor even acquaintances in Rio, and though a handsome girl of sixteen was not a disagreeable incumbrance, the captain resolved to facilitate her return to her home by every means in his power. He accordingly conveyed her to the house of an English gentleman, his uncle, who with his lady and family resided some miles from the city on one of the fairy like islands which abound in this lovely harbor, and who readily undertook her temporary guardianship till she could find an opportunity of embarking for Cadiz.

It was with a gay heart I sprang into the first boat which left our ship after the disposal of her passengers. Rio is well protected by the numerous fortresses which occupy commanding positions on all the hills and islands about it, though some of them seemed at that time in a rainous condition, having probably suffered during the commotions which prevailed in Brazil a little while previous to the period of our visit. My first impression upon stepping on the quay was one which the visitor of South American cities

will uniformly experience, and is produced by the confused jumble of lordly houses and contemptible huts, splendid squares and gardens, and yet, in their vicinity, lanes of miserable hovels, which immediately strike the eye. My next thought was that I had never met any where such a multitude of that class of mortals who are known by the venerabile nomen of loafers as throng the streets of Rio. At every corner were groups of ragged wretches, men, women, and children, some bloated with debauchery, and others festering with disease. In fact the city wore the aspect of a large hospital, so numerous were the herds of black, white, yellow and lepros paupers whom we constantly encountered. The streets too are abominably narrow, and though possessing more regularity than those of Havana, cannot boast of any superiority in the article of cleanliness. Most of the houses are no more than two stories in height as is the case in the generality of southern cities. The palaces, churches, and other public buildings are built in a showy and imposing style. In the course of our walk Talbot met many old acquaintances, and indeed there seemed to be no lack of our countrymen or of Englishmen. Some were doing business here on an extensive scale, others were masters of vessels, and lounging round in the different squares and places of public resort, with that independent, 'at home' air, by which you know the sailor in any part of the world. Others still were persons of leisure or officers in the service. Where, I may ask, will you not meet the Yankee? Do you make your bed beneath the waters? He is there in his diving bell! Do you go up into Heaven? He is there in his balloon! Do you take the wings of the morning and visit the uttermost parts of the earth. Again you find him now prying into the gates of Canton, then chasing the whale amid acres of floating ice, here building ships for the Grand Turk, there mounted on a fleet camel, as much at home in the caravan which crosses the desert, as if among his own New England hills.

There are in Rio many beautiful gardens and public promenades ornamented with lofty trees and elegant fountains, and commanding wide and charming prospects. Here both citizens and strangers may escape from the filthy streets and the rabble which infests them. In these resorts we had sometimes an opportunity of seeing the ladies, as their carriages darted by us, and though our view was necessarily imperfect, I am obliged to say that their eyes were much brighter than their complexions. This city has one point of difference from Havana which is not at all agreeable. You miss at once the princely and luxurious cafes, those delightful lounging places which do such credit to the capital of Cuba. Neither is there any thing

like a tolerable substitute for them. Not but that there are enough houses, professedly places of entertainment, where a man may eat bad beef, and drink villainous compounds, where he may try to sleep and be stabbed by musketeers, crawled over by huge spiders, and assaulted with an intent to kill, by monstrous bats. But they have nothing that can compare with the palace like retreats of the Havana. However, with the delicious fruits of the tropics before him, no one ought to complain of other inconveniences.

After visiting the principal museum, entering the churches, and staring at the pictures and the priests, we took a drive in a calesa to a sort of ferry from which we crossed to one of the smallest but fairest islands of the harbor. Here we were received by Mr. Jarvis, the uncle of Captain Talbot, with that frank and cordial hospitality which is so delightful when extended to a wanderer in a foreign land. The residence of this gentleman could scarcely be dignified with the title of country seat. It was a pretty little cottage, built on a bank that was mirrored in the placid waters of the bay, and almost hid by the orange and lime trees which surrounded it. Attached to it was a garden adorned with flowers of every rich and varied hue, with whose fragrance the air was redolent, and echoing to the music of birds of the most gorgeous plumage. Above the plantain trees extended their broad and sheltering leaves. At the border of the garden a brook, bright as silver, gurgled down a declivity, singing as it bounded over its pebbly path, and sprinkling its tiny spray upon the roses that decorated its margin. From a neighboring eminence there was a noble view of the city with its churches and palaces, the bay spreading out like a wide river with its countless ships under sail and at anchor, the many surrounding islands with their villas and shrubbery, the convent and fort clad hills, the green and far spreading forests, and in the back ground the mountains, embosoming their wooded summits in the clouds, and curtaining the sky, some fresh and blooming with verdure, and others, like the barren Sugarloaf, pyramids of naked rock strangely and strikingly contrasting with the Eden like loveliness and fertility of all else around. Such a scene falls upon the eye with an exhilarating novelty which none enjoys more than the tired wayfarer of the sea when he is suddenly ushered from the desolate ocean into the midst of a diversified and enchanting landscape.

In this sylvan spot, amid the kindnesses and endearments of an amiable family, a week or more flitted rapidly, too rapidly by. Sad and true it is that Time never seems more disposed to hurry than when his path leads through the few pleasant tracks of life. During this period I occasionally revisited

the city, though I found it somewhat difficult to obtain the company of Talbot, who appeared to have become suddenly enamored of female society, and occupied himself principally in teaching the young Spanish lady to speak English. In one excursion however, and it was the last we took before sailing, he was my companion. We were passing through one of the narrowest streets of the city, when Talbot stopped opposite a gloomy looking building, which it needed no second glance to discover was one of the crowded jails which are no where more requisite than in Rio. It was built of stone, and only to be distinguished from its neighbors by the iron bars of the windows, and the absence of the balconies which ornament the fronts of southern houses. A few soldiers were loitering about it, perhaps the guard, but their slouching shoulders, and unsteady gait showed any thing but a military corps. We crossed the street upon a narrow plank, which had been thrown as a kind of bridge over the marsh which heavy rains had formed. A confusion of tongues came from within, which might have vied with that of Babel, shouts and curses in every language, and amidst it all, amid all the gloom and horrors of that place there were sounds of revelry, peals of laughter mingled with the clattering of chains. As Talbot gazed at the few faces which were visible at the grates he started as if electrified and suddenly exclaiming, 'Its Ballez, by G——,' was making his way to the window, when one of the soldiers advanced towards him, and with an earnest gesture of his hand, and a voluble outpouring of oaths in Portuguese, forbade him to approach. A trifling *douceur* however silenced the clamor of the sentry, and Talbot soon found himself in the interior of the prison. It was indeed his old commander Ballez whose altered visage he had discovered, but who failed to recognize his former shipmate in return. The jailer soon told Talbot his melancholy story. For some crime, the exact nature of which I did not learn, Ballez had been cast into prison, and for three years was immured in a solitary cell. At the end of that period he was occasionally permitted to come forth, breathe the fresh air in the hall below, and mingle with his fellow prisoners, but this was tardy mercy. The adventurous spirit that had first led him to spurn the tame scenes of his quiet home and seek excitement in a perilous profession would have scorned death, but pined away and broke under the kind of punishment to which it was now subjected. Day after day, month after month and no human voice reached his ears. His only relief was in climbing to his grated windows and gazing at the distant sea, with its waves chasing each other freely on, the sea that he had sailed so often, that he might never sail more.—Reason

forsook him and Talbot could scarcely realize that the chivalrous and daring Ballez, that model of strength and manly beauty stood before him in the wretched lunatic whom he now saw, the long beard hanging from his unshaved lip, the hair tangled, matted and prematurely grey, and the eye red and unsettled with insanity.

Can any punishment be imagined more horrible than solitary confinement? What must be the sensations of the poor wretch as the ponderous door is slowly closed upon him, and bolt after bolt echoes in his ear the hopelessness of escape. The light of the sun that 'shines for all' reaches him not, except in a dim, struggling and discolored ray, scarcely vivid enough to shew him the horrors of his narrow and lonely dungeon. Sympathy, the best medicine of the diseased mind, is denied him. There are none to talk with him, none to whisper words of hope and consolation, none to hear the tale of his crime and penitence. Remorse and Despair, the two chief scorpions of Hell, madden him with their poisonous stings—

'Alas! what damned minutes tell he o'er!'

After returning from the prison, Talbot wrote a note to Mr. Butler and directed me to go on board the Traveler and deliver it as soon as possible. I did so accordingly, and that worthy gentleman seemed in great agitation at its contents, and for some time paced the deck with a face almost as long as his body. At length he ordered one of the boats to be manned, and told me to see that it returned to the ship if Captain Talbot was not ready to come off at twelve o'clock. It was quite dark before we gained the quay and we lay alongside of it nearly two hours, when I was aroused from a doze by the alarm of fire.—There was a great tumult in the streets and but a short distance from us, a red column of mingled fire and smoke was towering above the roofs of the houses, and illuminating the neighboring part of the city with its dusky glare. Leaving the boat, I hastened with the crowd to the spot, and on getting as near as possible, saw that the old jail which we had visited in the morning was all in flames. The street was choked up with spectators, and I could not perceive that any efforts were yet making to extinguish the fire. The prisoners shouted loudly for help, and as they thronged to the windows, gazing out with starting eyeballs and features haggard with vice and terror, every lineament visible, by the bright blaze, as it quivered with agony, now beating impotently at the bars, now shrieking desperately for relief, the scene was no unfaithful miniature of that prison in a still more tropical climate, where I hope neither my readers nor myself will ever be compelled to take up our quarters. At this moment the trumpets and clattering hoofs of a

company of cavalry added fresh excitement to the general uproar, and down they came, charging at full gallop through the narrow avenue and trampling, cutting and running over the mob which impeded their progress. The troop halted before the prison, and having posted some of his men near the entrance, their commander resolutely led the remainder within for the purpose of securing the prisoners. Scarcely however had they entered when a loud crash succeeded like a falling wall, and the troopers reappeared borne back by a tide of demon looking beings among whom I recognized the lunatic Ballez, emerging from the flames and ruins, and fearlessly rushing on the drawn swords and pistols of the soldiers. A short, sharp strife followed, and the escape of the prisoners, unarmed as they were, seemed impossible, when the shrill sound of a boatswain's whistle rose above the clamor of the fight, and a compact body of about fifty Herculean fellows, who notwithstanding their high crowned grass hats I thought were old acquaintances, bore down upon both parties like an avalanche. Soldiers and prisoners alike were swept away before that irresistible rush, and as I could perceive no evident utility in remaining any longer a spectator, I imitated the rest of the mob, and incontinently took to my heels.

I had not long regained the boat when Captain Talbot arrived, having in his company the liberated Ballez. I at once concluded that the Captain and his dutiful subjects of the Traveler had been the principal agents in the fire, and in the enfranchisement of the Spanish commander. At all events we shoved off with wonderful celerity, and the quick, low order of 'Give way, men,' was delivered with an energy that made the crew bend to their oars, and the boat darted like an arrow over the waters of the bay. I supposed that preparations would be immediately made for putting to sea, but Talbot was too old a sailor to be in a hurry about any thing. Several more days elapsed and the ship continued at her anchorage, suspicion as is usual having fallen every where but in the right direction. Having passed this period at the house of Mr. Jarvis, we at length and with reluctance bade him adieu. As we left the island a number of ragged boys amused themselves with throwing stones at us. They were all of them little yellow complexioned rascals except one, whose bright cheek and curling locks bespoke him a son of the north, and presented a strong contrast to the dingy faces of his companions. Poor fellow! how I pitied him! He looked like a two shilling piece amongst a handful of coppers. O. P. B.

Starve to be either agreeable or useful; thus only is it that the world can be gained.

MISCELLANY.

From the Farmer's Reporter.

Mozart.

It happened that Mozart was sitting one fine morning in his bed, his writing before him, when his young wife entered to inform him that a very unmusical being, the butcher, was down stairs with his bill. Mozart, who had been some time composing one of his greatest operas, the immortal Cleminza di Tito, was just arranging in his fancy, one of the most beautiful airs. He neither heard nor saw his wife. She, a lovely kind soul of rather practical views, who had been shortly before married to the young artist, stood waiting for a while, repeating her information; but no answer followed her words. Seizing the young artist by the elbow, she began to repeat the butcher's account. Mozart was writing without intermission: he feeling his arm touched, and hearing sounds whose tenor seemed not to correspond with the harmonious notes of his soul, he shut his ears with his left hand, writing with the right as quickly as the notes could be scribbled. A second shake of his wife followed; Mozart, growing impetuous, seized his walking stick, and his wife alarmed at so strange an intimation hastened to the door. The whole had passed without Mozart being in the least conscious of it. She ran down stairs with tears in her eyes, telling the butcher that her husband could not be spoken to, and that he must come another time. But the man of blood was not easily to be daunted—he must have his bill settled and speak with M. himself—or he would not send another ounce of meat. He ascended the stairs. Mozart, distinctly conscious that something had passed in his presence, had continued pouring the effusions of his phantasy on paper, when the heavy footsteps ascended the hall. His stick was still in his hand. Without turning his eyes from the scrap, he held the stick against the door to keep out the intruders. But the steps were approaching.—Mozart more anxious, hurried as fast as he could, when a rap at the door demanded permission to enter. The affrighted composer cast a fugitive glance at the stick: it was too short.—With an anxiety bordering on phrensy, he looked around his room, and a pole behind a curtain caught his eye; this he seized, holding with all his might against the door—writing like fury all the while. The knob was turned, and the pole withstood the first effort. A pause succeeded: words were heard on the staircase, and the intruders renewed their efforts a second time. The strength of the composer seemed to increase with his anxiety. Large drops of perspiration stood on his forehead. Steaming the pole against the

left breast, with the force of despair he still kept out his visitors—he succeeded but for a moment; it was a precious moment—the delightful air was poured on the paper; it was saved!

Such had been the anxiety, fear and despair of the composer, so intense his feelings, that his bodily strength was not equal to stand the powerful efforts of his soul. Scarcely were his effusions arranged, when his strength left him—the pole dropped from his hands, and he fell back on his pillow exhausted. The door opened, and his wife with the formidable butcher entered. Pale, unconscious of every thing, the son of Euterpe lay on his bed, his forehead bathed in cold sweat. The wife, terror struck at the sight, rushed to her beloved husband; she raised his forehead—embraced him—when his eyes opened, and looking around with surprise, they fell upon the invaluable seraph still before him.

'Mr. Mozart,' said the butcher.

'Halt, halt,' cried the composer, seizing the manuscript and leaping at the same time out of bed, and hurrying towards the piano-forte. Down he sat, and the most delightful air that was ever heard, resounded from the instrument. The eyes of his wife, and even of the butcher began to moisten. Mozart finished the tune, rose again, and running to his writing desk he filled out what was wanting.

'Well, Mr. Mozart,' said the butcher when the artist had finished, 'you know I am to marry.' 'No, I do not,' said M. who had somewhat recovered from his musical trance. 'Well then, you know it now, and you also know that you owe me money for meat.' 'I do,' said M. with a sigh. 'Never mind,' said the man, under whose blood stained coat beat a feeling heart, 'just make a fine waltz for my marriage ball, and I will cancel the debt, and let you have meat for a whole year to come.' 'It is a bargain,' cried the lively and gilded M. And down he sat, and a waltz was elicited from the instrument: such a waltz as never before had set the dance loving butcher's feet in motion. 'Meat for one year, did I say?' exclaimed the enraptured tradesman; 'no, one hundred ducats you shall have for this waltz; but I want it with trumpets, and hornpipes, and fiddles—you know best—and soon too.' 'You shall have it so,' said M. who scarcely trusted his ears, 'and in one hour you may send for it.'

The liberal minded butcher retired. In an hour the waltz was set in full orchestra music.—The butcher had returned, delighted with the music, and M. with his hundred ducats—a sum more splendid than he ever received from the emperor (of Germany.) for the greatest of his operas.

It is to this incident the lovers of harmony are indebted for one of the most charming

trifles, the celebrated oxen waltz, a piece of music still unrivaled.

Habit.

HABIT, sooner or later, makes every thing tolerable, and even necessary. Privation in this way becomes more agreeable than enjoyment, and pain itself an indispensable excitement. The sufferer under a chronic disease endures more in one hour, than a man in health in a week; but he is not necessarily more unhappy. Suffering is with him a substitute for action, and were he suddenly cured, he would feel ennui till he had substituted effect, in itself painful, in its place. The old tenant in the Bastile lamented his restoration to light. The epicure compelled by ill health to give up the pleasures of the table, finds, after a certain time, his simple diet becomes as agreeable to him as his precious luxury. We can accustom ourselves to anything even to idleness, which is the hardest lesson of all.

THE DOUBLE DEALER.—At a small place near Devizes a publican reared an opposition sign to that of the original 'house of entertainment' of the village, and called it the 'Two Bears.' The landlord of the original house, passing the rival establishment one day, and seeing the master standing at his door, begged to be introduced to his partner. 'Partner!' said he, 'I have no partner; I am on my own account.' Then more shame for you,' retorted the other, 'to set up business under the sign of the "two bears," when there is only one of you.'

Letters Containing Remittances,
Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting
the amount of Postage paid.

M. L. Clermont, N. Y. \$2.00; P. M. Adamsville, N. Y. \$3.00; H. B. Erieville, N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. Brainard's Bridge, N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. Salisbury Center, N. Y. \$3.00; A. J. F. Ann Arbor, M. T. \$1.00; J. P. H. M'Donough, N. Y. \$1.00; J. W. P. Hillside, N. Y. \$1.00; M. Q. Coxeckle, N. Y. \$1.00; J. J. S. Ticonderoga, N. Y. \$5.00; J. H. H. Richfield, O. \$2.00; J. E. H. Powelton, Ga. \$1.00.

MARRIED.

At Claverack, on the 5th ult. by the Rev. Richard Slyter, Mr. Barrick Cook, of Dutchess co. to Miss Rebecca Link, of the former place.

At Livingston, on the 15th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Van Waggonen, Mr. Samuel S. Ten Broeck, to Miss Maria daughter of Samuel Parks, esq. all of the above place.

At Chatham, on the 10th ult. by the Rev. J. Berger, Mr. William Wiesner, Jr. of Glenco, to Miss Hannah Watson, of the former place.

At Ghent, on the 27th of Feb. last, by the same, Mr. David B. Castle of Stockport, to Miss Betsey Groat, of the former place.

At Ghent, on the 19th ult. by the same, Mr. John Pulver, to Miss Lovina, daughter of Henry Poacher, Esq. all of the above place.

DIED.

In this city, on the 19th ult. Edward N. Holley, aged 33 years, eldest son of Edward O. Holley.

For kindness of heart and benevolence of feeling, he was esteemed by all who knew him.

At his residence, on the 17th ult. Thomas Bay, late Mayor of this city, aged 56 years.

On the 19th ult. Martin Van Valkenburgh, aged about 50 years.

On the 21st ult. John Chester, son of the late Lucius B. Colling, aged 11 months and 16 days.

In New-York, on the 25th ult. Mrs. Jennet Webb, wife of Mr. David Webb, formerly of this city, aged 65 years.

At Rochester, on the 11th ult. at the residence of her son, J. T. Talman, Esq. Mrs. H. Talman, relict of the late Dr. John Talman, of this city, aged 65 years.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

MR. EDITOR—In early life I had the misfortune to lose my Mother, and have therefore been deprived of that watchful care and attention, which is so necessary, in passing through this world of temptation. Daily in my wanderings, do I feel the need of her sweet counsel and artless affection, to calm my agitated passions, forbid my murmurings, and to lead me to that 'Rock which is higher than I.'

In turning the pages of my *Scrap Book*, not long since I accidentally came across the following lines, which so truly portray the feelings of my heart, that I cannot deny myself the privilege of forwarding them for insertion, in your highly interesting paper.

FLORILLA.

On the death of my Mother.

They tell me thou wert passing fair,
And sweetly winning—artless, mild,
Refined by virtues, bright and rare,
That vice reproved, and woe beguiled;
Shining like some bright being, sent
To be thy sex's ornament.

They tell me pale Consumption came,
Wasting thy strength by slow decay,
And through thy delicate made frame,
Eating and cankered its way;
Spoiling the casket formed to win,
But brightning the gem within.

They tell me I was very young,
A tender infant, when she died,
Attempting scarce with lisping tongue,
To ask my early wants supplied;
And all unconscious why they wept,
Or why so long my Mother slept.

Oft in the hush of silent night,
When silvery moonbeams stream around,
And star-lit radiance floods the sight,
I hear a voice of sweetest sound;
Dear Mother! is it thine I hear,
So seraph-like, enchanting, clear?

Is it far recollection's gleam,
Of the departed, sainted one?
Or is it only some bright dream,
From fancy's glittering frost work spun?
That face I see, that voice I hear,
Like virtue's call when vice is near.

Thy home is now where angels are,
While I am left to mourn below,
To struggle on through seas of care,
And mists of doubt, and shades of woe;
O, may my conduct ever be,
Such as would be approved by thee:

Thy name, engraved in living light,
Far streaming over life's dark sea,
Be like a beacon-star of night,
To lead me on to heaven and thee;
Where I shall see thee face to face,
In that eternal resting place.

The Widow's Mite.

BY MONTGOMERY.

AMID the pompous crowd
Of rich admirers, came a humble form;
A widow, meek as poverty could make
Her children! With a look of sad content
Her mite within the treasure-heap she cast—
Then timidly as bashful twilight, stole
From out the temple. But her lowly gift
Was witnessed by an eye whose mercy views

In motive, all that consecrates a deed
To goodness: so He blessed the widow's mite
Beyond the gifts abounding wealth bestowed,
Thus is it, Lord! with thee; the heart is thine,
And all the hidden world of action there
Works in thy sight like waves beneath the sun
Conspicuous! and a thousand nameless acts
That lurk in lowly secrecy, and die
Unnoticed, like the trodden flowers that fall
Beneath the proud man's foot, to thee are known
And written with a sunbeam in the book
Of life, where MERCY fills the brightest page!

The Forest Child.

BY E. F. HOUSMAN.

It was a vision pure and wild
As ever blessed a waking eye;
The sweet form of a beauteous child
Beneath a summer sky.

I sat beside the mossy roots
Of an old elm—a hoary tree,
And near my feet a little rill
Went dancing in its glee—

Went dancing on the live long day,
Through flickering scenes of light and shade;
Yet sometimes paused in flowery nooks,
And with the floweret played.

I gazed upon the restless thing
With mingled thoughts of joy and pain,
For that blithe streamlet led my heart
To childhood's sunny plain.

When—hark! the greenwood thickets stir—
The tangled hazel boughs divide—
And lo! a bright-haired, happy child
Is standing at my side!

'Tis wearied with its summer play—
As roses droop with too much dew—
And on its smooth cheek deeply burns
The rose's crimson hue.

Around its brow a coronal
Of fairest leaves and buds entwine;
And in its lap a thousand gems
Lie—fresh from nature's mine.

'Tis wearied out with summer play:
The sparkling wreath aside is flung—
And on the young moss sweetly sleeps,
A child, as bright and young!

But years since then have passed away,
And years bring change, and blight, and woe—
And they who come the latest here
Are oft the first to go.

The phantom of the greenwood glen
Is slumbering in a quiet tomb,
Beneath the ancient yew that fills
The churchyard with its gloom.

The crimson blush of dappled dawn
Wakes all sweet things in bower and brake;
The bird, the flower, the lamb, the fawn—
But she may never wake!

Yet often in the summer time
I sit beside the hoary tree,
And love to watch the little rill
Go dancing in its glee.

And when a small bird breaks away
From its dim nook of shrouding leaves,
My startled spirit owns the spell
That subtle fancy weaves;

And then I see, or seem to see,
Between the blossomed branches wild,
Come stealing in, with silent step,
The solitary child!

From the Monthly Magazine.
Stanzas.

How quickly life forgets the dead!
To soothe the fleeting shade,
A few fond tears at first are shed,
A few short honors paid.
The fading leaf, in dim decay,
Awhile we thus deplore,—
But whirled by tempest far away,—
We think of it no more.

The parting bark thus leaves a line
Where friends are sailing on—
A moment sees it rippling shine,
A moment, and 'tis gone.

That heartless lesson—to forget!
Then all around us preach;
What'er the tie—whate'er the debt,—
This earthly love they teach.

Ye who this chilling draught compose,
From me the cup remove,
Nor let me be compelled to lose
The memory of love!

From the Knickerbocker.

The Bride's Song.

'TWAS a heavenly night,
'Neath the deep star-light,
As pensive I sat by my casement high;
I mused on a youth with a full dark eye,
But think not I cared for him too—
My love—my love—was it you?

Then a minstrel came,
And he breathed my name,
And he sang me a sweet and a plaintive song,
Of one I scorned, though he sought me long,
And never a word was true—
My love—my love—was it you?

But I dreamed me a dream,
'Neath the glad sunbeam,
I was plighted to one 'till death should part;
And I gave that one my whole, whole heart,
And the gentle dream came true:
My love—my love—it was you!

B.

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VOL. XII.—[III. NEW SERIES.]

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1836.

NO. 23.

SUBJECT TABLES.

From the Ladies Companion.

The Negro Insurrection:

A TALE OF NEW ORLEANS.

[Concluded.]

The appointed day at length arrived, and Augustus was married to the fair Celeste. Among the guests invited, was Vincent de Bourg, but in answer, they received intelligence he had fallen the day before in a duel at New Orleans. Augustus wondered at the little emotion displayed by Natalie. 'But she is accustomed to conceal her feelings,' he said, 'and she probably wishes to hide from her parents, the interest she felt towards one of whom they had forbidden her to think.'

The wedding was conducted with the greatest magnificence. The bride shone in all the loveliness of woman, and all the brilliancy of jewelry and dress. Smiles sat on every lip, even on hers, the sad victim of the spectacle. Compelled by her situation to be gay and seem happy, the young but high souled Natalie, crushed down in her heart every feeling of wretchedness, which was struggling to force its way. The splendor around her, celebrated the sacrifice of her dearest hopes, yet, neither by changing cheek nor quivering lip, did she once betray it was a sacrifice. But when it was all over—when her destiny was sealed, and her part in the drama had been played, then she felt that was no place for her—she must go somewhere—any where, for she could deceive no longer: the misery which was withering her life away, would betray itself, and arouse the suspicions of Augustus, or her foster parents. But where to go?—'Ha! a blessed thought, I will go to the convent.' She threw herself on her knees, and fervently thanked her God, there was an asylum for the wretched—a rest for the weary, even in this world. Natalie discovered her intentions to her confessor, who, with many praises for her piety, disclosed them to her family. Mons. de Lannevile felt the utmost reluctance to part with his little Natalie, but he dared not resist. His wife regretted her loss, but was pleased to

think her child would be a spouse of Christ, and perhaps an abbess. Augustus and Celeste, thought it a very natural step.

The day for Natalie's departure arrived, and she entered the carriage with her parents and Father Antoine. A turn in the road showed her for the last time, the home of her youth. The morning sun was now shining down over the shelving roof, as brightly and calmly, as if the hearts of all it had sheltered were peaceful and happy. Every thing was motionless except when the gentle breeze agitated the light foliage of the lofty Pican trees, and cast their flickering shadow over the house and lawn. 'Home of my childhood, farewell!' sighed Natalie, 'moments of bliss which there lingered around me, adieu—cherished Celeste—adored Augustus, years, tedious years, will pass unsoothed by your loved presence.' Her self-command was gone, and Natalie sank back in the carriage, gave way to her grief in a passionate flood of tears.

And now that Celeste had succeeded in her treacherous designs, was she possessed of the happiness she sought to obtain at the expense of another's? Alas, no. A constant remembrance of the deception which she had used towards Augustus, and remorse for the abiding sufferings of the unrepenting Natalie, embittered all her pleasure and injured her temper. To sooth her irritated feelings, she entered in all the dissipations of New Orleans, and poor Augustus soon found all his visions of domestic happiness, were in danger of perishing forever.

In the meanwhile, the heroic Natalie was preparing to enter into her novitiate. She struggled hard to suppress her grief, and raise her thoughts from earth, to her heavenly home. It was natural for one so young to feel very sad, when she reflected on her present lonely life, and the happiness which was once before her. Sometimes, as she thought of her happy young days—of all she had loved and lost, in spite of reason and religion, melancholy would reign in her heart. While she sat in one of these sad musing moods, her eye fell on a group of negroes

who were working in a cotton press near Mad. de Clairville's at New Orleans, where she was for the present. 'What situation can be more wretched than that of these slaves, torn from their homes, and forced to spend their days in laboring for others. While singing their national songs they forget their sorrows—their distant home and friends are before them, and cheered by the illusion, they perform the most painful tasks without a murmur. Let me profit by the lesson before me.' As she spoke, a negro commenced in recitative, a wild African air, while the rest all joined in the chorus. This rude, melody soothed the excited feelings of Natalie, and her tranquillity was in a measure restored.

The next morning, she was aroused by an unusual noise in the streets. Guns were firing, the bells ringing, and the tramp of many footsteps sounded along the walks.

'Is it so late? Can it be the hour of mass? Get up, Sibina, and see what is the occasion of all this tumult.'

'I don know, Missee,' said the negress, 'the street seem live wid people, dey all look troubled, soneting de matter.'

Natalie threw her dressing gown around her, and looking out by the dim light of early dawn, she beheld the street filled with men—some running past with guns on their shoulders, others collected together talking in a violent manner, while from every window, heads dressed with bandana handkerchiefs, were seen calling to the passers, to know the cause of this commotion. But what struck her most, were groups of half naked men, women and children, some weeping and shrinking together in corners, and others knocking at the doors to obtain admission. At that moment, there was a thundering knock at their own door. Monsieur de Clairville looked out and asked what was the matter.

'Get up,' said a voice, 'the slaves have risen on the plantations and are murdering and burning all before them. You must take some of these poor flying wretches into your house.'

'Oh God! Augustus,' exclaimed the hor-

ror struck Natalie, and fell back in the arms of her woman.

' Oh Missee,' sobbed Sabina, while she bathed the temples of her mistress, ' I fear our people join wid' em. Ugly Quimbo will—when Missee Celeste hab'im whip, I ofen hear'in say he hab his revenge one dese days.'

' Oh, Sabina,' exclaimed the half distracted girl, ' dress me quickly, I go to die with them.'

M. de Clairville knocked at the door of the chamber, ' I go to join the troops,' he said, ' and protect Le Bocage, if I can; but you cannot remain here alone, as they may rise in the city and attack the houses. *Sacre dieu!* there is a knot of those venomous black snakes gathering opposite now; come, get ready and go with my wife to the Convent, which can be defended.'

' I go with you,' said Natalie.

' With me—pray why.'

' I cannot stay here. The idea of what they may be suffering, maddens me. I shall not survive them, and wish to die with them. I may be of some use in succouring the wounded.'

' Nonsense, child!'

But the calmness with which she spoke, and the look of ' high resolve and constancy,' which shone in the eyes of Natalie, showed him she would not remain behind.

' Let her go,' said Madame de Clairville, who had been silently looking on, ' it is her Saint's day, and who knows but Saint Natalie may have inspired her.'

In an instant more, a carriage drove furiously up to the door, and M. de Clairville handed out the females of the de Bourg family. On entering the house, the young ladies immediately fainted, while the mother and grand-mother gave way to violent lamentations.

' Oh such a scene!—oh, *mon dieu*, what savages! They called poor dear M. de Bourg out of his bed, saying the sugar-house was on fire, and when he went out, he was butchered—the house was attacked but defended by some faithful slaves, who put us in the carriage. Oh, my husband!—oh, my pretty house, they burnt it to the ground!—oh, my father—my plate—my jewels,' resounded from all the ladies by turns.

Aster they were somewhat composed, they re-entered the carriage, and with Mad. de Clairville, drove to the Convent. M. de Clairville and the distracted Natalie, who was a good horse-woman, mounted their horses, joined a troop of armed citizens, and rode out of town. The roads were filled with troops, and bodies of hastily armed men, of all descriptions. All the plantations near the city were deserted. As they advanced farther, dismal traces of savage revenge were plainly to be seen. The devastation was much less, however, than they could have

expected, for although the plot was well contrived, and the leaders bold and active, yet those poor wretches soon lost command over themselves, in consequence of resorting immediately to the wine cellars. Here they were found dressed in their master's clothes, lying in groups around the flowing casks and empty bottles of the choicest wines, completely intoxicated, where these deluded beings were executed by the justly enraged populace, on the spot. Natalie was spared these sights, as she remained outside, conjuring de Clairville to ride on to Le Bocage. Soon after, loud shouts and firing, were heard at a distance before them.

' Ah, ha! they are at it,' cried the men, ' they have found the black devils—on—on—let's see the fun.'

Spurs were in every horse's side—they dashed on, and were soon in sight of the combatants. A band of negroes, some arrayed in their master's clothes—others clothed with only a ruffled shirt, and French uniform coat, torn from the back of some murdered Frenchman, were fast retreating before a company of soldiers. A few of the band which last came up, hastened to join the fray, but the remainder, the most of whom, like de Clairville, were merchants, had never been in such scenes before, and seeing the slaves were driven in the marsh, where they could not be long pursued, prudently determined to remain where they were. The conflict was soon over. Some of the wretched blacks perished in the swamp, and the others were taken prisoners. The severed heads of those Africans secured alive, were placed upon poles, and carried in front of the little army, a bloody and appalling ensign, which struck terror to the hearts of the already repentant negroes.

At last Natalie had the happiness of beholding the house of her foster parents. Every door and window was closed, except one of the latter, out of which, a group of negroes were apparently parleying with a band of armed russians below.

' See,' exclaimed Natalie, ' the faithful house slaves are defending the family against those belonging to the plantation. We are unseen—go around through that grove of cypress and live oak trees, you may surprise them.'

As the men stole off silently, Natalie crept along under the trees and shrubs, until she gained the garden. She stole fearfully towards the house and soon had the satisfaction of seeing a window opened and Cora, Celeste's woman, beckoned her to approach. In a few minutes she was in the presence of her fondly loved friends. Her appearance caused joy and astonishment in all, except Celeste—she gazed wildly on her.

' Ha! Natalie,' she exclaimed, ' have you

come in this, my dying hour, to reproach me with my deceit towards you. You are revenged, and he will be yours again.'

' Alas how her mind wanders,' said her mother, ' the poor child insists on it, she is the cause of this insurrection, as she has so often ordered the punishment of Quimbo, who is at the head of it, and this has almost taken her reason from her. But dearest daughter, abandon this idea.'

The family were prisoners in this room, as all the house slaves were not favorably inclined towards them, and had not yet determined what to do. Mons. and Mad. de Lanneville had been always kind and just towards them, but the imperious conduct of Celeste had excited their wrath, and nothing would satisfy them but her blood.

The room where the family were confined, opened into a front one, in which were assembled the house slaves, who advised them to keep concealed, and by no means attempt to escape, as they would be certainly taken and murdered, as it was a miracle that Natalie escaped unseen. They were in a critical situation, for the fidelity of the slaves was fast ebbing before the arguments of those assembled without, and the seducing views held out to them.

Natalie had not been in the room many minutes, before the deep yells of negroes, the oaths of the Americans, and the war cries of the Frenchmen, arose around them; in one deafening, dreadful sound, and told them the fight had commenced. Augustus gnashed his teeth, ' oh, that I were among them,' he said, and flying to the door, shook it with all his strength, but it was fastened beyond his power, and slowly and reluctantly he retreated by the side of Celeste. Her agitation was extreme, and throwing herself on the floor, she buried her face in her father's lap and sobbed violently. The old gentleman's tears mingled with those of his daughter, but convinced his last hour had arrived, he struggled for composure, and sat quietly in his chair. His wife was beside him, pale with terror, busily telling her beads, and reciting her *Aves*. Natalie, whose feelings were wrought up to an unnatural pitch of excitement, stood calm and motionless, but watchful. The emotion of Augustus could not be repressed. Like a caged lion, he paced up and down, incessantly, the narrow space allowed him, while the frowning brow and clenched fist, told of the stormy passions which worked within.

At that moment, a loud harsh voice was heard haranguing, in the African language.

' Oh, Madame!' cried one of the women, ' dere ugly Quimbo, who climb in de winder.'

' What does he say,' asked Augustus eagerly.

' He tell'en, dey are weak soul slave—dey

coward, traitor, stand an look on while dere broder fight.' He say, 'you went to twist tobacco, and plant rice all you day?—you want to be whip—to be bruised like sugar cane?—you, who were some of you, sons of priucies in your own land.'

Celeste arose and threw herself in her husband's arms—'Tis the last time!' she said. Augustus pressed her to him in silent agony.

'Now he tell'em a big band of white soldiers comin, dey mus rush out, kill dem who fight now, and den all together attack de oders, but he say, mus leave no traitor behind—kill em all in de house.'

'Must we all die like rats in a hole,' said Augustus despondingly, 'the devils have disarmed me.'

'There is a pistol,' said Natalie, 'take it Augustus.'

Again the African was heard, and the agony of the negro woman, showed she was listening to something dreadful.

'What says he now.'

'Oh he say, bring out the imperious Celeste—the tyrannic Madame Warren, who dared whip Quimbo for nothing. Let her die first!'

The yell of the slaves, told the agonized listeners, the African's eloquence had prevailed. The door was burst open, and the furniture which had been piled against it, knocked down, but not before Natalie had put on the hat and veil of Celeste, which lay on the table, and threw her satin cloak around her, which completely concealed her form and dress. She presented herself at the door as they entered, and was dragged out in the other room. In the middle, stood a savage looking negro, whose glistening snake-like eyes, shone with an expression of the most diabolical malignity.—Over his dress of negro cloth, he wore an uniform coat, and on his head, a cocked hat, both belonging to Mr. de Lanneville, while daggers, pistols, and knives were stuck in his girdle. He now stepped forward to fulfil his bloody intentions, another negro held him back saying—

'Pero and his band are defeated. The white men have united and will soon attack us. Come! quick to the swamp, or we are taken!'

'I will have my revenge first,' he said, grinning horribly. He tore the hat from his victim's head as if to enjoy her dying agonies, but at the sight of the face of Natalie, he started back, and then dashing her to the floor, sprang over her, and rushed into the room in search of Celeste. The senses of Natalie had been stunned by the blow, and when she recovered she found herself once more in her bed-room, while a negro woman was watching over her.

'Where is Celeste,' she asked.

'Madame Warren is dead,' was the melancholy reply.

Natalie fell back in so deep a swoon, that the terrified Cora thought she would never recover again, and when she did revive, the grief and despair with which she mourned for her beloved Celeste—the friend of her youth made her attendant fear the delirium from which she had just recovered, would return again.

'Me glad you come, Mamsell Natalie. Every body sorry when you went away. Mamsell Celeste neber de same afterwards. She cross to all—our slaves neber would rise if she no hab em whip.'

'I could not save her,' mourned the unhappy girl, 'why did he not kill me instead of her.'

'But you save all de rest. When Quimbo stab Missee Celeste, her husband shoot him wid your pistol. When Quimbo die, all de oders give up, and de soldiers chase away an kill de rest.'

'Where are Mons. and Mad. de Lanneville.'

'Massa in bed sick. Missee tell me to let her know when you wakee.' Cora left the room.

Natalie lay plunged in the most gloomy reflections, mourning that all she had done, had been in vain, when some one pronounced her name. She turned, and beheld Augustus.

'Oh Natalie!—injured girl!—I come to thank you for your efforts for my happiness. Celeste loved you truly, Natalie, although her conduct did not show it.'

'What mean you Augustus.'

'My poor Celeste, before she died, did you ample justice, and revoked all she had once told me regarding you. Natalie! forgive me for ever doubting you—believe me, my heart has ever been yours, and I never should have deserted you, had I not been deceived.'

'Generous Celeste!—oh that I could have died for you!'

'When you, with such true friendship, offered yourself as a sacrifice, instead of Celeste, I rushed after—the door was crowded with slaves. While I was struggling through, I heard a shriek from my poor wife, and turned, but it was too late! The

deed was done, and the murderer stood with his bloody weapon before me to plunge into my heart. I shot him with your pistol, Natalie!' Augustus could scarcely restrain his tears while he continued: 'Poor Celeste was lying on the floor and her distracted mother was endeavoring to stop the life's blood, which was flowing out fast. We carried her to her room, where she only lived long enough to tell me all.'

'I should have been happier,' Celeste said,

'had I not have permitted Natalie's generous sacrifice, for remorse poisoned all my joy. Tell Natalie, I loved and blessed her then, and bless her now. But this agitates you too much,' continued Augustus, 'I should not have told you this in your weak state.'

In a few minutes Natalie had the happiness of being again pressed to the bosom of her wretched foster mother, who fervently thanked Heaven, that all she loved had not been torn from her. She led her to the bed of the suffering father, but the poor old man knew her not. For many days he spoke not, and smiled not, but lay gazing upwards as if piercing the heaven, in search of his beloved daughter.

The next day Augustus whispered to Natalie, all was now ready if she wished to see her murdered friend for the last time. She took the arm of Augustus, and summoning all her fortitude, entered the room. The sun was entirely excluded from the chamber of death, which was however as brilliant and gay, as if decked for a ball. The walls were hung with wreaths of roses, and the floor strewn with flowers—while the soft light of the large wax tapers shone down on the high-talented and lovely Celeste, glittering in her richest attire, and covered with flowers. Her face was so white, and her features so well defined, that she might have been taken for some marble figure, sculptured for a monument.

'Lovely but unhappy Celeste,' thought Augustus, as the tears rolled down his cheeks, 'In that dress I first called her mine. Motionless, and passionless, as she now seems, that form charmed all by its grace and beauty—from under those pale, closed lids, once shone out the fire of wit and intelligence—and those colorless lips opened to sounds as sweet as ever charmed the ear of man. But of what avail? All this brilliancy and loveliness covered an erring heart, as those gay flowers, and splendid apparel conceal the death wound—let her errors, however, be forgotten, since they sprang from love for me.'

Natalie in the meanwhile, was leaning with clasped hands, over the insensible form of her she had so loved. As the tears fell from her eyes, they rolled unheeded, over the pale, cold cheek of Celeste, and brought the harrowing conviction to her heart, that she, whom she had loved with so much devotedness, would never smile, or move again—all her sighs, all her tears, would never recall her. With a deep sob, Natalie fell in the arms of Augustus, who bore her from the distressing scene.

The house and plantation of Le Bocage, had suffered much from the insurrection, and the beautiful garden had been destroyed. While the necessary repairs were going on,

Monsieur de Lanneville, resolved on traveling, hoping change of scene, might relieve his poor wife, who was fast sinking under the dreadful affliction which had lately riven her heart. In consequence of their urgent solicitation, Natalie, now their only child, had renounced her resolution of entering the convent, and consented to accompany them. Augustus was also of the party, for they looked on him as a son, and entreated him not to leave them. The unhappy family embarked for Europe, where they spent two years in traveling. In revisiting his old friends and the scenes of his youth, Monsieur de Lanneville by degrees recovered his tranquillity, but the bereaved mother sank under her grief, and was laid in the tomb of the de Lannevilles. When Natalie again revisited the shores of her loved Mississippi, she came as the happy and cherished bride of her beloved Augustus. The poignant grief which had once agitated their hearts for the loss of the beautiful Celeste, had subsided—she dwelt in their memories, as some brilliant meteor, which had flashed before their eyes, and then was lost forever. E. R. S.

For the Rural Repository.

My Adventures.

PART VI.

It was with a more gloomy countenance than Talbot usually wore that he left the island. As I could not attribute the sedateness of his features to fear, I concluded it was love, an opinion in which I was confirmed, as he sung the following song.

' Farewell! farewell! the voice you hear,
Has left its last soft tone with you,—
Its next must join the seaward cheer,
And shout among the shouting crew.

' The accents which I scarce could form
Beneath your frowns controlling check,
Must give the word above the storm,
To cut the mast and clear the wreck.

' The timid eye I dared not raise,—
The hand that shook when pressed to thine—
Must point the guns upon the chase,—
Must bid the deadly cutlass shine.

' To all I love, or hope, or fear,—
Honor, or own a long adieu!
To all that life has soft and dear,
Farewell! save memory of you!'

On arriving at the ship we found that her position had been altered. She now lay in the bay of Botafogo. She had undergone a very agreeable change in her appearance. Her weather beaten aspect had vanished, her sides were freshly painted, her rigging taugh, her ropes neatly coiled down, and the deck white and polished, for Mr. Butler had kept the men, holystoning, scraping, scrubbing, swabbing and sweeping, and breaking out the hold every minute of the Captain's absence—With her sharp wedge like bow, light and airy model, and raking masts she seemed more a thing of air than of the sea.

Mr. Rebus met the Captain as he stepped aboard, and taking him aside, appeared to be communicating something of importance, if that inference might be drawn from the solemn visages of both. This conversation ended, Captain Talbot ordered his boat again to be manned, and said to Mr. Butler as he went over the side. 'I'm going ashore a short time with Mr. Rebus. D'ye see that Brazilian schooner astern? that's her with the spring cable,' pointing to a long, low vessel, shewing the Brazilian flag, with six teeth of a side. 'Keep your eye on that vessel, Sir. By the way, you came to with the larboard anchor, I believe? How many fathoms chain are you veered to?' 'Thirty, Sir.' 'Very good, Sir, call the hands, and heave short directly. See that all the running rigging is ready for a start, and the moment they furl their awnings, shew your fore topsail. I shall have a man on the lookout and be aboard of you at once. Shove off, Derrick.' The first mate now hastened to comply with his superior's directions. The anchor was speedily hove short, the topmen sent aloft to see the running rigging ready for working, and one of the men who did the duty of quartermaster held the glass, and kept a sharp lookout on the schooner which still lay motionless astern. I now found an opportunity to inquire of Mr. Butler the occasion of this sudden and early movement. 'I'll tell you all I know about it,' said the first mate. 'Some half dozen of the schooner's men have deserted, and they suspect, perhaps rightly, that we have them aboard. They mean to let us get well out at sea, where the men will have no chance of escape or concealment and then overhaul us. Besides this, they suspect us of being engaged in the liberation of Ballez!' 'But why has the Captain gone ashore?' 'There's a small shipment of specie and some papers in charge of a gentleman who resides at the Praya do Flamengo. It ought to have been aboard before, but we didn't expect to sail so soon.' 'If you please, Sir' said the man with the glass, 'the schooner is furling her awnings.' 'Ah, so she is. Lay aloft my lads, and loose the fore-topsail. Spring, my hearties.' Away went the men up the fore rigging like squirrels, and lay out upon the yard with an activity which shewed they understood the necessity of exertion. 'The Captain is coming off, Sir,' said the quartermaster, again stepping up, and touching his hat. 'Give me the glass' said Butler, 'sure enough, and they've got the money, that's right.' 'All ready, Sir,' sung out a voice from the fore top. 'Let fall, then, sheet home. Now tumble out of that top, every soul of you, and see if you can't get the anchor at the bows and fished before the Captain's alongside. Carpenter, are all the capstan bars ast?' 'All ast,

Sir.' 'Ship them then at once. Man the capstan bars, my men. Send up that drunken fifer, Tom, and let him play Yankee Doodle. That's it. Round with you men, round with you cheerily. Heave, and she must come. Walk her up, my lads, walk her up. What are you doing there you black rascals, leaning your whole weight on that bar. Cook, steward, come out of the cabin, you yellow, sneaking scoundrels and bear a hand on deck here. By the Lord, the schooner's hoisting her topsails. Do you mean to lose this fine land breeze, you long, lubberly villains. Do you mean to sleep in jail to night, you poor, good for nothing devils?' This last exhortation seemed to have the desired effect, and in a few minutes the anchor was at the larboard cathead, and amid the general confusion Captain Talbot and his boat's crew came aboard. 'Man the topsail halliards, hoist away' and up went the topsail yards to the inspiring tones of the fife, the sails catching the fresh breeze from the land, and the ship already beginning to feel its influence, and dashing the smooth water in mimic waves from her bows. The jib was set, and then came the order, 'Lay aloft, and loose topgallant sails. Let fall. Sheet home. Hoist away.' Next the royals, the lower, topmast, and topgallant studding sails were expanded to the wind, and in a short space of time we were again tossing upon the heavy swells of the open sea.

'The schooner sails well' observed Talbot, as the pursuing vessel came full in sight, emerging from the mouth of the harbor, her light, tapering upper masts bending beneath their load of canvas; 'heavens! how she tears through it, and this cannot be her best point of sailing either. If the wind should haul round, we may find our match.' 'Well Sir, what then?' said Butler. 'Why, we must fight her, that's all, and if we do, there's an end to our market in the Brazils. No, no, let's get away if we can. Mr. Rebus, we'll see what our speed is, if you please. Hold the reel, Davis.' The log was thrown, and it appeared that we were dashing ahead at the rate of nine and a half knots. 'Go forward, and to the gangways, Mr. Rebus, and see that there are no ropes towing overboard. I think we hold our own, Butler?' 'Hold our own, Sir, we're leaving her every minute.' 'Sail ho!' shouted the men aloft! 'Where away?' 'Right ahead, Sir.' 'What does she look like?' 'She's square rigged, a ship I think, Sir, before the wind.' 'Outward bound, like ourselves, I suppose,' said the Captain. 'Mr. Butler, that ship may help us out of this scrape. At all events we must overhaul her, if it is possible. If the wind doesn't lull, we're safe.' But the wind, alas, like some coquettish damsel seems to delight in inconstancy to those who are most sin-

terely desirous of her favors, and in the present instance grew less and less strong. The schooner which before had been dropping astern now took advantage of the light airs and was approaching us with what I considered a very unnecessary degree of speed. At two bells in the first dog watch she was about three miles from us. The wind then freshened a little, and we held on for about two hours without any perceptible difference in our relative positions. In the mean time we were rapidly gaining on the ship which had been reported ahead of us, and by dark were within hailing distance. She proved to be an American merchantman, and was a vessel of about the burthen of the Traveler. As our own gallant ship passed swiftly by her, Talbot said 'Now, Gentlemen, we have one more chance of escape. Ah, the wind's dying away, that's bad again.' Although the sky was considerably overcast, we had not ranged ahead of the merchantman more than half a mile when the wind entirely lulled, and a dead calm ensued. The night was of pitchy darkness, and it soon came on to rain with steadiness and violence. Good Lord! how it did rain that night. No wind, no lightning, no thunder; but the floodgates of Heaven were opened, and down poured a deluge that would have made even old Noah glad of an umbrella. All hands were on deck, but Captain Talbot had ordered them to stand stock still, and not a whisper or a footfall could be heard. I could scarcely discern the form of the Captain near whom I stood. An hour thus elapsed, when suddenly a brilliant rocket shot up, seemingly from the surface of the sea, soaring with its blazing train towards the black pall of clouds which hung overhead, and then scattering its bright stars amid the devouring gloom. 'Bad weather for fireworks' muttered the Captain, 'but we shall soon have an explanation of that. Hark!' A furious tumult came from the direction of the American merchantman, then the solitary report of a cannon, succeeded by the sharp and irregular roar of musketry. 'They're waking up the wrong passenger' observed Butler. It was indeed so. The schooner's boats had been sent to attack the Traveler, but from the darkness of the night, and ignorance of our situation had boarded the merchantman. A few minutes elapsed, when the firing ceased, but the shouts, curses and screams continued, as if half the fiends of Hell were holding a midnight revel upon the waters. 'They're at it with the cutlass now' said Talbot 'the Yankee must think he's beset by a pirate. Hurrah, don't you feel the breeze, Butler,' continued the Captain capering about the deck like a boy, as the sails began to fill with the reviving wind, and the ship, like a freed prisoner, dashed joyously on before its freshening impulse,

'Have the drum and fife on deck at once, Sir. That's it. Now play the Rogues March, you rascals. Three cheers, my lads. Loud, so they can hear you.' Long and heartily were those cheers given, the main brace was spliced, and the Traveler ploughed her way onward with new velocity. The next morning, two distant specks, which might have been taken for the wings of a sea gull, were all that was visible of the ship and schooner.

I will return to Ballez who during the chase had been confined in one of the state rooms of the cabin. It was impossible to obtain from him any coherent statement of the events which had preceded and occasioned his imprisonment, but Captain Talbot had ascertained from a gentleman in Rio, as well as from papers found upon the person of the lunatic, his melancholy story. In early life he had become attached to a young Brazilian lady of beauty, wealth, and family. He was only one among a crowd of admirers, and though exceeding them all in personal attractions, and a high and chivalrous sense of honor, his indigence as well as his profession presented an insuperable bar to his hopes. Nevertheless the young lady shewed in her conduct towards him, that expediency is a doctrine which little troubles the heart of a woman in her affairs of love. She returned his attachment with all that fervor which in the sunny south distinguishes the 'grand passion,' and so evident was this to her suitors that their number dwindled away till but two remained to dispute the pretensions of Ballez to her hand. These two however were powerful competitors. The one was Pedro de Silva a rich and distinguished Brazilian, the other, Mattia, an Italian student who had resided many years in Rio. Of this student I will only say that under the guise of sanctity he was a thorough man of the world, which is another name for a selfish, deceitful and revengeful being, one who smiles when his heart aches, and stabs with a kiss. In despite however of this powerful opposition Ballez thrived well in his suit, and ere he was obliged by his business to leave Rio on a distant cruise the young Brazilian had promised him her heart. They parted and circumstances prolonged his absence from Rio for nearly two years. At length he returned. The first person he met upon the quay was Mattia. He scarcely knew him, for he was habited in the dress of a *padre*. 'Ha! Mattia! turned priest?' said Ballez, as he extended his hand, 'I thought your sedateness would bring you to it at last. Why, man, you've grown thin, pale; you study too much.' 'And you too, Captain,' replied the priest with a sinister smile 'you too may grow thin and pale when you know all that has happened in your absence.'

'All that has happened? don't begin to talk in parables already, good Mattia. What has happened, pray. A Revolution, an earthquake, or what?' 'Oh, no, Captain, but the lady'—'The lady! Anna! what of her? speak man for God's sake, but tell me not that she is dead or by'—'Oh no, Captain, be calm, be calm, she's only married.' These last words were uttered in a voice as low, and sweet as that in which one would whisper peace and hope to the dying, and yet as the priest turned away from Ballez, the mouth that breathed them was curled in a triumphant and Satanic grin of scorn. The news that he communicated were indeed true, but he avoided speaking of his own agency in producing the result. Filled with jealousy of Ballez he had circulated a report of his death, and the father of the young lady had compelled her to give her hand to de Silva. This was a new disappointment to Mattia, for he himself expected to be the favored rival. The flame of revenge now burned as fiercely in his bosom as had that of love. Alas! an opportunity was soon presented for its full gratification.

I cannot say that when Ballez received the priest's intelligence, he turned away in hopeless despondency of spirit. No, he was made of sterner stuff. He struggled, resolutely, nobly to conquer himself. He determined to think no more of his love or his mortification. Perhaps he would have succeeded when chance once more threw Mattia in his way. The priest came forward with a cheerful countenance. 'Good news, Ballez, good news, I have seen her.' 'Seen her, who do you mean, Mattia? not Anna?'

'Yes Anna Morelli, my lucky captain; or in other words, I have seen de Silva's wife, she wishes to meet you to night, she loves you more than ever.'

'Tempt me not, Mattia, she is another's, Honor, religion forbids me ever to see her again. Shame! Mattia! you a minister of virtue and vice!'

'Virtue and vice!' said the priest with a sneer. 'Pretty words for a kidnapper. Thank God, there are other marriages than those prescribed by human laws, marriages of the heart. There is another Priest beside him who wears the surplice. That priest is nature. Whom God hath joined, let not man put asunder. And nature is God acting in his creation. Whom nature hath not united are not married. She hath given to every thing an appropriate fitness for its object. The drop quietly mingles with its sister drop, cloud with cloud, and the flowers hold a mysterious yet harmonious fellowship. And thus, heart feels a yearning to heart and some inscrutable influence draws them together; it is not beauty, it is not grace, these are but the fuel on which the inward flame is

fed. It is nature uniting those whom she designed for each other. You sin if you resist her impulse. Be assured, good Ballez, I ask you to do nothing wrong. Anna wishes but to see you, to explain, to be reconciled.'

'Leave me, Mattia, I am not angry. I am her friend, but no good can result from my ever seeing her again. I will not go.'

'This then is your reply' said Mattia, in his soft, seducing tones. 'But, Ballez, you must have forgotten Anna. See, here is her miniature. Look at it Captain.'

Captain Ballez took the miniature in his hands. It was a scene for a painter as he stood there, his high and noble cast of countenance overshadowed while he viewed the beautiful face, his set lip gradually relaxing from its fixedness, his dark eye full of tender and melancholy feeling. A few paces from him was Mattia, bending slightly forward, his pale and intellectual features expressive of intense interest and regarding Ballez with such a glance as the serpent fixes upon the charmed and trembling bird. The whole frame of the Spaniard shook with a violent tremor as he continued to gaze at the portrait, something very like a tear coursed down his dark cheek, and then Mattia spoke in a voice of perfect music. 'Will you go, Ballez? I will' was the answer. 'The time and place?' 'Go to the church of Our Lady of Glory to night, I will meet you there, then follow me.'

Night came and Ballez repaired to the appointed rendezvous. Nearly two hours passed when a figure closely muffled in a cloak approached him. It was Mattia. 'In that garden' said he, pointing to one directly opposite. 'by the gateway, you will meet Anna. Do not hesitate. It is now too late.' 'It is never too late to avoid evil?' said his companion. 'I tell you it is no evil' replied the priest with great vehemence, 'What matters her marriage? you love each other! That is enough. There, I already see her figure. Go.' The priest retired and Ballez advanced to the garden. He opened the gate and entered. A light and graceful figure bounded forward to meet him, and threw herself in his arms.

O. P. B.

BIOGRAPHY.

The distinguished and learned Female, who is the subject of the following notice is the same to whom a pension was granted by the reigning British monarch, on the suggestion of Sir ROBERT PEEL, on the same day that a like was bestowed, from the same source, upon JAMES MONTGOMERY, the Poet.—*Nat. Intell.*

Mrs. SOMERVILLE, the Female Astronomer.

This lady is we believe a little over forty years of age. She was born in Scotland. When about fifteen years old, she happened to overhear her brother repeating at a school exercise the demonstration of a proposition

in geometry. Her attention was arrested, and her genius then felt the conscious impulse of its master spring.—She instantly procured a copy of Euclid, and found delight in exploring its pages.

Sometime afterwards she inquired of professor Playfair, if there would be any harm in a young lady studying Latin? He asked her why she wished to study Latin. She replied, because I long to read Newton's 'principia.'

He encouraged her to make the unusual, and as it was then thought, daring attempt. Besides the Latin, she is possessed of every modern scientific language, and is, without doubt, one of the very first astronomers of this age. Her name shining over England, together with that of La Place on the continent of Europe, and Bowditch in America, constitutes the great constellation in astronomical science of the present day.

How inscrutable are the workings of genius? Where it has not been kindled by nature, no art ignites it. It is beyond the power of circumstances to quench its flame. Astronomy and mathematics have found their most illustrious votaries in our times, not in the chairs of professorships with learned titles, and rich endowments—not in the silent retreats of academical leisure—but in the legislative halls of revolutionary France, on the deck of an American merchantman, and amid the cares of the nursery!

A friend of ours, when visiting Mrs. Somerville's family, happened to ask her husband what was contained in certain drawers he was opening. He replied, 'Mrs. Somerville's diplomas.' She has received them from literary and scientific societies in all parts of the world *except America!*

The following anecdote will show the opinion entertained of her by La Place, with whom she had long been in the habit of corresponding on scientific subjects. She has been twice married, first to a Mr. Glegg, and afterwards to Dr. Somerville, her present husband. These incidents of her domestic history were unknown to La Place, and he once told a friend that there were probably but two women in the world who could read his '*Mecanique Celeste*', one of them was Mrs. Glegg, the other Mrs. Somerville!

But besides her wonderful attainments in this department, Mrs. Somerville is an accomplished, scientific and practised musician, a first rate painter in oils, a learned chemist, and a thorough mineralogist and botanist!

At the same time this extraordinary woman is a pattern of social and domestic virtue, discharging in a most exemplary manner every duty to her friends and family. Her society is delightful, her manners engaging, and her heart evidently the abode of every amiable affection and Christian grace.

MISCELLANY.

The Hermit and the Vision.

It is told of a religious recluse who in the early ages of christianity, betook himself to a cave in Upper Egypt, which in the times of the Pharaohs had been a depository for mummies, that he prayed there, morning, noon and night, eating only of the dates which some neighboring trees afforded, and drinking of the water of the Nile.—At length the Hermit became weary of life and then he prayed still more earnestly.

After this, he one day fell asleep, and the vision of an angel appeared to him in a dream, commanding him to arise and cut down a neighboring palm tree, and make a rope of its fibers, and after it was done the angel would appear to him again. The hermit awoke and instantly applied himself to obey the vision.

He traveled out from place to place, many days before he could procure an axe; and during his journey he felt happier than he had been for many years.—His prayers were now short and few, but what they wanted in length and number, they got measured in fervency.

Having returned with an axe, he cut down the tree; and with much labor and assiduity during several days, prepared the fibers to make the rope; and after a continuance of daily occupation for some weeks, completed the command.

The vision that night appeared to the hermit as promised and thus addressed him—'You are now no longer weary of life, but happy.—Know then that man was made for labor—and prayer is also his duty—the one as well as the other is essential to his well being. Arise in the morning, take the cord, and with it gird up thy loins, and go forth into the world; and let it be a memorial to thee of what God expects from man, if he would be blessed with happiness on earth.'

Washington Loved his Mother.

IMMEDIATELY after the organization of the present government, Gen. Washington repaired to Fredericksburg, to pay his humble duty to his mother, preparatory to his departure to New-York. An affecting scene ensued. The son feelingly remarked the ravages which a torturing disease had made upon the aged frame of his mother, and thus addressed her :

'The people, madam, have been pleased, with the most flattering unanimity, to elect me to the chief magistracy of the United States, but before I can assume the functions of my office, I have come to bid you an affectionate farewell. So soon as the public business which must necessarily be encountered in arranging a new government, can be disposed of, I shall hasten to Virginia, and—'

Here the matron interrupted him.—‘ You will see me no more. My great age and the disease that is fast approaching my vitals, warn me that I shall not be long in this world. I trust in God, I am somewhat prepared for a better. But go, George, fulfil the high destinies which Heaven appears to assign you, go, my son, and may that Heaven’s and your mother’s blessing be with you always.’

The President was deeply affected. His head rested upon the shoulder of his parent whose aged arm feebly, yet fondly encircled his neck. That brow on which fame had wreathed the purest laurel, virtue ever gave to created man, relaxed from its lofty bearing. That look which could have awed a Roman Senate, in its Fabrican day, was bent in filial tenderness on the time worn features of this venerable matron.

The great man wept. A thousand recollections crowded upon his mind, as memory retracing scenes long past, carried him back to his paternal mansion, and the days of his youth; and there the center of attraction was his mother, whose care, instruction, and discipline had prepared him to reach the tempest height of laudable ambition; yet how were his glories forgotten while he gazed upon her from whom, wasted by time and malady, he must soon part to meet no more.

The matron’s predictions were true. The disease which had so long preyed upon her frame, completed its triumph, and she expired at the age of eighty-five, confiding in the promises of immortality to the humble believer.

Remember this story, little children. Washington, you know, was a great man. I shall never expect to see any little boy become a great man, who does not love his mother.

Few Things Impossible.

‘ It is impossible,’ said some one when Peter the great determined to set out on a voyage of discovery, through the cold northern regions of Siberia, and over immense deserts; but Peter was not discouraged and the thing was done.

‘ It is impossible,’ said many, when they heard of a scheme of the good Oberlin’s. To benefit his people, he had determined to open a communication with the high road to Strasburg, so that the productions of de la Roche (his own village,) might find a market. Rocks were to be blasted, and conveyed to the banks of the river Bruche, in sufficient quantity to build a wall for a road along its banks, a mile and a half, and a bridge across it. He reasoned with his people, but still they thought it was impossible; but he seized a pickaxe, put it across his shoulder, proceeded to the spot, and went to work, and the peasants soon followed him with their tools. The

road and the bridge were at length built, and to this day, the bridge bears the name of the ‘ Bridge of Charity.’

‘ It is impossible,’ said some, as they looked at the impenetrable forests which covered the ragged flanks and deep gorges of Mount Pilatus in Switzerland, and hearkened to the daring plan of a man named Rupp, to convey the pines from the top of the mountain to the Lake of Lucerne, a distance of nine miles. Without being discouraged by their exclamation, he formed a slide or trough of 24,000 pine trees, 6 feet deep; and this slide, which was contemplated in 1812, was kept moist. Its length 44,000 English feet. It had been conducted over rocks, or along their sides, or over deep gorges where it was sustained by scaffolds; and yet skill and perseverance overcame every obstacle, and the thing was done. The trees slid down from the mountains into the lake with wonderful rapidity. The large pines, which were one hundred feet long, ran through the space of eight miles and a third in about six minutes.

A gentleman who saw this great work, says:—‘ Such was the speed with which a tree of the largest seize passed any given point, that he could only strike it once with a stick as it rushed by, however quickly he attempted to repeat the blows.

Say not hastily, then, of any thing, ‘ It is impossible.’ It may not be done in an hour, or a day, or a week, but perseverance will finally bring you to the end of it. ‘ Time and patience,’ says a Spanish proverb, ‘ will turn a mulberry leaf into silk.’

Hope.

Hope is a pledge of glorious rest
To weary mortals given;
We cultivate the flower on earth
And reap the fruit in heaven.

WHAT a solace to the care-worn and sorrow stricken bosom, is hope, sweet hope! In the gloom of adversity and affliction, heaven born hope whispers, in accents of peace, that rest and comfort are yet in store. It stimulates us to penetrate the dense clouds, which hover over us, and enjoy its promised good, while it is only in prospect. Misfortunes and disappointments encompass us about; the heart is drear and desolate—when hope,—angel of mercy,—steals into the desponding soul, and like the soft moonbeams upon the obscure paths of the forests, directs our course among flowery meads, and beside still waters. She not only strews her flowers in our pathway through this fluctuating world, but she points to the skies—to the blest abodes of peace, where the fulness of her promised pleasure are realized. Surely the hope of rest in heaven is a pledge we will fondly cherish, a flower we will delight to cultivate, whose odor shall cherish us in life

and carry us on smoothly to the elysian fields, where we shall feast upon the fruit in full fruition.

AMERICAN FEASTING (A KENTUCK.)—When Mr. Gallot went through the United States with M’amselle d’Jeck, the celebrated elephant, he, one evening, was warm in his praises of the hospitalities and sociabilities of the mother country. Among other instances, he quoted one of the Rutland punch bowl, which, on the christening of the young marquis was built so large, that a small boat was actually set sailing upon it, in which a boy sat, who ladled out the liquor. ‘ I guess,’ said one of the company, ‘ I’ve seen a bowl that would beat that to immortal smash; for at my brother’s christening, the bowl was so deep, that when we young ones said it warn’t sweet enough, father sent a man down in a diving bell, to stir up the sugar at the bottom.’

I KNOW a case in which the minister praying over a child, apparently dying, said, ‘ if it be thy will spare.’ The poor mother’s soul yearning for her beloved, exclaimed, ‘ it must be his will, I cannot bear it.’ The minister stopped. To the surprise of many the child recovered; and the mother, after almost suffering martyrdom by him while a stripling, lived to see him hanged before he was twenty-two years of age. Oh, it is good to say, ‘ Not my will, but thy will, O Lord, be done.’

The use of ‘ your humble servant,’ came first into England on the marriage of Queen Mary, daughter of Henry IV. of France; which is derived from *votre tres humble serviteur*. The usual salutation before that time was: ‘ God keep you,’—‘ God be with you.’ And amongst the vulgar, ‘ How dost do,’ with a thump on the shoulder.

LIGHT.—A link boy asked Dr. Bugess, the preacher, if he would have a light, ‘ No, child,’ says the doctor, ‘ I am one of the lights of the world,’ I wish then,’ replied the boy, ‘ you was hung up at the end of our alley, for it is a very dark one.’

Letters Containing Remittances,
Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting
the amount of Postage paid.

G. P. F. Greenfield, Ms. \$1.00; N. D. M'Donough, N. Y. \$1.00; W. C. R. Newburgh, N. Y. \$1.00; G. F. Ghent, N. Y. \$1.00, M. A. Laneshorough, Ms. \$2.00, A. C. S. Woodstock, Vt. \$1.00.

MARRIED.

At Valatie, on the 31st ult. by the Rev. Mr. Cushing, Mr. Nicholas Harder, to Miss Hannah eldest daughter of William Bain, Esq. all of the above place.

DIED.

In this city, on the 4th inst. Mary, daughter of Stephen and Lucy Ann Hedges, aged 3 years.
At the residence of Jehoiakim H. Plass, in Chatham, on the 30th ult. Maria E. Bertron, aged 13 years and 16 days.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

Limericks.

ADDRESSED BY A TEACHER TO HIS PUPILS.

My youthful friends and pupils dear,
Time, hurrying on with swift career,
Her annual round has driven :—
Another year is past and gone,
And we are swiftly sailing on
Towards an eternal heaven.
Then let us while in life's gay prime,
Strive rightly to improve our time ;
While seeds of knowledge sowing,
Let's scatter with them virtue's seeds,
And no immoral, vicious weeds
Within the mind leave growing.

Upon life's theatre, our part,
To act it with an upright heart,
Oh let us never fear it !
And a high, envied seat to gain,
Among the immortal sons of fame,
Let's strive with manly spirit.
Oh, may we spend our youthful days
In walking in Religion's ways—
Her sacred cause maintain it,
That when at last we reach old age
And backward look on Memory's page,
No blot be found to stain it.

RURAL BARD.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

The Sister's Grave.

BY A YOUNG LADY.

I had a little sister once,
And she was passing fair ;
Like twined links of the yellow gold
Was the waving of her hair.
Her face was like a day in June,
When all is sweet and still,
And the shadows of the summer clouds
Creep softly o'er the hill.
Oh, my sister's voice—I hear it yet,
It comes upon mine ear,
Like the singing of a joyous bird,
When the summer months are near.

Sometimes the notes would rise at eve,
So fairy like and wild,
My mother thought a spirit sang,
And not the gentle child.

But then we heard the little feet
Come dancing to the door,
And met the gaze of brighter eyes
Than ever spirit wore.

And she would enter full of glee,
Her long fair tresses bound
With a garland of the simple flowers,
By mountain streamlets found.

She never bore the garden's pride,
The red rose on her breast ;
Our own sweet wild-flower loved
The other wild-flowers best.

Like them she seemed to cause no toil,
To give no pain or care,

But to bask and bloom on a lonely spot
In the warm and sunny air.
And oh ! like them as they come in spring,
And with summer's fate decay,
She passed with the sun's last parting smile.
From life's rough path away.

And when she died—'neath an old oak tree
My sister's grave was made ;
For, when on earth, she used to love
Its dark and pensive shade.

And every spring in that old tree
The song birds build their nests,
And wild-flowers blow on the soft green turf,
Where dead my-sister rests :

And the children of our village say
That on my sister's tomb,
The wild-flowers are the last that fade,
And the first that ever bloom.

There is no stone raised there to tell
My sister's name and age,
For that dear name in every heart
Is carved on Memory's page.

We miss her in the hour of joy,
For when all hearts were light,
There was no step so gay as hers,
No eyes so glad and bright.

We miss her in the hour of woe,
For then she tried to cheer,
And the soothing words of the pious child
Could dry the mourner's tear.

Even when she erred, we could not chide,
For though the fault was small,
She always mourned so much and sued
For pardon from us all.

She was too pure for earthly love—
Strength to our hearts was given,
And we yielded her in her childhood's light,
To a brighter home in heaven. A. G.

My Birth-Day.

BY MOORE.

'My birth-day !—What a different sound
That word had in my youthful ears !
And how, each time the day comes round,
Less and less white its mark appears !
When first our scanty years are told,
It seems like pastime to grow old ;
And, as youth counts the shining links
That Time around him binds so fast,
Pleased with the task, he little thinks
How hard that chain will press at last.
Vain was the man, and false as vain,
Who said, ' we're he ordained to run
His long career of life again,
He would do all that he had done.'—
Ah ! 'tis not thus the voice that dwells
In sober birth-days speaks to me ;
Far otherwise—of time it tells
Lavished unwisely, carelessly—
Of counsel mocked—of talents, made
Haply for high and pure designs,
But oft, like Israel's incense laid
Upon unholy, earthly shrines—
Of nursing many a wrong desire—
Of wandering after Love too far,
And taking every meteor fire
That crossed my path-way for his star !
All this it tells, and could I trace
The imperfect picture o'er again,
With power to add, retouch, efface
The lights and shades, the joy and pain,

How little of the past would stay !
How quickly all should melt away—
All—but that freedom of the mind
Which hath been more than wealth to me ;
Those friendships in my boyhood twined,
And kept till now unchangingly.
And that dear home, that saving ark,
Where Love's true light at last I've found,
Cheering within, when all grows dark,
And comfortless, and stormy round !

First Morning in Spring.

BREAK from your chains ye lingering streams,
Rise, blossoms, from your wintry dreams,
Drear fields, your robes of verdure take,
Birds, from your trance of silence wake,
Glad trees, resume your lofty crown,
Shrubs, o'er the mirror brooks bend down,
Bland zephyrs, whereso'er you stray,
The Spring doth call you,—haste away.—

Thou too, my Soul, with quickened force
Pursue thy brief, thy measured course,
With grateful zeal each power employ,
Catch vigor from Creation's joy,
Stamp Love to God—and Love to man,
More deeply on thy shortening span,
And still with added patience bear
Thy crown of thorns, thy lot of care.

But Spring with tardy step appears,
Chill is her eye, and dim with tears,
Fast are the founts in fetters bound,
The flower gems sink within the ground,
Where are the warblers of the sky ?
I ask—and angry blasts reply.—
It is not thus in heavenly bowers,
Nor ice-bound rill, nor drooping flowers,
Nor silent harp, nor folded wing,
Invade that everlasting Spring,
Toward which we turn with wistful tear,
While pilgrims in this wintry sphere.

Forgiveness.

How beautifully falls
From human lips that blessed word—forgive !
Forgiveness—it is the attribute of gods—
The sound which openeth heaven—renews again
On earth lost Eden's faded bloom, and flings
Hope's halcyon halo o'er the waste of life.
Thrice happy he whose heart hath been so schooled
In the meek lessons of humility,
That he can give it utterance : it imparts
Celestial grandeur to the human soul,
And maketh man an angel.

Notice.

NOTES. New Subscribers can be furnished with all the previous numbers of the present volume, and all the back volumes except the 1st and 2d.

NOTES. Notes under Five Dollars taken in payment for the Repository, as usual.

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VOL. XII.—[III. NEW SERIES.]

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1836.—

NO. 24.

SELECT TALES.

From the Juvenile Keep-Sake.

Elsie Grey or the Young Cottager.

BY EMMA C. EMBURY.

ELsie GREY was the daughter of one of the poorest class of American Farmers.—Her father, unable to purchase land for himself, cultivated the farm of a rich widow lady in his native village of Hampden, and received, as a remuneration for his toil, a third part of the profits arising from the sale of the produce. The hard and stony soil which he tilled, afforded a harvest far from proportionate to the labor which was lavished upon it; and it was only by the most unremitting industry, that he was able to provide for his wife and three little ones. Yet, had Edward Grey possessed that great essential of happiness, a contented spirit, he might have found much, even in his own humble dwelling to mitigate the evils of his lot. His children were always clean and tidy, his cottage was as neat as female ingenuity could make it, and his wife was a pattern of frugality and industry. But Edward was a dissatisfied man, and though his discontent was confined to his own bosom, or shared only with his meek wife, yet the fire was but smouldering within him, soon to burst forth with consuming violence.

Elsie the eldest of his children, was about eleven years of age, when a circumstance occurred, apparently trivial in itself, but of sufficient importance, as it afterwards proved, to decide the fate of her whole family. This was the establishment of a new tavern on the road through which her father was accustomed to pass in his way to market. Though no lover of strong drink, Edward Grey had, unhappily, a great fondness for argument, and the well filled bar room of the new inn, afforded equal attractions to the admirers of warm debate and hot punch. Mr. Tomkins, the new innkeeper, was a disciple of the modern school of infidelity. The words *Liberty*, *Equality*, *Community of interests*, *Agrarian Law*, &c. were forever in his mouth, and the subtlety with which he defended his prin-

ples, gave him a great advantage over the unlettered farmers, who listened all agape to these astounding novelties. Edward Grey's embittered feeling, rendered him but too easy a convert to these pernicious doctrines. Night after night he was to be found seated beside the stove, in the bar room of 'Agrarian Hall,' drinking in deep draughts of infidelity and brandy, until gradually every trace of his former self disappeared before the influence of skepticism and intemperance.

Mournfully did his unhappy wife watch his slow, but certain progress towards ruin. Earnestly and faithfully did she expostulate with him; but, alas! the heart which had hardened itself against its Maker, was not to be softened by the voice of affection. He became stern and severe in his family—neglectful of his duty towards his employers; and in less than a year after he became a proselyte to the new creed, it was scarcely possible to recognize the active, industrious Edward Grey, in the indolent riotous disputant of the village tavern. Mrs. Morton, the lady upon whose estate he lived, was not long in hearing of this change.

A bigoted sectarian, as well as a conscientious Christian, she hesitated not to declare, that unless he recanted his infidel opinions, she would no longer afford him employment. This was adding fuel unto the flame. He had already persuaded himself into the belief, that his poverty was a grievance, which he ought to avenge upon these who were more favored by fortune; and now triumphed in the thought of being persecuted for his '*free inquiries*.' His pride and vain-glory at the idea of being a martyr to his principles, made him quite regardless of those whom he compelled to share his martyrdom; and when Mrs. Morton actually put her threat in execution—when he was literally turned out of doors with his wife and children—he felt far less grief for the sufferings of his family, than pride for having thus signalized his steadfastness in infidelity.

The situation of his family was indeed deplorable. Anxiety, and the necessity of two fold labor, had completely destroyed the health of Mrs. Grey, and she now found her-

self and little ones thrown upon the world, without any apparent means of subsistence. A miserable hovel, which had been so long uninhabited, that the winds and rains of heaven had access to it from all quarters, became their abode; and here Elsie received her hardest lessons in worldly wisdom. From her earliest infancy, she had been accustomed to privation, but she was now to feel absolute want. Every morsel of bread was eaten as if they knew not where to look for the next meal and many a time did the poor child conceal her scanty portion, that she might give it to her little brother and sister, who being younger and weaker, were less able to endure hunger than herself. Her father, tormented by remorse, with that moral cowardice which is so much more frequently found in men than in the weaker sex, feared to face the evil which he brought upon himself, and therefore avoided, as much as possible, his desolate home, while her mother was gradually sinking under that fatal disease, consumption.

Had Elsie been the child of wealthy parents, her extreme personal beauty would probably have made her a drawing-room pet, and perhaps have unfitted her for a more useful destiny. But her parents, too poor to value any but the useful gifts of nature, thought not of the bright black eyes, and rosebud mouth, of the little creature, whose tiny hands had always been employed in necessary, and sometimes severe labor. The children of the poor often display strength of character, and a precocity of intellect, rarely to be found among the hotbed plants of prosperity. They seem indeed, as if they advanced at once from infancy to adolescence. The sports and frolics of childhood do not belong to those who have been made prematurely wise by poverty. Elsie Grey possessed a degree of foresight and prudence, far beyond her years. The circumstances of her family had thrown so much care and responsibility upon her, that even when a child in years, she had become a woman in feeling.

Notwithstanding the exertions of Elsie and her mother, affairs gradually grew worse with them. Her father, believing that he could

more easily obtain a living in a great city, removed to New York; but his evil genius, the tavern-keeper, accompanied him, and Elsie soon found, that, poor as they had been in the country, they were far more destitute in the midst of the crowded city. The kind neighbors, who had pitied and relieved their most pressing necessities, were no longer near them. They were shut up in a close room, in one of those squalid haunts of misery and vice, which are ever to be found in large towns, where the very air and light of heaven can scarcely be enjoyed unbought. Mrs. Grey's health gradually declined. She became at last too ill to leave her room; and her husband, reckless alike of wife or children, spent all his time in the gambling cellar of his friend the tavern keeper. But Elsie's courage failed not. She nursed her mother, watched over her brother and sister, and by her kind manners so won upon the hearts of those who occupied the other apartments in the house, that she soon found herself in the midst of friends. A washerwoman in the neighborhood was prevailed upon to take Elsie as an assistant, and the neatness with which she performed her tasks soon ensured her constant employment. When her mother became too ill to be left alone with the children, Elsie took her work home; and it was entirely owing to the constant exertions of the little girl, that the whole family were preserved from starvation. Extreme poverty almost always hardens the heart. They whose whole life has been spent in a perpetual struggle against mere physical misery, naturally become selfish. But the industry and good humor of Elsie Grey, interested even the poorest of her neighbors. She always found them ready to do her a kindness, if it lay within their power; and her cheerful spirit never dreamed of repining at the hardships to which she was subjected.

Their greatest misfortunes, however were yet to come. Though Edward Grey had gradually sunk into the lowest state of degradation, he had as yet committed no crime which rendered him amenable to the law. But no man can say to the tide of evil principle, 'thus far shalt thou go, and no further.' The system of petty gambling, in which he indulged, had entirely destroyed his former just perceptions of right and wrong, and he was therefore easily persuaded into the act of guilt. It happened that one of the richest merchants then in New-York, was named Edward Gray. This similarity of name in persons so dissimilar in fortune, was often made, the subject of conversation between Edward and his pernicious adviser, Tomkins. 'Why, my dear fellow,' would Tomkins often say to him, 'there is but a single letter to choose, between the rich Edward Gray, and the poor Edward Grey.'

'I wish that were indeed all the difference,' was Edward's frequent reply, and Tomkins would invariably dismiss the subject with a vague hint, or an obscure suggestion, which sunk deep in the mind of the infatuated man.

At length, Tomkins proposed that Grey should sign a check for five hundred dollars, for which he undertook to procure the money. The idea of forgery was at first startling; but the industrious persuasions of his evil counsellor soon induced him to believe, that the signing of a name, which was in fact his own, could never be construed into an act of criminality. The first thing necessary, was to obtain the signature of the merchant, in order that it might be accurately copied. This, though a task of some difficulty, was finally accomplished; and Edward set himself to the work of copying it, until he should be able to produce a *fac simile* of the somewhat peculiar hand-writing of his wealthy namesake. After a degree of patience and perseverance worthy of a better purpose, he succeeded. A check, filled up and signed by the spurious Edward Grey, was presented at the bank where the merchant kept his account, and, after a slight inspection immediately paid. The money was divided between the confederates. Tomkins prepared to set off for Philadelphia, and Grey, who had not been totally insensible to the sufferings of his family, resolved to remove with them to the west, where he proposed to amend his life, and, if possible, retrieve his fallen fortunes. But when did a man ever prosper upon the wages of iniquity? The very day before his unhappy family were to have quitted their desolate home, to begin their melancholy journey, he was seized and imprisoned for forgery. What then were the sufferings of his wife and children? Though he had given himself up to sin and shame, he was still the husband and the father, and never, even in the days of youthful affection, had Mrs. Grey clung so fondly to her husband as now, when she saw him borne down by the weight of guilt.

Tomkins, as might have been expected, became evidence against the man whom he had ruined. The whole plot was revealed, and Grey's only chance for safety, the doubt whether the signature of a name actually his own could be deemed forgery, was destroyed by the facts, that he had purposely imitated the hand-writing of another, and that there was a difference in the manner of spelling the two names. He was found guilty, and sentenced to seven years' hard labor in the state prison. During the time which elapsed previous to the trial, Elsie had given all her care and attention to her unhappy father. Her mother, unable to visit him herself, was only content when she knew Elsie was near him; and it was not until she knew him led

to prison, bearing a badge of guilt upon his shaven brow, that she returned, almost broken hearted, to her wretched mother.

Elsie had attended her father during his trial—she had stood by his side in the court of justice: and not a word which could affect his safety had escaped her ear. She remarked how much public sympathy was awakened. She observed how fully all in court were impressed with the belief, that her father was far less guilty than his infamous adviser. Deeply did she reflect upon all she had witnessed, until her vigorous mind formed a scheme, which few girls of fourteen could have planned, and still fewer could have executed. She stationed herself at the door of the hall, until she saw the lawyer who had been employed to conduct the prosecution against her father. Humbly, but earnestly beseeching his attention, she gave him a simple account of the situation of her family. Her extreme beauty, her earnest manner, the touching pathos of her voice, excited the interest of the gentleman to whom she addressed herself; and he determined to accompany her home. His compassion was still more strongly moved by what he there witnessed; and he became exceedingly anxious to serve her. But all she asked, was the pardon of her father; and to the attainment of this there appeared an insurmountable obstacle. The governor of the state, who alone possessed the power of pardoning a condemned criminal, had publicly declared his determination, never to avail himself of that privilege, in favor of one whom an impartial jury had declared worthy of punishment. The kind lawyer, however, was not easily to be discouraged. He proposed to Elsie, that she should go in person to the governor, and, with no other aid than her own simple eloquence, implore the remission of her father's sentence. The heroic child only hesitated until she could be assured that her mother would be taken care of during her absence, and then declared herself ready to depart. Furnished with a plain but decent dress; by her new friend, and bearing a letter which contained a full exposition of her father's case, but without a single word of comment or entreaty, she embarked on board a sloop bound for Albany. A visit to the capital was not in those days a twelve hours' journey as it is now. One, two and sometimes three weeks, were frequently consumed in toiling against adverse tides, or waiting for favorable winds; for the quiet Hudson had never at that time borne a steamboat upon its bosom. Elsie was thirteen days in arriving at the destined port, and the solitary child had become an object of no little interest to her fellow-passengers. None knew her story, but all were disposed to give her their best wishes when they parted on the wharf in Albany.

It was late in the afternoon when Elsie found herself, alone and friendless, in the streets of the capital. Having inquired her way to the governor's house, she resolved never to leave the door till she had told him her errand. For several hours she sat upon the steps, waiting for the appearance of some one whom she might address, when at length a gentleman alighted from a carriage, and was about entering the house. Timidly seizing the skirt of his coat, Elsie accosted him as 'Mr. Governor.' 'I am not Mr. Governor,' said the gentleman, laughing, 'but I suppose my sixpence will do you as much good as if it came out of his excellency's pocket.' Though sadly disappointed, Elsie thankfully picked up the piece of money which he had thrown upon the pavement, and again resumed her patient vigil. It was now quite dark, and fearing to remain alone in the street, but at the same time unwilling to lose sight of the governor's door, she took refuge in a watchman's box which stood near. She had been there but a few minutes when the watchman entered. At first accosting her harshly, he was about to lead her to the watch-house as a vagrant, but her artless tale arrested his purpose. 'It is too late for you to see his excellency to-night, my good girl,' said he, 'but to-morrow you may have better luck; and in the meantime; you can spread my coat upon the floor and sleep till my watch is over.' Elsie gladly availed herself of this permission, and placing herself in as comfortable a position as she could, slept soundly until daybreak. The good natured watchman then awoke her as he was about to return home, and, thanking him for his kindness, the forlorn child again took her station on the steps of the governor's house. She was soon driven from her post by the servants who were commencing their daily household duties; but resolute in her purpose, she removed from their immediate neighborhood only to place herself on the stepping stone opposite the door. She had not sat long, when a rosy cheeked boy, apparently about her age, bounded down the steps, and was springing past her, when she arrested him by her timid grasp. The manly little fellow listened to her tale with the deepest interest. Tears glistened in his blue eyes as she avowed her determination never to quit the door till she had seen the governor. 'You shall see him!' he exclaimed; 'my father will not refuse me so small a favor: come into the house.' With grateful heart, but timid step, Elsie followed her young conductor. They entered a hall, which, to her eyes, appeared magnificent: and she almost feared to tread upon the brilliant colors which spread themselves beneath her feet as she ascended the stairs. Now take off your hat and wait in this room till I come,' said the boy, opening the door of a small

apartment, filled up as a library. 'What beautiful hair you have!' added he laughing, as she removed her hat, and the thick locks fell clustering about her neck; 'I wonder what my sister Mary would give for such curls?—they would save her a deal of trouble with barbers.'

Poor Elsie's heart sank within her as she found herself alone; but in a few minutes her young friend returned, leading by the hand a stately looking man, whose benevolent countenance by no means realized the idea which she had formed of a stern and unmerciful governor. 'Why, Frank,' said the old gentleman, with a good-natured smile, as he saw the trembling girl, 'have you brought me from my breakfast only to listen to the story of a pretty little beggar girl? I am not a beggar, sir,' said Elsie, timidly, 'I come to ask'—She paused—her courage failed her—she could not proceed. 'Tell my father the story you told me,' said the anxious boy. With faltering voice, Elsie began her tale. Forgetting her fears, as she thought of her father and mother, she spoke with earnest and impassioned eloquence. The letter which she bore explained the merits of the case, and the simple pathos of her untutored language was more powerful than all the pleading in the world.

The governor was deeply moved; but how could he break the resolution so publicly avowed and to which he had, in numberless instances, so rigidly adhered? Long was the struggle between his feelings and his sense of duty—but humanity prevailed. 'Frank,' said he, 'you will see me abused in the newspapers for this; and remember, it is all your own fault. My good girl,' added he, turning to Elsie, 'your father shall be pardoned; but upon one condition—he must quit this part of the country.' 'God forever bless you!' cried the agitated girl as she sank fainting at his feet. When she recovered, she was lying on a sofa in the breakfast room, and surrounded by four or five ladies, who had heard enough of the story to awaken their kindest feelings in her behalf.

A few days after, the same sloop that brought her to Albany was bearing her back to her home. But she was no longer friendless and alone. Her father, penitent and grateful, sat beside her, and the story of her heroic virtue had won for her so many 'golden opinions,' that she found herself fully enabled to supply the most pressing wants of her father and mother.

Do my young readers desire to know the final destiny of Elsie Grey? In one of the flourishing settlements of the far West, there are several wealthy families, who claim the same parentage. In the warmest nook of their cheerful firesides, is often to be seen a placid-looking old lady, whose figure is

somewhat bent with age, but whose black eyes are still bright, as she watches the playful gambols of her great grand children. In that old lady we may recognize our friend Elsie Grey. Her mother died with blessings on her lips; her father lived to repent the error of his ways, and to become a useful member of society; and as a wife and mother, no less than a daughter, her whole life has been characterized by virtue and usefulness.

For the Rural Repository.

My Adventures.

PART VII.

VIRTUE and **Vice** may be enemies, but they are very near neighbors. It is only a step from the door of one to that of the other. So Captain Ballez found it after his first interview with Anna. It was true she loved him, loved him too well, alas, for her peace and happiness. But their love from that fatal meeting was no longer what it once was. Before that period there had been mutual respect, and dignity; like other young persons, each had invested the object of attachment with ethereal and ideal qualities. If there had been something fanciful in their sentiments, something that appealed rather to the imagination than the heart, there had also been more purity. Thenceforth its nature changed. Their love was now all of earth, unmixed passion. The fine gold had become dim.

Mattia saw all this and rejoiced. 'If love is sweet, so is Revenge.' I quote from a gentleman well known in the vicinity of Hudson. And heathenish as that sentiment may appear, I believe it is one which will find a response in every human heart. If the kindlier feelings have their effect, if friendly deeds excite our affection, so must wrongs and insults produce their legitimate results. If I tread on a snake I must expect him to sting me; nature has furnished him with the means of repelling aggression, and for the same reason, as well as from the higher considerations of duty, I must beware of injuring my fellow man. 'An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth' is a maxim universally applicable, and founded on an immutable principle of our nature. Who would tamely bear

'The whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns,
That patient merit of the unworthy takes?'

Mattia, for one, could not.

Days, weeks fled swiftly away, and the consummation of the Italian's plan rapidly approached. The intimacy of Ballez and Anna increased, and as it increased, their intercourse became less guarded. As yet, de Silva's suspicions were not aroused. He

had never doubted that his wife was pure as she was lovely. Beneath that fair and open brow, and that smiling cheek who could imagine that deceit and treachery were lurking? As soon would the traveler in the desert expect poison in the bright and bubbling spring whose limpid waters invited him to drink. As soon would de Silva have doubted his patron saint. In her he had 'garnered up his heart.' She was his life's life, and his soul's soul.' He loved her not the less that she did not reciprocate the ardor of his love. The indifference she had exhibited towards him from the time of their marriage inflamed instead of dampening his passion. Strange yet certain it is that the most eager aspirations of the human heart are after objects whose attainment is doubtful or impossible. How often does man lavish the whole wealth of his affections and desires upon that which makes the least return. It is thus in matters of love. Men frequently worship those who regard them with perfect apathy, and at the same time, treat with coolness the affection which others bestow upon them. I believe it will be found upon observation that in the majority of marriages, there is either love on one side and indifference on the other, or else no love at all between the parties. Of course the last pages of novels present an exception to this heretical remark.

'This night' said Mattia, as he sat by his window watching the setting sun—'this night they meet for the last time. De Silva does not suspect their intimacy. How the dull fool will be electrified, and what pleasure it will give him to know that I, the rival whom he pretended to despise, am acquainted with all the circumstances. Well, what has he to complain of? She never loved him, she told him so. His marriage was a matter of bargain and sale. Besides he has never known trouble. Affluent and powerful, his life has been a summer stream. The tempest and the whirlpool are yet to come. After all, this discovery will not help me. She loves me not; she cannot think of any other being than that cursed Ballez. The prospect of my success, forsooth? The palest star that twinkles in yon distant firmament is not more remote and inaccessible. Fate has singled me out from my cradle for her wrath or sport. Where are my father, mother, my early friends? Dead, absent or estranged. Where the princely fortune I inherited? Scattered; gone. Here I am a homeless exile in a strange land. Here I am in the morning of manhood with the chills of sixty winters on my soul; with more and sadder experience than many grey haired men. I see before me none of the flowers with which hope and fancy used to strew the perspective of the future; they all lie along my path, like withered bouquets which some schoolboy has

dropt on a dusty road. The bright image with an angel's robe and holding honors in her hand which once beckoned me forward has turned into a wan and hideous specter, throwing dismal shadows of sorrow and disgrace before my eyes.'

The Italian rose from his seat and for some moments paced the floor of his room with a violent and disordered air. He who in his intercourse with the world had drilled his countenance to assume the cold and impenetrable cast of marble, he who studied to conceal from his fellow men all evidences of passion and emotion, now gave vent to his feelings in a thousand frantic gestures. As his memory recalled the past, the innocence and peace of his youth, the smiles and kisses of his dead parents, the heartfelt joys which were never more to be his, his features wore the bitter and disappointed expression with which the banished and falling angels must have taken their last glance of the Paradise from whence they were hurled. In that moment of unmixed anguish, when in the very core of his heart the thorn was festering, had the priest been sincere, he would have sought consolation in the only stream where the spirit can assuage its thirst for happiness. Alas, he had no such refuge. He scorned the creed of which he was a minister. 'Can it be?' he murmured to himself 'can it be that my philosophy is at fault in this matter? Can it be that this soul, as men call it, is a separate and distinct principle from the body, that it shall live when the flesh mortifies in the darkness and silence of the grave? that it shall survive its prison? Is it not the chief of all vanities to suppose that we are immortal, that though the flocks upon a thousand hills perish, and the earth decays and the very heavens wane, we, we pygmies shall outlive the general wreck and rise above the ruins of the universe? And yet it is a beautiful, an inspiring thought. When pain shoots through me, when I can see no charms in earth, no friendship in man, when every object of my love is wrested from me, when the wall upon which my vine leaned, totters and falls, when enemies hiss at me, and misery preys like a cancer upon me, when the rose that I looked at and loved and held to my nostrils nourishes in its cup a foul worm, when the fountain where I drank becomes bitter and loathsome, oh, how like a ray of sunlight in the clouded sky, the brighter from the storm through which it struggles, must come the hope of a future, and blissful existence. But no! such hopes are not for me. There is no joy here or hereafter. What have I left then? Revenge.' As the priest spoke, his hands convulsively clenched a poinard concealed beneath his garments, his eyes gleamed wildly and fearfully, the veins that marked his white and ample forehead were distended almost to

bursting. Agony and rage were depicted on his pallid face. The fires of Hell were in his heart.

Let him who is disappointed in his pursuit of felicity recollect that our moral and physical organization, do not fit us to enjoy anything completely. There is after all, but little happiness in human life; and what there is, is but the reflection of Heaven from the dim mirror of this imperfect world.

The moon was high in heaven, and looking down upon the earth with that rebuking calmness with which she ever surveys the theatre of human strife, when Ballez and Anna once more met. They sat together in a grove of the garden which was their first rendezvous. The time and the place were well calculated to awaken the intoxicating and dangerous emotions which had now the ascendancy in their hearts. The air was laden with the rife perfume of flowers and plants, that fragrant incense which grateful nature sends up to her Creator. There was a soothing stillness in the night, there was a feeling of solitude which enables lovers to think aloud to each other. No sad presentiment shewed its raven wing in their prospect of the future, and as yet, memory called up no visions from the past to occasion regret or remorse. Their hands were linked together and their hearts were joined in a still closer union. As thus they sat murmuring their affection more by signs than words, at that absorbing moment, Anna suddenly looked up, and saw, standing by her side, her husband. As if an arrow had struck her she fell, mute, senseless at his feet. The scene that ensued I have not the ability to describe. De Silva's sword was drawn and he attacked Ballez at once. But quick as lightning the Spaniard presented a pistol and leveled it at the head of his antagonist. 'Stand back or die,' said he, in that deep, low voice which his crew had often heard in the din of battle. The reply was a fierce pass with the sword, which but for the agility of Ballez, would have finished the controversy. Leaping nimbly aside the Spaniard discharged his pistol full in the face of his adversary, and de Silva fell to the ground, a mutilated corpse. The deed begun with a lesser crime, was consummated in murder.

It was not till that minute, that startling close of the tragedy, that Ballez saw the whole front and extent of his offence. With a corpse like face, with clasped hands, and his muscular frame reduced to infantile weakness, he knelt beside the murdered man. How terrible must have been such reflections as these;

'Yes, life hath left him—every busy thought,
Each fiery passion, every strong affection,
All sense of outward ill and inward sorrow,
Are fled at once from the pale trunk before me;
And I have given that which spoke and moved,
Thought, acted, suffered as a living man,
To be a ghastly form of bloody clay,
Soon the soul food for reptiles!'

He turned from the sickening sight to Anna. Motionless she lay near her husband. 'And art thou too crushed,' he said 'the tree and the vine both perished?' He took her cold hand in his, he parted the dark hair from her forehead. 'What fiend of Hell has done this work,' he cried aloud. A low, silvery laugh echoed from the neighboring orange trees, and Mattia looked in with the cutting sneer upon his lip which none knew better than he, how and when to use. With such a glance must Satan have gazed at our first parents when the avenging sword of the angel was driving them into perpetual exile from the borders of their native Eden.

Such was the history of Captain Ballez. It was for this offence that he was imprisoned. Anna became an inmate of a convent in Rio, and by the piety of her subsequent life sought to atone for the transgressions of her youth. The facts related in this story are strictly true, and were much commented upon in the Brazilian circles and public prints at the period of their occurrence. • O. P. B.

TRAVELING SKETCHES.

From the American Monthly, for February.

Old Ticonderoga.

A PICTURE OF THE PAST.

In returning once to New England, from a visit to Niagara, I found myself, one summer's day, before noon, at Orwell, about forty miles from the southern extremity of Lake Champlain, which has here the aspect of a river or a creek. We were on the Vermont shore, with a ferry, of less than a mile wide, between us and the town of Ti, in New York.

On the bank of the lake, within ten yards of the water, stood a pretty white tavern, with a piazza along its front. A wharf and one or two stores were close at hand, and appeared to have a good run of trade, foreign as well as domestic; the latter with Vermont farmers, the former with vessels plying between White-hall and the British dominions. Altogether, this was a pleasant and lively spot. I delighted in it, among other reasons, on account of the continual succession of travelers, who spent an idle quarter of an hour in waiting for the ferry-boat; affording me just time enough to make their acquaintance, penetrate their mysteries, and be rid of them without the risk of tediousness on either part.

The greatest attraction, in this vicinity, is the famous old fortress of Ticonderoga; the remains of which are visible from the piazza of the tavern, on a swell of land that shuts in the prospect of the lake. Those celebrated heights, Mount Defiance and Mount Independence, familiar to all Americans in history, stand too prominent not to be recognized, though neither of them precisely correspond to the images excited by

their names. In truth, the whole scene, except the interior of the fortress, disappointed me. Mount Defiance, which one pictures as a steep, lofty, and rugged hill, of most formidable aspect, frowning down with the grim visage of a precipice on old Ticonderoga, is merely a long and wooded ridge; and bore, at some former period, the gentle name of Sugar Hill. The brow is certainly difficult to climb, and high enough to look into every corner of the fortress. St. Clair's most probable reason, however, for neglecting to occupy it, was the deficiency of troops to man the works already constructed, rather than the supposed inaccessibility of Mount Defiance. It is singular that the French never fortified this height, standing, as it does, in the quarter whence they must have looked for the advance of a British army.

In my first view of the ruins, I was favored with the scientific guidance of a young lieutenant of engineers, recently from West Point, where he had gained credit for great military genius. I saw nothing but confusion in what chiefly interested him; straight lines and zig-zags, defence within defence, wall opposed to wall, and ditch intersecting ditch; oblong squares of masonry below the surface of the earth—and huge mounds, or turf-covered hills of stone, about it. On one of these artificial hillocks, a pine tree has rooted itself, and grown tall and strong, since the banner-staff was leveled. But where my unmilitary glance could trace no regularity, the young lieutenant was perfectly at home. He fathomed the meaning of every ditch, and formed an entire plan of the fortress from its half-obliterated lines. His description of Ticonderoga would be as accurate as a geometrical theorem, and as barren of the poetry that has clustered around its decay. I viewed Ticonderoga as a place of ancient strength, in ruins for half a century; where the flags of three nations had successively waved, and none waved now; where armies had struggled, so long ago that the bones of the slain were mouldered; where Peace had found a heritage in the forsaken haunts of War. Now the young West Pointer, with his lectures on ravelins, counterscarps, angles, and covered ways, made it an affair of bricks and mortar and hewn stone, arranged on certain regular principles, having a good deal to do with mathematics, but nothing at all with poetry.

I should have been glad of a hoary veteran to totter by my side, and tell me, perhaps, of the French garrison and their Indian allies—of Abercrombie, Lord Howe, and Amherst—of Ethan Allen's triumph and St. Clair's surrender. The old soldier and the old fortress would be emblems of each other. His reminiscences, though vivid as the image of Ticonderoga in the lake, would harmonize with the gray influence of the scene. A

survivor of the long-disbanded garrisons, though but a private soldier, might have mustered his dead chiefs and comrades—some from Westminster Abbey, and English church yards, and battle-fields in Europe—others from their graves here in America—others, not a few, who lie sleeping round the fortress; he might have mustered them all, and bid them march through the gateway, turning their old historic faces on me as they passed. Next to such a companion, the best is one's own fancy.

At another visit, I was alone—and after rambling all over the ramparts, sat down to rest myself in one of the roofless barracks. These are old French structures, and appear to have occupied three sides of a large area, now overgrown with grass, nettles, and thistles. The one in which I sat was long and narrow, as all the rest had been, with peaked gables. The exterior walls were nearly entire, constructed of gray, flat, unpicked stones, the aged strength of which promised long to resist the elements, if no other violence should precipitate their fall. The roof, floors, partitions, and the rest of the wood-work, had probably been burnt, except some bars of staunch old oak, which where blackened with fire, but still remained imbedded into the window sills and over the doors. There were a few particles of plastering near the chimney scratched with rude figures, perhaps by a soldier's hand. A most luxuriant crop of weeds had sprung up within the edifice, and hid the scattered fragments of the wall. Grass and weeds grew in the windows, and in all the crevices of the stone—climbing, step by step, till a tuft of yellow flowers was waving on the highest peak of the gable. Some spicy herb diffused a pleasant odor through the ruin. A verdant heap of vegetation had covered the hearth of the second floor, clustering on the very spot where the huge logs had mouldered to glowing coals, and flourished beneath the broad flue, which had so often puffed the smoke over a circle of French or English soldiers. I felt that there was no other token of decay so impressive as that bed of weeds in the place of the back-log.

Here I sat with those roofless walls about me, the clear sky over my head, and the afternoon sunshine falling gently bright through the window-frames and door way. I heard the tingling of a cowbell, the twittering of birds and the pleasant hum of insects. Once a gay butterfly, with four gold-speckled wings, came and fluttered about my head—then flew up and lighted on the highest tuft of yellow flowers—and at last took wing across the lake. Next a bee buzzed through the sunshine, and found much sweetness among the weeds. After watching him till he went off to his distant hive, I closed my eyes on Ticonderoga in ruins, and cast a dream-like glance

over pictures of the past, and scenes of which this spot had been the theatre.

At first my fancy saw only the stern hills, lonely lakes, and venerable woods. Not a tree, since their seeds were first scattered over the infant soil, had felt the axe, but had grown up and flourished throughout its long generation—had fallen beneath the weight of years, been buried in green moss, and nourished the roots of others as gigantic.—Hark! A light paddle dips into the lake—a birch canoe glides around the point—and an Indian chief has passed, painted and feather-crested, armed with a bow of hickory, a stone tomahawk, and flint-headed arrows. But the ripple had hardly vanished from the water, when a white flag caught the breeze, over a castle in the wilderness with frowning ramparts and a hundred cannon. There stood a French chevalier, commander of the fortress, paying court to a copper-colored lady, the princess of the land, and winning her wild love by the arts which had been successful with Parisian dames. A war party of French and Indians were issuing from the gate to lay waste some village of New England. Near the fortress there was a group of dancers—the merry soldiers footing it with the swart savage maids; deeper in the wood, some red men were growing frantic around a keg of the fire-water; and elsewhere a Jesuit preached the faith of high cathedrals beneath a canopy of forest boughs, and distributed crucifixes to be worn beside English scalps. I tried to make a series of pictures from the old French war, when fleets were on the lake and armies in the woods, and especially of Abercrombie's disastrous repulse, where thousands of lives were utterly thrown away; but being at a loss how to order the battle, I chose an evening scene in the barracks after the fortress had surrendered to Sir Jeffrey Amherst. What an immense fire blazes on that hearth, gleaming on swords, bayonets, and musket barrels, and blending with the hue of the scarlet coats till the whole barrack room is quivering with ruddy light! One soldier has thrown himself down to rest, after a deer hunt, or perhaps a long run through the woods, with Indians on his trail. Two stand up to wrestle, and are on the point of coming to blows. A fifer plays a shrill accompaniment to a drummer's song—a strain of light love and bloody war, with a chorus thundered forth by twenty voices. Mean time a veteran in the corner is prating about Dettingen and Fontenoye, and relates camp-traditions of Marlborough's battles; till his pipe, having been roguishly charged with gunpowder, makes a terrible explosion under his nose. And now they all vanish in a puff of smoke from the chimney.

I merely glance at the ensuing twenty years, which glided peacefully over the frontier for-

tress, till Ethan Allen's shout was heard, summoning it to surrender 'in the name of the great Jehovah and of the Continental Congress.' Strange allies! thought the British Captain. Next came the hurried muster of the soldiers of liberty, when the cannon of Burgoyne, pointing down upon their strong hold from the brow of Mount Defiance, announced a new conqueror of Ticonderoga. No virgin fortress, this! Forth rushed the motley throng from the barracks, one man wearing the blue buff of the union, another the red coat of Britain, a third a dragoon's jacket, and a fourth a cotton frock; here was a pair of leather breeches, and striped trowsers there; a grenadier's cap on one head, and a broad-brimmed hat, with a tall feather on the next; this fellow shouldering a king's arm, that might throw a bullet to Crown Point, and his comrade a long fowling piece, admirable to shoot ducks on the lake. In the midst of the bustle, when the fortress was all alive with its warlike scene, the ringing of a bell on the lake made me suddenly unclose my eyes and behold only the grey and weed-grown ruins. They were as peaceful in the sun as a warrior's grave.

Hastening to the rampart, I perceived that the signal had been given by the steamboat Franklin, which landed a passenger from Whitehall at the tavern, and resumed its progress northward, to reach Canada the next morning. A sloop was pursuing the same track; a little skiff had just crossed the ferry; while a scow, laden with lumber, spread its huge square sail and went up the lake. The whole country was a cultivated farm. Within musket shot of the ramparts lay the neat villa of Mr. Pell, who since the revolution, has become proprietor of a spot for which France, England, and America have so often struggled. How forcibly the lapse of time and change of circumstances came home to my apprehension! Banner would never wave again, nor cannon roar, nor blood be shed, nor trumpet stir up the soldier's heart, in this old fort of Ticonderoga. Tall trees have grown upon its ramparts, since the last garrison marched out to return no more, or only at some dreamer's summons, gliding from the twilight past to vanish among realities.

MISCELLANY.

The Poetry of Flowers.

BY SARAH STICKNEY.

THERE is one circumstance connected with the rose which renders it a more true and striking emblem of earthly pleasure than any other flower—it bears a thorn. While its odorous breath is floating on the summer gale and its blushing cheek, half hid amongst the sheltering leaves, seem to woo and yet

shrink from the beholder's gaze, but touch with adventurous hand the garden queen and you are pierced by her protecting thorns: would you pluck the rose and weave it into a garland for the brow you love best, that brow will be wounded: or place the sweet blossom in your bosom, the thorn will be there. This real or ideal mingling of pain and sorrow, with the exquisite beauty of the rose, affords a never-ending theme to those who are best acquainted with the inevitable blending of clouds and sunshine, hope and fear, weal and wo, in this our earthly inheritance.

With every thing fair, or sweet or exquisite in this world, it has seemed meet to that wisdom which appoints our sorrows and sets a bound to our enjoyments, to affix some stain, some bitterness, or some alloy, which may not inaptly be called, in figurative language a thorn. St. Paul emphatically speaks of a 'thorn in the flesh,' and from this expression, as well as from his earnestness to have it removed, we conclude it must have been something particularly galling to the natural man. We hear of the thorn of ingratitude, the thorn of envy, the thorn of unrequited love—indeed of thorns as numerous as our pleasures; and few there are who can look back upon the experience of life, without acknowledging that every earthly good they have desired, pursued or attained, has had its peculiar thorn. Who has ever cast himself into the lap of luxury, without finding that his couch was strewed with thorns? Who has reached the summit of his ambition without feeling on that pinnacle that he stood on thorns? Who has placed the diadem upon his brow without perceiving that thorns were thickly set within the royal circlet? Who has folded to his bosom all that he desired of earth's treasures, without feeling that bosom pierced with thorns? All that we enjoy in this world, or yearn to possess, has this accompaniment. The more intense the enjoyment, the sharper the thorn; and those who have described most feelingly the inner workings of the human heart, have unsafely touched upon this fact with the melancholy sadness of truth.

Far be it from one who would not willingly fall under the stigma of ingratitude, to disparage the nature or the number of earthly pleasures—pleasures which are spread before us without price or limitation in our daily walk and in our nightly rest—pleasures which lie scattered around our path when we go forth upon the hills, or wander in the valley; when we look up to the starry sky, or down to the fruitful earth—pleasures which unite the human family in one bond of fellowship, surround us at our board, cheer our fireside, smooth the couch on which we slumber, and even follow our wandering steps long—long

ster we have ceased to regard them with gratitude or joy.—I speak of the thorn which accompanies these pleasures not with murmuring or complaint.—I speak of the wounds inflicted by this thorn with a living consciousness of their poignancy and anguish: because exquisite and dear as mere earthly pleasures may sometimes be, I would still contrast them with such as are not earthly. I would contrast the thorn and the wound, the disappointments and the pain which accompany all such pleasures as are merely temporal, with the fullness of happiness, the peace and the crown accompanying those which are eternal.

The Future.

BY E. L. BULWER.

IT IS, perhaps, for others, rather than ourselves, that the fond heart requires an hereafter. The tranquil rest; the shadow and the silence; the mere pause of the wheel of life, have no terror for the wise, who know the due value of the world—

'After the billows of a stormy sea,
Sweet is at last the haven of repose.'

But not so, when that stillness is to divide us from others: when those we have loved with all the passion, the devotion, the watchful sanctity of the weak human heart, are to us no more; when after long years of desertion, and widowhood on earth, there is to be no hope of re-union in that invisible world beyond the stars; where the torch not of life only, but of love, is to be quenched in the fountain, and the grave, that we would fain hope is the great restorer of broken ties, is but the dumb seal of hopeless, utter, inexorable separation; and it is this thought, this sentiment which makes religion out of love, and teacheth belief to the mourning heart, that in the gladness of united affection, felt not the necessity of a heaven! To how many is the death of the beloved, the parent of faith.

The Broken Pitcher.

THE U. S. (Phil.) Gazette, 'to prove that the Philadelphians are not altogether devoid of genius,' relates that a small boy on one of the recent cold mornings, standing at the corner of a street, bending in speechless agony over the remnants of a pitcher, irretrievably broken, with a face marked by all the symptoms of childish grief, streaming eyes and nose, with one hand thrust in his trousers, and the palm of the other spread over the shattered vessel. He was pouring forth his lamentations in tones of severest agony, that seemed to indicate a full conviction that there was no sorrow like unto his sorrow. A young lady who was on an early excursion, saw the mourner, and inquired into the cause of his grief. The pitcher was nearly all the ware that belonged to the house, and the con-

tents, then mixed with the snow, was the purchase of the last money they possessed. The family had said, 'Let us eat this and die.' The appeal was irresistible. The whole contents of a reticule were given to the lad, that his loss might be a great gain. The charity of the young lady was contagious. Others, seeing her good works, ministered to the necessities of the lad, and supplied him with change enough to set up a queen's-ware shop, and fill half its fragile vessels with something good.

The next morning the father of the young lady, having been edified by the account of the lad's sufferings, and his daughter's liberality, having occasion to take an early walk, saw a small gathering at the corner of the street, and looking into the center thereof, he discovered the little dervish reacting his scene of the broken pitcher, his spilled liquor, and his great agony, and, as is usually the case with good actors, he was receiving a benefit. The hearts of the auditors were melted—they were in the full tide of sympathy. Every one was applauding, by ejaculating oh! and ah! and testifying the amount of his sorrow by liberal contributions.

Effects of Music.

CHATEAUBRIAND relates an humorous instance of the effects of this delightful art. He had been driven by stress of weather into Gracioza, one of the Azore Islands, seldom visited by strangers. Here was a small convent, inhabited by monks who appeared to be remarkably simple in their habits and feelings. Chateaubriand, and a young English friend who accompanied him, soon became familiar with these monks, who took great pains to render their stay among them agreeable. One day they were invited to pay a visit to the chapel, whither they repaired, preceded by a whole regiment of monks. On entering, the monks, with an air of great mystery, pointed out a small organ to the notice of their visitors, evidently supposing they had never seen anything of the kind before. Perceiving what was expected of them, Chateaubriand and his friend, of course looked as wonder struck as possible. After the good fathers had enjoyed their surprise for a few moments, one of them who was the organist, approached the organ with a ludicrous importance and commenced playing a sort of chant, that sounded more like the tinkling of cow-bells than anything musical. All the while the monks continued gazing on their visitors, in order to observe their countenances, the effects of what they probably considered something altogether new to them.

After the organ had ceased, the Englishmen approached it, but was warned back by gestures from the monks, who seemed to fear that he would injure it. He persevered how-

ever, and struck out a few tones, that startled them like an electric shock. He then sat down and played one of Pleyel's celebrated pieces, and as the organ poured out its full, deep-toned melody, they seemed almost beside themselves. They gazed on each other in mute astonishment and terror; and the poor chapel organist sunk upon the floor, and came near going into convulsions.

Power of Intellect.

THERE is a certain charm about great superiority of intellect that winds into deep affections, which a much more constant and even amiability of manners in lesser men, often fails to reach. Genius makes many enemies, but it makes sure friends—friends who forgive much, who endure long, who exact little: they partake of the character of disciples as well as friends.—There lingers about the human heart a strong inclination to look upward—to revere; in this inclination lies the source of religion, of royalty, and also of the worship and immortality which was rendered so cheerfully to the great of old. And in truth, it is a divine pleasure to admire! admiration seems in some measure to appropriate to ourselves the qualities it honors in in others. We wed—we root ourselves to the natures we love so to contemplate, and their life grows a part of our own. Thus when a great man, who has engrossed our thoughts, our conjectures, our homage, dies, a gap seems suddenly left in the world, a wheel in the mechanism of our own being appears abruptly stilled; a potion—for how many pure, high, generous sentiments it contains!—dies with him.'

A PERSON being seated at table between two tradesman, and thinking to be witty upon them said, 'how pretty I am fixed between two tailors.' Upon which one of them replied, 'being only beginners in business, we cannot afford to keep more than one goose between us.'

Letters Containing Remittances,
*Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting
the amount of Postage paid.*
P. M'L. Lee, N. Y. \$8.00; E. H. S. Delhi, N. Y. \$1.00;
C. G. I. Buffalo, N. Y. \$2.00.

MARRIED,

In this city, on the 20th inst. by the Rev. Wm. Whittaker, Mr. Charles Colvill, to Miss Hannah Stickles. On the 23d inst. by the same, Mr. Henry H. Green, to Miss Julia Ford.

DIED,

In this city, on the 18th inst. Mary Moore, aged 90 years. On the 25th inst. Henry, son of Henry A. Casaday, in the 5th year of his age.

At New-York, on the 14 inst. Mrs. Eliza R. wife of Mr. Cornelius M. Gaul, formerly of this city.

On the 14th inst. Abby Macy, aged 54 years, from New-York.

On the 19th inst. Edmond B. Holmes, aged 29 years, of the same place.

On the 19th inst. Phebe Sumner, aged 25 years, of the same place.

In Claverack, on the 14 inst. at his residence, Robert Le Roy Livingston, aged 57 years.

At New-Orleans, on the 26th ult. of a Pulmonary Consumption, George C. Livingston, M. D. late of Coxsackie, Greene county, aged 27 years.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

Spring.

SURELY Winter to the north
Has reluctant passed away,
While mild Spring comes smiling forth,
Decked in wonted fair array.

Now the fields with verdure bloom—
Nature wears a smiling phiz—
And the rose's sweet perfume
Wafted is by every breeze.

Flowerets now bedeck the glade—
Lovely bloom upon the heath,
While the sweetly smiling maid
Hastes to pluck them for a wreath.

Joyfully the lowing herds,
Free at large to wander forth,
Bound across the flowery mead,
Pleased to graze the thymy earth.

Now the rural, shepherd swain
Tends his flock from day to day;
While across the verdant plain,
See the sprightly lambkins play.

Briskly now the songsters gay,
Late returned from southern clime,
Warble forth their sportive lay,
And their voices sweetly chime,

While the woodlands joyful ring,
Wakened by the feathered throng,
Let us all in concert join
Nature's universal song. RURAL BARD.

Dracut, Mass., 1836.

From the Knickerbocker, for February, 1836.

Lines to a Cloak.

BY AN AUTHOR WRAPPED UP IN THE THREAD-BARE SUBJECT.

'The Douglas round him drew his cloak,
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke.'—MARION.
How oft when woe the heart hath wrung,
Dost Friendship show the drooping feather;
But thou, old friend, hast ever clung
Most closely in the stormiest weather:
When sunlight bathed my path in gold,
Thou didst not share the joys which crowned me;
But when the changeling world grew cold,
I felt thy warm embrace around me.

Yet have I oft, in graceless scorn—
How little did such scorn become me!—
Vowed that thou wert not to be borne,
And rudely, rashly cast thee from me;
Oft have I lain, in thee up-coiled,
On the damp earth with night dew soeken,
And little recked thy nap was spoiled,
So long as mine remained unbroken.

How many a league, on sea and shore,
Have thou and I together wended;
If I'm no better than before,
Who can deny that thou art mended?
And yet—the fact I may not hide—
Thou vergest toward thy dissolution;
Those dreadful stitches in thy side
Are ruining thy constitution.

Thinner thou growest day by day;
I grieve to see the course thou'rt taking—
Thy being hourly wastes away,
The thread by which it hangs, is breaking.
Farewell, old friend! thy worth is known—
Let the world jeer thine aspect needy,
Thy tears have been so often *sown*,
I marvel not thou lookest '*seedy*'.
Darnes-Town, January, 1836.

From the Connecticut Mirror.

We had just finished "The Pioneers," and were about mustering up some phrase of compliment; that should express our admiration of the book, and the feelings with which we closed the second volume, when a chap, who occasionally furnishes us with verses, handed in the following for insertion. "It referred," he said, "to the good wishes which Elizabeth seemed to have manifested, in the last chapter, for the welfare of Leather Stocking," when he signified, at the grave of the Indian, his determination to quit the settlements of men for the unexplored forests of the west, and when, whistling for his dogs, with his rifle on his shoulder and his pack on his back, he left the village of Templeton."

*Far away from the hill-side, the lake and the hamlet,
The rock and the brook, and yon meadow so gay;
From the foot-path that winds by the side of the streamlet;
From his hut and the grave of his friend, far away;
He is gone where the footsteps of man never ventured,
Where the glooms of the wild-tangled forests are centered,
Where no beam of the sun or the sweet moon has entered,
No blood-hound has roused up the deer with his bay.*

*He has left the green alley, for paths where the Bison
Roams through the prairies or leaps o'er the flood;
Where the snake in the swamp sucks the deadliest poison
And the cat of the mountains keeps watch for its food.
But the leaf shall be greener, the sky shall be purer,
The eye shall be clearer, the rifle be surer,
And stronger the arm of the fearless enduror,
That trusts nought but heaven, in his way through the wood.*

*Light be the heart of the poor lonely wanderer,
Firm be his step thro' each wearisome mile,
Far from the cruel man, far from the plunderer,
Far from the track of the mean and vile.
And when death with the last of its terrors assails him,
And all but the last throb of memory fails him,
He'll think of the friend far away that bewails him,
And light up the cold touch of death with a smile.*

*And there shall the dew shed its sweetness and luster
There for his pall shall the oak-leaves be spread;
The sweet briar shall bloom, and the wild grape shall cluster
And o'er him the leaves of the ivy be shed.
There shall they mix with the fern and the heather,
There shall the young eagle shed its first feather,
The wolves with their wild dogs shall lie there together,
And moan o'er the spot where the hunter is laid.*

From the New-Yorker.

The Unsealed Letter.

A YOUNG student left his father's house to try the influence of a milder climate. Death was not thus to be eluded—he met him there. During the languor of a swift decline, he had longed much for letters from his home. At length a letter came—but he was expiring. He fixed on it his glazing eyes, without a ray of emotion. "Lay it aside," he said. The soul winged its way—and that letter, so passionately desired, remained unopened.

It came too late, that tender scroll—
Mid stranger-forms he lay,
With that last whiteness on his brow,
Which may not pass away.

There was a sound of mournful winds
Amid the drooping trees;
Strange waters chased their rocky bed
Urged by the fitful breeze.

But he, to whom those plaintive tones
So oft, in contrast, bore

The singing brook that merrily
Ran by his father's door—

The gale, that from his native bowers
A rich luxuriance swept,
No more, amid the broken gold
Of earthly memories wept.

They held the letter o'er his couch,
They prest it near his eye—
'The long desired! behold it here'—
There breathed no answering sigh.

At length, a deep and hollow tone,
In lingering accents stole—
'Lay it aside'—but in his hand
They placed the unopened scroll.

And there, reproachfully gleamed forth
Its seal, so rich and rare,
Which still the breathing impress bore
Of Love's confiding care;

The flower that turning seeks the sun,
Spoke from its waxen scroll,
'*Vous seul*—*Vous seul*'—no pulse it touched
In the departing soul.

Oft had the stricken exile mourned
And in his prayer he sought
For this sweet herald from his home,
Now to his bosom brought.

But not till pangs of hope deferred
Had drank his being's flame;
Not till the triumph hour of wo,
The tardy treasure came.

O vanity of earthly trust!
When the strained eye was dim,
And the weak hand like marble cold
What was that scroll to him?

A deeper seal 'twas his to break,
Of mystery unrevealed
To mortal man.—The spirit passed,
The letter lay unsealed.

L. H. S.

Hartford, March, 1836.

A Thought.

You sail on the horizon's verge,
Doth like a wandering spirit seem—
A shadow on a sea of light—
The passing of a dream.

A moment more, and it is gone!
We know not how—we know not where—
It came—an instant stayed—and then
It vanished into air.

Such are we all—we sail awhile
In joy, on life's fair summer sea—
A moment—and our bark is gone
Into eternity!

Notice.

NOTES under Five Dollars taken in payment for the
REPOSITORY, as usual.

THE RURAL REPOSITORY

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VOL. XII.—[III. NEW SERIES.]

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1836.

NO. 25.

SELBOR TALES.

From the Portland Magazine.

The Bridal, Throne and Scaffold.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

We are not the first
Who, with best meaning, have incurred the worst.
* * * * For thee I am cast down;
Myself could else out-frown false fortune's frown.

In a circular chamber, high in one of the turrets of Sionhouse, the youthful bride of Lord Dudley was seated. Foreign and domestic luxuries had been brought into requisition by her ambitious father-in-law, to embellish and beautify that bower, and make it worthy of its lovely inmate. Well had the proud Northumberland succeeded in his attempt; for in England there was not a more magnificent apartment than that. Bright trees and mouldering ruins were correctly pictured on the rich brown tapestry hanging in full drapery along the walls, and the heavy wood-work about the deep casements was wrought by expert workman into a just semblance of oak-leaves and acorns. The rough beams found in almost every apartment of the realm, were here converted into massy vines of leaves and fruit, polished into rich harmony with the magnificent furniture of the room. Heavy chairs, cushioned with purple velvet, were ranged about the edges of the floor, left bare by a carpet of mingled colors, so soft in its texture that it yielded like spring moss to the light footsteps of its beautiful owner. There was a virginal and an ancient lyre in the apartment, and golden or gem-clasped books loaded several tables with the accumulated knowledge of different nations. Retiring from the mellowing influence of the stained windows, that cast a gleam even on her pure beauty, the girl-bride had thrown open a casement and placed herself beside it, and was intensely occupied by the contents of a richly-bound book opened before her. Incurred by the warmth of her ermine-lined robe, she had thrown it back from her neck, and the fresh morning light poured full over her polished shoulders and classical head, rendering her pearly complexion almost daz-

zlingly pure. Her black hair was parted smoothly from her forehead, somewhat in the fashion of the present day, and ornamented only by a double string of orient pearls. A diamond or a ruby would have been out of place on a being whose beauty lay in the most transcendent purity of look, speech and motion. One tiny foot, from which the slipper had fallen, pressed, with its rose-colored stocking, an embroidered foot-stool. Her forehead rested on one little hand, and the other with its marriage-ring hung over the arm of her chair. So deeply was she immersed in study, that unobserved, a door on her right opened, and a gaily dressed youth stood gazing with looks of gratified admiration upon her.

For several moments the boy stood unheeded by the door, then gliding softly over the yielding carpet, he stole to the seat of his bride, and with a mischievous smile touched her neck with his jeweled finger: then he burst into a gay laugh as his beautiful wife started up, drew the robe hastily over her shoulders and stood before him, blushing and half weeping with mortification. Compassionating her painful confusion he checked his mirth, and strove to conceal the struggling smile on his lips by bending gallantly to replace the stray slipper on her foot, saying as he bowed his knee:

So my lady-bird has flown to her cage again to feed on crumbs scattered by churchmen or leeches, and left her poor mate to his solitary pastime. I shall go with a complaint to your fellow-student, the king,' he continued, grasping the little foot and turning his glowing face to the soft hazel eyes bent affectionately upon him.

'And he,' answered his smiling bride. 'would perchance counsel the restless eagle to cage himself awhile with the mate he so rates, and partake of her book-lore, in lieu of shooting arrows at a useless target—think ye he would not?' and with a half-blush she playfully touched his upturned forehead with the tip of her taper finger. The happy boy grasped her hand and pressed it eagerly to his lip—then springing up he dashed together the volume she had been reading, and throwing his

arm about her waist, drew her to the open window, exclaiming—

'Look forth fair book-woman, and say, if you can, that this beautiful cage, gilded by my gracious father, doubtless for some of his own wise purposes, is more inviting than this glorious expanse of country, with the broad sky bending over it, so blue and bright, where forests, valleys and hills are just rousing themselves from their night's rest, and the light air is vocal with bird-songs. See how the rising sun is lighting up the mist-capped mountains, turning them to giants crested with brilliants and clothed in purple and gold; and the river in the valley, how it sparkles along, flinging off light like a living thing! There, at our feet is the hunting forest—see how the steady wind is lifting up the green leaves in a mass, like an immense robe!—I have seen fine sport among those oaks; but now the deer stand still and stare at me with their great eyes, as if they knew I had linked myself to a pretty dame who forswears both horse and hound. Look yonder, by my faith, that gallant buck has bounded from the covert of the trees three times while I have been speaking—such boldness stirs my spirit. We will run him down, sweet wife, and your own white hands shall let the blood from his throat—what, say you nay?—then per force you shall go with me to the river's brink, where the hazel bushes are tangled together, and flowers cluster under them so sweetly. See, I have brought some to woo you forth, they will look so beautiful on that neck of thine; and with a roguish smile he took a bunch of small crimson flowers from his bosom and gave them to her. She examined them a moment, and then gravely smiling dropped them from the casement.

The smile passed from Dudley's face, and in a tone of deep mortification, he said, 'if neither wish nor token will win me your companionship, I must even seek my sport alone;' with an awkward attempt at dignified displeasure he turned toward the door.

Lady Jane placed her hand gently on his arm, and taking one of the flowers that had

fallen on the casement, said—‘Nay, my lord, you must acknowledge that there is some good in the sciences, for the pursuit of which you condemn me, when I assure you that to one of them I owe the knowledge, that this little flower contains poison enough to deprive us both of life.’

‘And is it indeed true?’ said Dudley, attentively examining it; ‘one would almost as soon think of finding poison in you, as in the cup of a thing so beautiful.’

‘From me. Nay, nay, not from me,’ replied the lady in a quick voice, and turning suddenly pale.

Dudley looked at her in smiling astonishment. ‘One would think my jests a dagger,’ he at length said, ‘to cause red lips to pale so suddenly.

‘I know I am very foolish, very weak, Dudley; but your words were so like a presentiment, a prophecy—nay, do not laugh—that old man was a terrible creature, with an eye like a spirit of evil.’

‘Of whom do you speak?’ said Dudley, now perfectly serious.

‘Of an old soothsayer, who visited the place while I lived with our young king. The Lady Mary was present. I never forget the expression of the old man’s face, when she gave him her hand. He dropped it as if it had been a coiled serpent, muttering. “Blood, blood.” The princess frowned, and the mild king shrank from the dark expression of the man’s smile, and his hand trembled as he placed it in that of the prophet. Tears sostained those terrible eyes as he pored over his slender palm; then he relinquished it, muttering—“As the spring-bud thou shalt perish.”—He next took my hand, and looked on that and in my face pityingly for a moment; then he bent his dark eyes on the Lady Mary with an expression of startling anger. “And is it even so,” he said, “the lamb to be worried by the she-wolf?” The princess arose and left the apartment in haughty anger. I grew bold and questioned the meaning of the soothsayer’s words. “Inquire not,” he said, “like a bright flower shalt thou blossom; but vengeance shall come like a whirlwind upon thee; pure and beautiful thyself, yet shalt thou, like a poisonous flower, bring death to all that cling to thee—ay, even to him who shall gather thee to his bosom; death, death. violent and terrible death is in thy path.” And with a steady step the prophet left the palace, leaving a shadow on my heart that clings to it like a pestilence. A strange and appalling feeling of mystery is upon me, like the brooding of a dark spirit. I join in merriment, but a sad remembrance checks me; music has no spell to win away the presentiment; the voice of that old man is in my ear above all sounds of melody, crying, “Death, death, an early and terrible death.” I have

tried to reason myself into unbelief; have wrapped my heart in human lore as in a garment; but all will not do. A presentiment still clings to me; I cannot help it. A word, such as you now spoke, makes a coward of me.’

The poor bride ceased speaking, folded her arms on the table, and buried her face upon them as if ashamed, yet relieved by the confession she had made to her young husband.

The words of a prophecy so terrible might be easily supposed to oppress the mind of a being so retiring and contemplative as the Lady Jane Grey. Her occupations and deep researches into the abstruse writings of the age perhaps strengthened the unhappy feeling; but to one like Dudley, whose thoughts seldom settled long on a subject, and never on an unpleasant one, these feelings in his wife were a matter of merriment, scarce worthy of a moment’s serious consideration. He however suppressed his desire to smile in his compassion for the diseased state of his young wife’s mind; and with such arguments as a youth of sixteen might be supposed to use, exerted himself to do away the presentiment, so strongly dwelling on her overworked brain. The Lady Jane was soothed by the assiduous tenderness, rather than convinced by the arguments of her husband. The very confusion of her hidden feelings carried its good effect on her spirit. With a sudden reaction of feeling her face brightened, and when Dudley again entreated her to ride forth, she readily assented and left the room to summons her tire woman to make an alteration in her dress. The impatient husband meantime tossed over the heavy books, and touched the virginal with fingers so rude, that he clapped his hands to his ears to shut out the discordant sounds, and thrust his head out at the open window for relief. Several

grooms were in the court below, two leading about their master’s horse and the lady’s palfrey, and the others holding the hounds in their lashes ready for the hunt. Dudley called to the keepers to kennel the dogs, which indignant at losing their sport, snarled and barked furiously. The young lord leaned his slight form half out of the open window, in his eagerness to witness the battle between the refractory hounds and his angry grooms. The wind was tossing his long curls about his shoulder, his large eyes were streaming with tears of boyish delight, and his half-shouting laughter was ringing in the air, when the Lady Jane returned, equipped for riding. Her silvery laugh mingled with his boisterous merriment, when one of the victorious hounds threw down his keeper, and stood barking furiously with his forepaws upon his breast. After a little more struggling the dogs were confined. With an easy carelessness of state Dudley drew in his head, wiped the tears from his flushed cheek, and

then the married children went to their happy pasture. Dudley dispensed with his usual retinue, and assisted Lady Jane to her saddle. It was a beautiful sight, that young couple riding forth in the overflow of their happiness to enjoy the pleasant beauty of early morning—the graceful and somewhat timid horsemanship of the lady, contrasting with the gallant bearing of the young lord, who galloped by her side, his handsome horse caroling in the abundance of his animal spirit, as his rider now dashed his spurs into his side, then with a sudden check causing him to rear and plunge, for the mere pleasure of conquering in the presence of his lady-love. When content with this display, he struck into a short canter, and together they dashed into the forest. The antlered deer sprung through the thickets at the sound of the horses’ hoofs, and the singing of birds in the branches overhead as their glad voices disturbed their melody. Onward and onward they went, with hearts leaping at each bound of their steeds, their cheeks flushed and their glowing hands tight upon the reins. Swifter grew the legs of the hunter, nimbly flew the legs of the palfrey. The forest was cleared, and they reached the river’s brink, weary with excess of the most pleasant excitement in the universe. They loitered away an hour on the banks of the stream, gathering flowers, talking merrily, and looking as only such young creatures can look when the first flush of happiness is upon them. Again they mounted and rode gaily toward the castle, he with his doublet crowded full of the flowers he had gathered for his lady’s bower, and she with a cheek faintly flushed like the first opening of a young rose, and a brilliancy lighting her sweet eyes that spoke of a heart reveling in the excess of its own enjoyment.

Who, to have seen that married boy and girl on their return to their stately mansion, after throwing off the shackles of station, and riding, smiling or warlike together, two of the happiest children in existence, would have supposed that he in a few months would meet a violent death, with the bravery of a hero and the fortitude of a martyr, shamming the very strength of manhood with his firmness, and bowing his young head to the block with the resignation of a saint? Truly the waters of affliction are bitter, but their troubled waves convert into heroes, martyrs and saints, those who bathe in them and faint not. And the lady Jane Grey, the young, the wise, the beautiful; who, to have watched her playful smile and graceful motion as she rode slowly beside the brave youth, could have supposed that she, so very gentle in her loneliness, was doomed, by the strength of soul slumbering within her, to be held up to after generations as a most perfect pattern of female fortitude and Christian virtue!—that

she was to go down to posterity, a creature enshrined in her own virtues, a redeeming page in the history of a great nation? Woman, woman!—truly she is a miracle!—Place her amid flowers, foster her as a tender plant, and she is a thing of fancy, waywardness, and sometimes of folly—annoyed by a dew drop, fretted by the touch of a butterfly's wing, ready to faint at the rustle of a beetle. The zephyrs are too rough, the showers too heavy, and she is overpowered by the perfume of a rose bud. But let real calamity come, rouse her affections, enkindle the fires of her heart, and mark her then. How her heart strengthens itself—how strong is her purpose! Place her in the heat of battle, give her a child, a bird, any thing she loves or pities to protect, and see her, as in a related instance, raising her white arms as a shield, and as her own blood crimsoned her upturned forehead, praying for life to protect the helpless. Transplant her into the dark places of the earth, awaken her energies to action, and her breath becomes a healing, her presence a blessing; she disputes, inch by inch, the stride of the stalking pestilence, when man, the strong and the brave, shrinks away, pale and affrighted. Misfortune daunts her not; she wears away a life of silent endurance, or goes forward to the scaffold with less timidity than to her bridal. In prosperity she is a-bud full of imprisoned odors, waiting for the winds of adversity to scatter them abroad—pure gold, valuable but untried in the furnace. In short, woman is a miracle, a mystery; and greatest of all is she of whom I write.

As the young couple drew near the castle, Dudley recognized a numerous band of retainers in the court; and he knew by their livery that they belonged to his father, the Duke of Northumberland, whose large black war-steed was being led about the court by a groom. Dudley drew close to his wife's palfrey, and with mimicking attempt at dignity rode onward to the portal, saying:

'Now my lady fair, let us prepare ourselves for a homily on etiquette, for most grievously shall we have sinned in my father's opinion by riding without a retinue.'

Jane answered by a faint smile only, and dismounted in the court. The strange domestics drew respectfully back to give them a passage into the great hall, where stood the Duke of Northumberland, with several lords of the court, in deep mourning. The Lady Jane on observing the sable vestments of the group turned deadly pale, and leaned heavily on the arm of her lord as she advanced to welcome his guests. Northumberland, on seeing them enter, stepped forward with courtly grace to receive their greeting, and to Jane's astonishment bent his knee reverently before her as to a sovereign. Jane drew back almost in consternation and stood breathless,

ly staring at the bending duke. At length she exclaimed:

'Why this undue homage, my lord, and oh, why these sables?'

'The sables,' replied Northumberland, 'are badges of mourning for Edward, our late king. The homage is offered in humble duty to his successor.'

'But that successor am not I, and wherefore is this homage done at the feet of one who should in duty kneel at thine?'

'The lords,' said the duke, rising and pointing to the group of courtiers, 'will inform you that our late king, in his care for the true religion and the welfare of his kingdom, has appointed the Lady Jane Grey as his successor.'

'My lord, my lord, you will not consent to this usurpation, in your wife,' cried the agitated lady, grasping the arm of her husband, who stood bewildered by her side.

'In good truth I will not while the princesses of the blood live,' answered the generous youth, drawing her trembling hand gently from his arm.

The duke knitted his dark brows, and bent his piercing eyes angrily on his son, who answered it with a look of defiance struggling with habitual reverence.

'It is somewhat strange,' said the duke, turning with a bland smile to the other lords, 'that the crown of England must go begging for temples to rest on. I pray your lordships pardon me, if I seek a private conference with my fair daughter, and leave you to the hospitality of my crown hunting son here; then drawing one of the lords aside, he whispered in his ear, and led the lady Jane from the hall. She cast back an anxious look on her husband. The courtiers were crowding around him, as he bent his head to the whispers of the duke's friend, the first budding of ambition was seen in the crimson glow burning on his cheek. With a fainting heart his wife followed her father-in-law. Entreaties, promises and tears prevailed over deep-rooted principle and natural prudence. With royal honors, but aching hearts, the young victims were that day conducted to London.

* * * * *

The morning sun was struggling thro' the dense atmosphere of London, and piercing his yellow beams through the deep windows of a prison-room in which Dudley and his young wife were confined, after the friends of Mary had hurled them from their precarious seat on the throne—a seat which had yielded them only anxiety and regret. Several days had they passed, since that event, in strict confinement, and the spirits of the youth had sunk into despondency. With his face buried in his hands; he was seated by a low table, the points of his gay dress untied, and his bright hair falling uncombed

over his shoulders. His white forehead, formerly so open and smooth, was now shrunken and collapsed with internal agony. His breath came chokingly, while now and then a laboring groan struggled through his shut lips.

Opposite, sat his victim wife, her large soft eyes fixed in deep sorrow upon his working features, and her pale lips quivering slightly with suppressed agony at witnessing his utter prostration. Every thing bespoke that it was for him, rather than for herself, she grieved. There was no neglect in her dress. The lustrous hair was as smooth, and the dark robe as neatly put on, as in her days of happiness; and though she was very pale, it was rather from sympathy than selfish sorrow. She arose, passed round the table, and for a moment stood behind the suffering youth, pressing her white hand to her eyes; when she dropped it on his shoulder, the fingers were wet with tears. Softly she placed her arm about his neck, and drawing his head to her bosom pressed a kiss upon his forehead, and murmured words of comfort. Dudley dropped his hands and turned his face to her shoulder with a less painful groan. Just then the tower-bell sent forth a sudden sound like the bellowing of a moody spirit, and the noise of coming feet arose from the pavement below the window. With a fierce cry Dudley sprang from the arms of his wife and rushed to the window. His whole body trembled as in an ague fit, and clinging to the frame as if a gulf was beneath him, he watched the guards file solemnly along, and listened to the low rumbling of coming wheels. They passed in sight, and there in an open cart, Northumberland was going to execution. With his pale hands folded over his black robe, and his dark hair threaded with silver lying back from his high temples, the old nobleman stood uncovered in the humble vehicle. Not a muscle of his pale features stirred; his lips were compressed, and the concentrated force of a strong spirit burned in his eyes. When he came opposite the window he raised his head, and seeing his children, stretched his hands toward them as in blessing. With a choking cry Dudley threw his arms widely upward, and fell like a dead thing upon the floor. Their prison afforded no restorative, and the hapless Lady Jane could only sit down beside him, lift his head again to her bosom and deluge it with her tears, as she watched for some sign of returning life. When Dudley opened his eyes it was feebly like an infant, and his pale hand hung helplessly over her shoulder. Though very weak, he felt soothed and comforted; her heart was leaping faintly under his aching temples, and her sweet voice was whispering of resignation and religion. Still and silently he lay exhausted with the fierce storm of agony that had swept its hurricane over him. As a gentle

nurse she quieted him with the sweetness of her voice and the soft pressure of her lips; then she drew a bible from her pocket and read the word of God to him—its promises and its comfortings. All day was she thus employed, and at night-fall they were together on their knees, with clasped hands and upturned faces, pouring out their troubled souls before Jehovah. It was not in vain; God visited them.

Months had passed, their death-warrants had gone forth, and with a refinement of cruelty the young husband and wife were separated before the day of execution. Dudley's summons was conveyed to him first, but his weakness had passed away; there was a strong power within that had converted the youth into that best of all heroes, a christian. His lips were red, his eye clear, and his voice unbroken, when he made it an only request that he might see her. A gleam of joy shot across her mild features at the thought of seeing that loved one again on earth; but it passed away, and in a calm voice she said, 'Tell my lord that my heart is nerved for death and that an interview might shake the firmness of both; tell him to be of good cheer, and in another hour we shall meet in heaven forever;' and again she returned to prayer and meditation.

The message was conveyed to Dudley. 'It is well,' he said, 'it is but a moment and we part no more:' and the brave youth, strong in religious faith, went to the execution. Again that hoarse bell was swinging heavily in the air, and the dismal roll of wheels passed by. Jane sprang to her feet and rushed a few steps forward, then checked herself, and with her hands pressed hard against her heart, listened to the receding tread of the multitude. For half an hour she stood like a thing of breathing marble, without moving a muscle or stirring a finger. The bell gave out a solemn toll, and stopped suddenly. The cold blood curdled about her heart, and her face was pallid like that of a corpse. Again came the returning rush of the multitude, and with a slow step she advanced to the window. Drops of blood fringed the edge of the cart and dropped heavily along the pavement. She closed her eyes with a shudder and prayed fervently. A spirit of sweet happiness dropped over her; unseen wings seemed fanning and expanding her heart, she opened her eyes again on the decapitated body of her husband, and looked long and calmly, for she felt that the spirit of her guardian angel had left that form, and was even then endowing her with holy strength to follow him. When the guards came to conduct her to execution, there was a pure smile on her lips, and her face was bright and glorious as that of an angel; thus she went forth steadily and unsupported to meet her death.

For the Rural Repository.

My Adventures.

PART VIII.

If the ambitious philanthropists of the present day were to visit the shores of Africa they would cease forever magnifying the evils which the slave suffers in being transplanted from his native desert to bondage in a Christian land. Our good ship was already within six miles of the continent ere it became visible through the thick and foggy atmosphere. Weary and exhausted as we all were with a long voyage over the tropical regions of the Atlantic, the scene that now presented itself brought not with it the usual animation of variety. Here and there a few scattered trees met the eye, with immense intervals of low swamps intersected by mighty rivers; the whole presenting the appearance of a vast Archipelago. The waters of the sea about the coast were stagnant and murky, and the hot air seemed impregnated with the seeds of disease and death. After passing a cluster of small islands on one of which were a few straggling huts, our course was directed towards the mouth of the river Cassamarza and aided by a fresh breeze we rushed swiftly up the majestic stream. As yet we had not discovered a solitary sail, but as we advanced the country presented a more fruitful appearance, and the smoke from the different Portuguese settlements gave indications of life. After proceeding up the river about one hundred miles, the ship was brought to an anchor alongside one of the slave factories. Here were more than a thousand blacks huddled together in a thick mass, some of them armed with muskets and spears, and all of them nearly naked. Several war canoes were floating on the river, well manned, and armed with small cannon. Of the poor wretches on shore many were bleeding profusely and it soon appeared that there had been a battle between two rival native chieftains, and the victors as is usual had brought their enemies to the slave market. For this they receive powder, spirits, tobacco, trinkets, &c. as a compensation, and then go back to their deserts to be themselves perhaps made prisoners by some more powerful tribe. Captain Talbot concluded his arrangements with the Portuguese factors in a few hours, and before two days had elapsed we were once more on our return voyage with a full cargo of slaves.

For many nights after we left the coast it was impossible to obtain any sleep. The moanings of the poor slaves were incessant. They rejected food and rest and seemed to devote themselves to grief. Sometimes little groups of them would converse together, and then, at something said by one all would burst into tears, and weep violently. Occasionally

they sung, and so mournful and plaintive were the tones that even the hardened crew were melted into sympathy.

The particulars of this and several subsequent voyages possessed no interest. Nearly three years elapsed in this manner when we once more left Rio de Janeiro, for our destination, Havana. It blew a gale when we put out to sea, but who would deprecate a hurricane when it wafts him homeward? Universal hilarity prevailed on board. Loud roared the winds and waves, but louder were the shouts of merriment and revelry. As we dashed joyously on over the high waves, several rough but manly voices sung the following song.

'A wet sea and a flowing sheet
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sails,
And bends the gallant mast:
And bends the gallant mast, my boy,
While like the eagle free.
Away our good ship flies and leaves
Old Rio on our lee.'

'Oh for a soft and gentle wind,
I hear some fair one cry;
But give to me the swelling breeze,
And white waves heaving high;
And white waves heaving high, my lads,
The good ship taut and free,
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.'

'There's tempest in yon horned moon,
And lightning in yon cloud,
And hark thy music, mariner,
The wind is waking loud;
The wind is waking loud, my boy,
The lightning flashes free,
The hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.'

What a strange being your true sailor is. In his boyhood he possesses a wandering and unsettled spirit, a love of adventure, a contempt for school, a strong and ardent propensity to mischief. His chief delight is to grapple some old tar by the button, and make the hoary headed sinner relate more marvels than are contained in the veritable pages of Sinbad and Gulliver. Fired with curiosity and ambition, no long time elapses ere he secretes himself from his loving parents on board some sea going vessel, and is introduced at once to the hardships, the variety, and the wonders of ocean life. This done, he can never return to be a landsman. He who has been at the mast head and looked abroad upon the limitless expanse of sea and sky, or familiarized himself with the splendid cities, the exciting and enchanting scenes which the traveler beholds, can never be contented in the quiet and obscurity of his native village. He becomes a rover from habit as well as inclination. He loses all local attachments; he has nothing to bind him to any particular spot of earth. A citizen of the world, all nations are alike to him. If there is one thing he loves better than another, it is rum; and that he can get any where. Next to this,

he likes his ship, then his messmates, and then his sweetheart. It is all one to him whether he is buried in some green nook of his village churchyard, or in the deep and still caverns of the sea. He is bold to rashness, generous to prodigality, full of enterprise, but reckless, immoral and profane. Take him from the ocean and he will be worse than a burthen to community; leave him there, and he is the bulwark and pride of his country.

While on the voyage Captain Talbot for some reason or other determined to shape his course for the island of St. Domingo. The following particulars of a subsequent visit when on board the U. S. Ship Falmouth were written for the New-York Mirror, and will embrace the few observations I had the opportunity to make:—

A GLANCE AT HAYTI.—I suppose you would be pleased to hear of my cruise to windward. It was the original intention of Captain —— to proceed from Cuba to St. Thomas. Finding it impracticable to accomplish this in the time limited by his orders, we stood for St Domingo, and on the twentieth of June, the blue, misty hills of Hayti, (the mountainous,) were in sight. Running along the coast we came in sight of the town of Cape Hayti, towards evening of the next day. Three guns were fired, one after another, for a pilot, but none came, and a squall coming on, we were forced to stretch off-and-on the land all night. The next morning, however, we got a pilot, and went in. The town is built in one long line, on the western side of the harbor, at the foot of a range of hills, which rise in a steep elevation of nearly a thousand feet above it. The other side of the harbor is a large plain, which, our purser told me, strikingly resembles the plain of Argos, in Greece. Here Toussaint L'Ouverture, one of the most famous leaders of the Haytien revolution, was wont to exercise an army of sixty thousand men, with a discipline and skill that astonished the French. The mouth of the harbor, and various commanding positions about it, are well fortified, but upon my inquiring why no efforts were made to rebuild the forts and houses in the place, which are in a most ruinous condition, I was informed of President Boyer's general order, that in case of an invasion, which they have been expecting from the French many years, all the sea-port towns should be at once evacuated, and no defence of them attempted; but that the inhabitants should retreat to the mountains, meeting at some general rendezvous by him appointed. In their wild, mountainous country, where hill pursues hill to the heavens where nothing of the discipline of modern warfare can be pursued, where the negroes can subsist on almost nothing, what could an enemy do? One means of defence

was a good deal dwelt upon—they can poison the streams, and while they can select their own rills, or drink above the point where they change the waters, they can turn every stream which supplies the towns into liquid death. On entering the harbor we fired a salute of seventeen guns, which was returned. On the twenty-ninth, the anniversary of President Boyer's birthday, we fired another salute, with the Haytien flag of red and blue flying at our fore, which was likewise returned. We all had leave to go on shore, and I gathered the following for remembrance:

Cape Hayti, which, when the French ruled the island, was Cape Francois, and had a population of one hundred thousand souls, and was called the Paris of the island, has now but fifteen thousand inhabitants. Since its foundation it has been three times burned down. The buildings are generally of stone, granite, and brick; the better sort with an outside of stucco or white plaster. The floors are generally of brick or stone. There are no window-glasses, but blinds in their stead. You pass through *whole streets* where high walls are standing, and the very partitions of the rooms, like some building, all of which that was combustible had been consumed by some great fire—*streets of roofless, tenantless houses*, filled up with the fallen heaps of plaster and stones. I looked at the governor's palace at a distance, and if I had not been previously informed, should not have suspected its actual condition, but upon approaching, I saw a park, whose wall was tumbling in heaps about it, and a building in which the beauties of architectural proportion were still visible, but the arched windows and doors were destitute of all but shape, and opened upon uncovered and silent passages. There were arched gates and pillars, but no ornaments, and over all the ruins the vine had grown, and, in many places in the interstices of the crumbling pile, wild flowers were growing freshly, “like hope blooming on the borders of despair.” Near the park, in front of the half-consumed catholic church, is a choked-up fountain. In truth, Cape Hayti looks like a city of ruins. My visit there was, however, a very pleasing one. In passing through the streets, we were invited into several houses, and treated with remarkable hospitality. I will mention one or two out of a dozen instances, which occurred during the day. We were standing near a beautiful garden, admiring the broad leaves of the plantain-tree, when a black officer, a captain in an undress uniform, invited us in, and took us through it. In a few moments a negress brought us some of the delicious fruit about us, in a dish. A Spanish gentleman acted as interpreter. Scarcely had we left him, when in passing the apartments of several other black officers, also captains in

the army, they came out and forced us to enter, and entertained us with wine, fruit, liquor, etc. etc. Our ship was visited by several black officers of high rank, and very gentlemanly deportment. Their manners are French. They conversed in English very well, and made some sensible observations. In reply to a question of mine one of them answered:

“Yes, the people of Hayti are free—very free—too free!” to which another added:

“They are not wise enough to be so free!”

One of the most interesting objects I saw, was this: a high mountain, with two peaks, of a square shape, opposite to each other. On one of those peaks, which the eagle might choose for its nest, is the castle of Christophe, otherwise King Henry the first. Here, you know, he killed himself upon the approach of General Boyer with his army. There is but one path up the dangerous ascent to it, and that no more than two men can tread abreast.

Columbus discovered this island in 1492, and here planted the first European settlement, and what a prolific source of anxiety and sorrow it was to him, all who have read Irving's beautiful life of the great discoverer must know and feel. The Indian tribes under their five caciques, have passed away, and in the island where black slaves were first introduced, retribution first commenced. In 1791, the insurrection began. In 1804, all dependence on France was renounced. Upon the death of Dessalines, the first governor, in 1806, Christophe assumed the administration. Petion, another chief, a mulatto, disputed his right to the government, and a war commenced. Christophe held the north of the island, under the title of King Henry the first, and Petion founded a republic in the south, of which he was president. In 1820, a part of Henry's army rebelling, and Boyer advancing to aid them, Christophe shot himself. The island thus came under one government. Boyer succeeded Petion as president, and the whole island is now under him. The form of government is republican: the president is elected for life by the senate, and has a salary of forty thousand dollars. The legislature is composed of a senate and house of representatives. The senate consists of twenty-four members, chosen for nine years, by the representatives, from a list presented by the president. The representatives, are elected by the people once in five years. With such a distribution of governmental powers, it is easy to see that Hayti is a democracy only in name. Its president, without the invidious trappings of royalty, is substantially a king.

On our departure from Cape Hayti we made a very short passage to the Havana.

At that place Captain Talbot resigned the command of his ship, in which he was succeeded by Mr. Butler. Captain Ballez was removed to a lunatic asylum, at the North, where he died not many years since. We bade adieu to our old shipmates and took passage in a vessel bound for New-York, and after an absence of three years the spires and smoke of my native city were hailed with delight. Captain Talbot left New-York for Cadiz and was there married to the young Spanish lady whom he had rescued from the slaver. He is now in command of a fine East Indiaman, and has a promising family of children.

O. P. B.

MISCELLANY

For the Rural Repository.

Rural Scenery.

I AM a devoted lover of rural scenery. To ramble over the green-clad hills and climb the rugged sides of my native mountains has never failed, from my youth up, to fill my bosom with emotions of the most exquisite pleasure and delight. How frequently, in the halcyon days of youth, ere the cold and withering touch of misfortune and disappointment had fallen upon and quenched the ardor of my joyous spirit, have I with indefatigable toil and exertion, succeeded in gaining the topmost pinnacle of some one of the lofty piles of rock and earth which overlooked my paternal home, with no other earthly object in view, save that of gazing in breathless wonder and admiration upon the unparalleled beauties of creation, which like a map, or a finely executed painting, were far beneath my feet spread out in all their rich and variegated loveliness, and presented in glowing colors to my enraptured vision.

When my mind reverts to those bright scenes of buoyant hope and thoughtless boyhood—scenes which ever and anon rise up to fancy's view, like the faint recollections of some long forgotten though pleasing dream, in a moment I seem to be hurried back, and reveling in all the rapturous glee and ecstatic bliss of youth amid those happy, sunny hours, when life presented only one continued round of ardent hope and delirious joy, which formed a bright halo of glory around the early days of my existence.

O, happiness! thou fleeting phantom, so eagerly sought and so seldom found by the giddy sons of men, where is the blest place of thy abode if it be not amid the rural haunts of Nature's works? Dost thou dwell in the splendid halls of the fashionable and the gay? Or canst thou be found among all the slavish throng of crouching devotees who bow before the shrine of licentiousness, and offer themselves a willing sacrifice upon the altar of folly and dissipation? No. There is naught

that savors of thee to be found in either or in all these. O! could man know the real worth and estimate of happiness—of happiness, that boon for which he seeks with such a thrilling ardor, rural scenes would possess a lovelier charm, and nature's walks would own a fresh enticement, that should lead him forth, at the first blush of dawn, to drink enjoyment at her fairest fount, where morning wakes among the dewy hills.

S.

Lenox, April, 1836.

A Wife in Danger.

A HUSBAND, finding that his wife received splendid presents from an admirer, thought it would be unwise not to show her what dangerous ground she stood upon. She had been driving out one morning with a lady, and went to the dining-room immediately on her return home, intending to show her purchases to her husband. No husband, however, did she find—but what, for a moment, delighted her more—the table covered with jewels! The transported Alicia eagerly advanced.

'How beautiful!' she exclaimed aloud, as she tried the brilliants upon her arm and fingers, and alternatively put down one ornament to admire another. 'I did not see, even at court, such a diamond necklace as this!' she continued, 'I wonder where they came from.'

Suddenly she spied a little box to hold *bонbons*, set in diamonds, and of a particularly beautiful shape. These *bonbonnières* were much the fashion at this time, and the Duchess of D. had displayed one at the opera-house, which had been the envy and admiration of all present. To have a more elegant and precious box than her grace of D. to set the fashion of that shape; to show her fair taper fingers, to advantage, as she presented it to her neighbors—how many sources of delight to a fashionable *belle*! Instantly the ornaments were replaced and forgotten: nothing but the delightful box deserved a thought. She was so much engrossed by her admiration, that she saw not her husband until he stood before her.

'Oh, Mr. Clairville,' she cried with childish joy, 'see how magnificent, how lovely, all these things are! Do but look at this *bijou* of a box! Oh! I would not part with it for worlds! And this, too, is the opera night, and I shall show it there! Is it not charming?'

'Which, my love?' replied Mr. Clairville, with a smile; 'the diamond or the opera?'

'Oh, both, to be sure!' hastily answered his wife. 'But you do not seem to admire them.'

'Indeed I do; but you know I think nothing charming but you.'

'And was it to make me more so,' said Alicia, laughing, 'that you sent for all these gay things?'

'I am not rich enough to display the con-

tents of all the jewellers' shops to you, and bid them court your acceptance, said Mr. Clairville. 'These came from one who has more of the power, though not more of the will, to please. The P—— sent them to you, and I spread them on the table to enjoy your first surprise.'

'How very good! how very magnificent!' replied the simple Alicia. 'And may I choose what I like?'

'Without doubt,' said her husband. 'They are all yours, if you like. But you forget the price.'

'You do not pay for a gift, said Alicia, the calmness of her husband's manner subduing her satisfaction.

'These diamonds, nevertheless have a price,' he said fixing his eyes steadily on his wife; 'I am the price.'

The glittering baubles fell from the hand of the appalled Alicia; melancholy, she retreated from the table, which now only inspired her with alarm and horror; she put her arms behind her, and continued to walk backwards, until she reached the extremity of the apartment in which she stood, then leaning against the wall, she raised her eyes, with an imploring expression to her husband's face, as if she feared the very sight of these presents had sunk her in his esteem, although she had still but a confused idea of his meaning.

'How pale you are, my beloved! how you tremble!' said her husband, tenderly supporting her. 'You cannot fear an evil you need not bring upon yourself—an evil which, I know, you will not bring upon yourself or me. I did not shock you in this sudden way because I doubted you, but because I thought it the simplest way of disclosing to you the P——'s views. Now, will you return the diamonds?'

'Oh, no!' exclaimed Alicia, 'do you return them. It would make me ill to look at them again.'

'You would regret parting with them?' he asked her with an indulgent smile.

'Do you think so meanly of me?' said his wife, some of those half-smothered feelings nature had given her flashing from her dark, bright eyes: 'I would not touch again those baneful gifts, for the wealth of fairy tales.'

'Indignation is a very great improvement to beauty,' said Mr. Clairville; 'but my Alicia is becoming under every emotion!'

From the *Passion Flower*.**The Visit.**

In one of the freezing days of our climate, a young physician but recently married invited his wife to accompany him on a visit to one of his patients.

'You are romancing, Janies; what! visit a family without an introduction or an invitation, or exchanging cards?'

'In this family, my dear Amanda, there is no ceremony of cards,' said James, 'but they will not be the less pleased to see you.'

'I never used to go to see poor people,' said Amanda thoughtfully: 'but,' continued she, after a short deliberation, 'I'll go with you, James, any where.'

They passed from the handsome street of their residence to a public square, and crossing over entered a small alley, in which Amanda saw a row of houses built in a manner that showed they were for the laboring class.— Crossing the whole range, they entered the last house, and at the first door Dr. Lédon gave a gentle rap. A common looking woman opened it, and welcomed him.

Two chairs were immediately set, one with the back broken off, the other rickety and unsteady.

Before the fire were two little children seated on the hearth, making a noise which the attendant female vainly endeavored to quell. A girl of about ten years of age came out of a small pantry bedroom, and smiled as she spoke.

In a large rude chair sat a thin female.— She rocked herself incessantly. She looked up when Dr. Lédon addressed her, but neither smiled nor spoke. Her complexion was sallow by illness, her lower jaw had fallen from its socket, and her teeth chattered with the vain endeavor to close the mouth.

At receiving some nourishment from the hand of her companion, she seemed revived.

'I am glad to see you doctor, though I had hoped to have been released from my wretchedness before now. I do not complain, but my bones have started through the skin, and I suffer'—she shivered and stopped an instant; 'I thought it very hard when I lost my baby last summer; but I see it was kind, what would have become of it now? I must leave these, young enough, to take care of themselves, and my husband is none of the studdiest.'

She did not weep, she was past that human feeling. Amanda looked on in silence. She had learned more of life's state from the scene than she could have acquired from volumes. She felt now a wiser woman at eighteen, than she would otherwise have been at twenty-five.

It brings down all our vanity and little repinings, a spectacle of such woe. Even the almost total insensibility of the sick, was more touching than ordinary sorrow. It gave a feeling of so much that must have been endured before.

'Is this your sister?' said the woman.

'No,' said James, and Amanda smiled as he replied, 'It is my wife.'

'Is it your wife?' said she, showing some vivacity. 'How sweet she looks. Can she sing. Oh, can she sing "I would not live always?"'

How often had Amanda sung that carelessly before. She felt awed and humbled now by every syllable that floated on her soft rich tones around the narrow apartment.

The dying looked up so thankfully, that she even looked prettily. A slight hectic relieved her livid countenance. She said audibly, 'I hear the angels singing now around me,' and then relapsed into a monotonous groan of weariness.

The little girl shook hands beseechingly as the young couple left, and in a subdued voice Amanda whispered, 'we will take care of you.'

Who, like the physician, save indeed the minister, is called upon to see human nature in every stage, in every shadow of a tint? The rich and the poor, the delicate and the coarse, the learned and the ignorant, come before him without disguise.

Amanda thought before, that she had loved her husband; but luxury is a Dead Sea atmosphere, in which the noble passions sicken and lie motionless. She clung to James' arm as she returned home, with a feeling of devotion to him, that she had never even imagined before; and in the pleasure she experienced in softening the horrors of her fellow creatures' poverty, she found every day new cause to rejoice in having shared her fortune with one who, if he brought to her no addition of the earth's wealth, had taught her that there is a way of employing it, that will awaken the purest delight.

To Young Men.

THERE is no moral object so beautiful to me as a conscientious young man. I watch him as I do a star in the heavens; clouds may be before him, but we know that his light is behind them, and will beam again; the blaze of other's prosperity may outshine him, but we know that, though unseen, he illuminates his own true sphere. He resists temptation, not without a struggle, for that is not a virtue: but he does resist and conquer; he hears the sarcasm of the profligate, and it stings him; for that is the trial of virtue; but he heals the wound with his own pure touch. He heeds not the watchword of fashion if it leads to sin; the Atheist who says not only in his heart, but with his lips, 'there is no God!' controls him not, for he sees the hand of a creating God, and reveres it—of a preserving God, and rejoices in it.

Woman is sheltered by fond arms and loving counsel; old age is protected by its experience, and manhood by its strength; but the young man stands amid the temptation of the world like a self balanced tower, happy he who seeks and gains the prop and shelter of morality.

Onward, then, conscientious youth!—raise thy standard and nerve thyself for goodness. If God has given thee intellectual power, awaken

it in that cause; never let it be said of thee, he helped to swell the tide of sin by pouring his influence into its channels. If thou art feeble in mental strength, throw not that drop into a polluted current. Awake, arise, young man! assume the beautiful garb of virtue! It is easy fearfully to sin; it is difficult to be pure and holy. Put on thy strength, then! let thy chivalry be aroused against error; let *Truth* be the lady of thy love—defend her.—*Southern Rose.*

Good.—The best joke we have heard in a long time was cracked by a village preacher. He was preaching on a very sultry day, in a small room, and was very much annoyed by those who casually dropped in after the service had commenced, invariably closing the door after them. His patience being at length exhausted by the extreme oppressiveness of the heat, he vociferated to an offender—'Friend, I believe if I were preaching in a bottle you would put the cork in.'

ANECDOTE.—A farmer once hired a Vermonter to assist in drawing logs. The Yankee, when there was a log to lift, generally contrived to secure the smallest end, for which the farmer chastised him, and told him always to take the butt end. Dinner came, and with it a sugar loaf Indian pudding. Jonathan sliced off a generous portion of the largest part, and giving the farmer a wink, exclaimed, '*always take the butt end.*'

APOLOGUE.—Near a dew-drop there fell a tear upon a tomb, whither a beautiful female repaired every morning to weep for her lover. As the sun's golden disk rose higher in the heavens, his rays fell on the tear and dew-drop, but glanced with a double brilliancy on the pearl shook from the tresses of Aurora. The liquid jewel proud of its luster, addressed its neighbor—'How darest thou appear thus solitary and lusterless?' The modest tear made no answer; but the zephyr that just then wantoned near them, paused in its flight, brushed down with its wings the glittering dew drop, and folding the humble tear of affection in its embrace carried it up to heaven.

Letters Containing Remittances,
Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

W. W. Auburn, N. Y. \$2.00; W. B. T. Hill, Ms. \$3.00; P. M. Plainfield, Ms. \$5.00; H. L. Great Barrington, Ms. \$3.00; W. B. H. Tripe's Hill, N. Y. \$1.00; H. & E. Middlebury, Vt. \$1.00! P. D. Copake, N. Y. \$1.00; O. K. Schorle C. H.—N. Y. \$1.00; G. P. W. Montpelier, Vt. \$5.00.

MARRIED,

At Durham, on the 27th ult. by the Rev. Phineas Cook, Mr. William P. Cook, to Miss Helen Smith, all of the above place.

DIED,

In this city, on the 1st inst. Mrs. Sophia, consort of Mr. Henry Toby, in the 45th year of her age.

At Prattsville, Greene County, in the 29th year of his age Rev. Hamilton Van Dyck, Pastor of the Dutch Reformed church at that place.



SELECT POETRY.

From the Churchman.

The Death of Moses.

'No man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day.'
 He gazed o'er all the scenes below,
 The mount on which he stood,
 Where rivers in their silvery flow
 Hied on to ocean's flood;
 Where harvests waved in many a field,
 That glittered like a warrior's shield
 Of richly burnished gold;
 Where zephyrs softly swept
 Through woods with verdure decked, and wept
 That he might but behold.
 But when he thought how greenly there
 His people's homes would stand,
 How soon the melody of prayer
 Would swell from all the land;
 What myriads yet to be would breathe
 The perfumed air, reclined beneath
 The vines their hands did rear—
 A smile, like some lone star-beam blest,
 That quivers on a wave's white crest,
 Illumed the prophet's tear.
 He died—unbent his noble form,
 Unquenched his glorious eye,
 Though many a vanished winter's storm
 Had coldly swept him by;
 No fell disease, whose venom'd sting
 Had poisoned oft life's purest spring;
 Had made that form its prey:
 So when at last death's angel came,
 Sternly from out an iron frame
 The life was wrung away.
 He slept—a chosen few conveyed,
 Restoring earth her trust,
 His ashes to a verdant glade,
 And left them—dust to dust.
 No pilgrims came in after years
 With sorrowing hearts and gushing tears;
 No storied tomb or stone
 To other ages marks the spot,
 His sepulchre by man forgot,
 To God is only known.
 Oh! thus upon my sight expand,
 When life's brief space is filled,
 Some glimpses of the promised land
 Death's darkling paths to gild—
 Some hope, if I alas must grieve
 The work in darkness veiled to leave,
 That soon that morn will shine,
 When all the tribes of earth shall hasten,
 Pale pilgrims o'er this dreary waste,
 To seek the realms divine.
 Thus, too, when the last sands depart
 And through its wonted track
 The life-tide to the quivering heart
 Is coldly hurrying back,
 The mental eye unquenched nor dim,
 The soul unbowed—unseared—like him
 May I return to rest;
 And if, where waving tree-tops close,
 Loved hands may yield me to repose,
 I shall be doubly blest.
 And what if cold oblivion's shade
 Around my tomb must fall,

And none, as generations fade,
 My memory e'er recall?
 That slumber will not be less sweet
 Because no lips my name repeat;
 For oh! what were it worth
 To be remembered e'en a day
 When all we loved have passed away,
 And perished from the earth? B. D. W.
 New-York, Jan. 24, 1836.

From the Knickerbocker.

My God directs the Storm.

The Spirit of the Tempest shook
 His wing of raven hue
 Above the sea, and hollow winds
 Howled o'er the waters blue.
 Uprose the mountain billows high,
 And swept a stormy path;
 Darkness and Terror mingled there
 Their ministry of wrath.
 A lonely bark, by bounding seas
 Tost wildly to and fro,
 Dashed o'er the billow's foaming brow
 To fearful depths below.
 Crash echoed crash!—the quivering spars
 Broke o'er the leaning side,
 And left the bark a shattered wreck,
 The stormy waves to ride.
 The sturdy seaman struggled hard
 To hold the yielding helm,
 And keep the ship's prow to the surge,
 That threatened to o'erwhelm.
 And when the plunging ruin spurned
 Their impotent control,
 They flew to drown their gloomy fears
 In the accursed bowl.
 Upon the raging ocean then
 Helpless was left the bark
 To the wild mercy of the waves,
 Amid the tempest dark.
 Upon the deck, alone, there stood,
 A man of courage high;
 A hero, from whose bosom fear
 Had never drawn a sigh.
 With folded arms, erect he stood,
 His countenance was mild—
 And, calmly gazing on the scene,
 He bowed his head and smiled.
 A wild shriek from the cabin rose—
 Up rushed his beauteous bride;
 With locks disheveled, and in tears,
 She trembled at his side.
 'O why, my love, upon thy lip,'
 She cried, 'doth play that smile,
 When all is gloom and terror here,
 And I must weep the while?'
 No word the warrior spake,—but he
 Drew from beneath his vest
 A poniard bright, and placed its point
 Against her heaving breast.
 She started not, nor shrieked in dread,
 As she had shrieked before;
 But stood astonished, and surveyed
 His tranquil features o'er.
 'Now why,' he asked, 'dost thou not start?
 May not thy blood be spilt?'
 With sweet composure she replied,
 'My husband holds the hilt.'

'Dost wonder, then, that I am calm?
 That fear shakes not my form?
 I ne'er can tremble while I know
 My God directs the storm!' J. N. M.

The Province of Woman.

BY HANNAH MOORE.

As some fair violet, loveliest of the glade,
 Sheds its mild fragrance on the lonely shade,
 Withdraws its modest head from public sight,
 Nor courts the sun, nor seeks the glare of light;
 Should some rude hand profanely dare intrude,
 And bear its beauties from its native wood,
 Exposed abroad its languid colors fly,
 Its form decays, and all its odors die.
 So woman, born to dignify retreat,
 Unknown to flourish, and unseen be great;
 To give domestic life its sweetest charm;
 With softness polish, and with virtue warm;
 Fearful of fame, unwilling to be known,
 Should seek but heaven's applauses and her own;
 Should dread no blame but that which crimes import,
 The censures of a self-condemning heart.

PROSPECTUS

OF THE
RURAL REPOSITORY.

Embellished with Engravings;
 DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SUCH AS MORAL AND
 SENTIMENTAL TALES, ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS,
 BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, AMUSING
 MISCELLANY, HUMOROUS AND HISTORICAL
 ANECDOTES, SUMMARY, POETRY, &c.

On Saturday, the 18th of June, 1836, will be issued the first number of the *Thirteenth Volume* (*Fourth New Series*) of the RURAL REPOSITORY.

On issuing proposals for a new volume of the Rural Repository, the Publisher tendered his most sincere acknowledgements to all Contributors, Agents and Subscribers, for the liberal support which they have afforded him from the commencement of this publication. New assurances on the part of the publisher of a periodical which has stood the test of years, would seem superfluous; he will therefore only say, that it will be conducted on a similar plan and published in the same form as heretofore, and that no pains or expense shall be spared to promote their gratification by its further improvement in typographical execution and original and selected matter.

CONDITIONS.

THE RURAL REPOSITORY will be published every other Saturday, in the Quarto form, and will contain twenty-six numbers of eight pages each, with a title page and index to the volume, making in the whole 206 pages. It will be printed in handsome style, on medium paper of a superior quality, with new type, and embellished occasionally with Engravings; making, at the end of the year, a neat and tasteful volume, containing matter equal to one thousand duodecimo pages which will be both amusing and instructive in future years.

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Hudson, Columbia Co. N.Y. 1836.

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THE RURAL REPOSITORY.



DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, AMUSING MISCELLANY, HUMOROUS AND HISTORICAL ANECDOTES, SUMMARY, POETRY, &c.

VOL. XII.—[IN. NEW SERIES.]

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1836.

NO. 26.

SERIOUS TALES.

The Widow.

BY T. H. BAILY.

There has always been to me a fascination about OLD WOMEN! Some may deem this a strange avowal—but why? It is the glory of man to avow admiration for the fairer, and, also, the weaker sex; and if woman, in bloom of youth, and pride of beauty, be weak and dependent on the attentions of manhood, how much more is she an object of interest and compassion when, sinking into the vale of years, we see her deprived of those who once loved and protected her, and no longer possessing the attractions which, while they last may win for their fortunate owner ‘friends in all the aged, and lovers in the young’!

I am no longer young myself, and this may perhaps account for the eccentricity of my partiality. But let not the reader imagine that I would marry an old woman; far from it. It is at a respectable distance that I admire her, and the tender interest which I feel for her is of that nature, that when I look upon her loneliness, her poverty, her friendless condition—when I see her as she is, and think of what she may have been, spite of myself, my eyes will fill with tears.

I am aware that many sensitively sentimental persons, who would shed tears over the unreal distresses of an imaginary heroine in a novel, would ridicule my sympathy for my old woman; yet I cannot but think that my feelings are excited by a more legitimate cause than theirs.

I have recently lodged in a country town, occupying the first floor of a small house in the high street; and over my head, on the second floor, lives Mrs. Saunders, the widow of a captain in the army. When I took the lodgings I was told that I would find them very quiet, for Mrs. Saunders saw no company, and was ‘a very regular, genteel old lady.’ And so I found her; her step was noiseless, and her very cough, when she had one, was almost insudible: she saw no company and indeed, excepting when she addressed her maid, seldom heard the sound of her own

voice. Well might they say that she was *regular*. It is in a cathedral town that we dwell, and regularly every day in the week she attends morning service; twice on every Sunday is she to be seen in her accustomed seat; her daily walk, her meals, her outgoings, her incomings, nay her ‘down sittings, and her uprisings,’ seem regulated by clock-work! As she still wears the widow’s ‘inky cloak,’ stiff cap, and deep-veiled bonnet, I at first concluded she had but recently been deprived of her husband; but I afterwards learned that she had been a ‘lone woman’ for thirty years! She is now upwards of sixty; and she was scarce thirty when he on whom her young heart had lavished all its affections—he whom she had ‘loved’ with enthusiasm, ‘honored’ with sincerity, and ‘obeyed’ implicitly, was suddenly snatched from her in the very flower of his age. She then thought it impossible to survive him—yet, thirty years have passed since she knelt by his bedside, with his cold hands in hers; and she still lives, and may live for years!

There comes to many a time when they can say with truth, ‘I shall never again be happy.’ But they who speak of ‘death’ as the certain *early* termination of their sorrows, little know how long human nature may survive all its fondest hopes, and all its warmest affections. Like poor old Mrs. Saunders, we may find them after a lapse of thirty years; withered indeed, and changed in appearance, but still, like her, in the garb of woe; or, if that be thrown aside, still bearing in the widowed heart the memory of the past.

I have owned my predilection for OLD WOMEN; had it not existed, Mrs. Saunders and I would probably have been to this hour unknown to each other. Besides, *all* old women do not indiscriminately interest me: had the widow been a woman of ringlets and rouge; with a bonnet with a pink lining, short petticoats, and shoes with sandals, I should have hated the sound of her venerable *trip*, and should probably have done every thing in my power to annoy her.

But my old woman had none of these; deep was the crape upon her black bombazeen

gown, but often deeper were her sighs as she walked slowly down our little staircase. There was a dejection in her manner that interested me; and as I watched her from my bay window walking slowly down the street, I thought I never had seen a more sad, nor a more respectable looking old personage.

Loving old women as I had always loved them, this old woman appeared more lovable than any I had ever seen!

I was determined to make her acquaintance; but how to manage it without an appearance of impudent intrusion was not easy, however, though no longer *very* young. I was twenty years her junior, and therefore hoped, that if, by an accident, we became on speaking terms, no imputation of an amatory nature could by any possibility be cast upon her, nor upon myself, even by the inhabitants of a country town.

The opportunity I had often sought at length occurred. I had long seen and admired a fair young girl, the daughter of a gentleman who was my opposite neighbor; for be it known that my due appreciation of old women has not by any means hardened my heart *against*, nor led me to turn my head away *from*; those who have the advantage of being still young and beautiful; but then, I believe I must allow, the consideration that they must certainly one day become old, and lose their beauty, and may possibly become sad and desolate, gives them, in my eyes, an additional interest.

My fair young neighbor was the belle of the place, and her youth, animation, and loveliness entitled her to the distinction; she was the pet of her father and mother, and the charm of her comfortable home; but though idolized by her parents, and admired by all the young beaux of the place, she was not spoilt. She laughed with them all, but smiled particularly upon *none*; she was too well brought up, and too innocent, to trifle with the feelings of any.

Our town at length became more gay than was its wont; a regiment was quartered in the immediate neighborhood, and the officers in the pride of scarlet cloth and feathers, daily

paraded the high street. They were particularly fond of walking on my side of the street, and taking short turns immediately under my window; not that, participating in my love for old women, they were attracted by venerable Mrs. Saunders, but because it gave them an opportunity of looking at the opposite house, the residence of Mr. Mapletonst, the father of our belle.

Mary Mapletonst behaved herself exceedingly well, and did not look at the new arrivals more than young people may always be expected to look at novelties of any kind. One young man, however, subsequently joined the regiment, who brought a letter of introduction to old Mapletonst; he was, therefore, asked to dinner, and day after day I saw him call; then join Mary in her walks, and then go at the dinner hour with something like a flute in his hand, or with a little volume resembling a music book. I began to hope that all would end well, as good-natured people always do, when they know nothing about the matter, and mean to hint that they fear the worst. It would have been a source of real annoyance to me had I discovered that the young lady over the way was a flirt, only secondary indeed to that which I should have experienced had I found out that the old lady up stairs had been guilty of a similar indiscretion.

I soon ascertained that all was going on prosperously. The officer now visited officially in his capacity of accepted lover, and the happy day was fixed.

What strange commotions did I see on the opposite side of the way! commotions to me (a bachelor) most inexplicable. The knockings and the ringings, and the lawyer-like-looking man, with the boy after him, bearing a blue bag; and then the mantuamakers, with huge receptacles covered with oil-skin, and the sempstress, and the shoemaker, and dozens of persons (whose callings were to me unknown) called daily at the Mapletonsts'! It was a memorable time—the footman never had a moment's rest!

The day before the wedding, uncles, and aunts, and cousins, arrived from distant places; every room in the house must have been occupied, and where they could have stowed away the servants to this hour I have never been able to conjecture. I never left my window all that day! Of course they must have had a large family party at dinner; yet in the evening, I saw the young couple steal out to walk together alone; and though it was the last day Mary was to pass in the home of her youth, she could not resist bestowing an hour of that day upon him with whom she was to pass her life!

Whatever his merits may be, thought I, I am sure she is worthy of him; and is he worthy of her? or, however estimable his character, will their tempers, their disposi-

tions, their habits, suit each other? Will they love ten years hence as they love now?

This was an unanswerable reverie; and had it called for a reply, there was no one to answer me. My eyes were dim with foolish tears. Though unknown to them, I silently blessed them; and ere I could again see distinctly, the closing door concealed them from my view.

The happy day arrived—the day which was to unite the young officer to his young bride, and to introduce me to my old woman!

Again I took my station very early at the window, and saw the carriages arrive which were to convey the bridal party to church. I then heard Mrs. Saunders leisurely ascending the staircase with her accustomed slow and dejected step; and thinking that the bridal procession would have departed before she could have reached her own chamber, I ran to my door, opened it, and with great civility, requested that she would 'do me the honor of walking in to see the sight.'

I have no doubt she thought that a refusal would appear ungracious and uncivil; for though at first she hesitated, she said, 'Thank you, sir—I will not refuse your offer, though the sight you invite me to see is, to my feelings, a melancholy one.'

'A melancholy one?' said I.

The bustle of departure commenced, and poor old Mrs. Saunders, with unaffected interest, drew a chair to the window.

Old Mapletonst's carriage was first in the line of procession, one of fifteen years' standing, and of the kind which bears the appellation of family coach; but he came as fast as gout and age permitted, and hopped into the vehicle his own venerable helpmate. He was in his very best clothes, and his lady adorned with the roses of June, and the feathers from the tale of the ostrich. I must be excused for dwelling on her appearance, for she is one of my old women. She was in a terrible flurry, not knowing whether to laugh or to cry, to be happy or miserable. Mr. Mapletonst then turned to the house, and led forth the bride, who, with her veil down, hastily entered the carriage; then followed another old woman, a aunt: and to give due weight to the arrangement, slowly and surely did the old gentleman deposit himself by her side, and away went the carriage.

The next was a new chariot, built for the occasion belonging to the bridegroom, who sprang into it with a brother officer, who acted as bridesman, and away they went.

The other carriages were to me insipidities. They followed, laden with relatives, and bridesmaids, white satin, and orange blossoms.

Mrs. Saunders rose to depart; 'Will you not stay and see them come from church?' said I.

'I have not had my breakfast,' she replied;

'I thank you, sir, for your civility, and shall be happy to see you, if you feel inclined to return the visit.'

She left me; but what a point had I gained in one short quarter of an hour! My own old women had called upon me, and had graciously condescended to say she would receive me in her upper story!

The procession returned from church, and the party partook of a *dejeuner*; and then I saw one solitary equipage standing at the door. It was the bridegroom's chariot with four post horses, and adorned with the customary bows of white riband. They will soon set off, thought I; and now I think of it, I am sure I should see much better from the room above; of course I should, so I'll go up, and knock at Mrs. Saunders's door.

I did so, explaining that I expected a better view from her elevation. She received me kindly; but seeing her handkerchief in her hand, and her eyes very red, I began to repeat my intrusion.

'You will think me very foolish, sir, I fear, but you are welcome; pray bring your chair to the window: do not mind me. It is forty years since I was at a wedding—my own—and—I have always avoided being present at bridal processions, and these sad leave-takings; but this happening so immediately opposite to me, and having seen the young bride daily until I felt involuntarily interested for her, it would be folly to draw down the blind.'

'Oh certainly,' said I, pulling the one nearest to me up as high as it would go; 'and see they are coming.' I added.

The drawing-room windows were open, and the assembled party crowded into the balcony. The door opened; and, almost carried between her father and her husband, came the bride in her traveling dress. Old Mapletonst gave her one more hearty kiss, and then retreated to the step at the door, meaning to wave his handkerchief as the carriage drove off; but it would not do—the handkerchief went to his eyes, and he made a precipitate retreat. We had but a dim view of the interior of the carriage; but I suspect the bride was leaning back in tears, as I distinctly saw the husband bending over her to offer consolation.

Mrs. Saunders' maid, who was standing behind us, exclaimed, 'La! dear me, what a shame to be sure, to make the young lady marry a man what she don't like!'

Mrs. Saunders gave her a look which silenced her; and as the carriage then drove off, and she had seen all that she wanted to see, she went to put away the tea things.

Mary Mapletonst was married to the man of her choice—the only man she had ever loved and the deep feeling that she displayed, the natural tears she shed at leaving the home and

the friends of her early years, were the best surely she could offer to her chosen husband, that to him and to the home to which he was conveying her, she would become fondly and devotedly attached. The simpering bride who leaves her parents and her home, thinking of her flounces, and the bows in her bonnet, will make a heartless wife.

But where was the mother all this time? Not at the door with her husband; not on the balcony with her guests! Did she not see the carriage drive away? Yes; and I detected her, and so did the old woman at my elbow. When the bustle of departure began, after kissing her dear Mary again and again, she mounted the staircase more nimbly than was her custom, and locked herself into one of the front bed-chambers.—There she stood; and believing herself unseen by mortal, stretching from the windows to gaze after the last departing carriage, and shedding tears into the handkerchief which she unconsciously was trying to wave! It was in Mary's deserted chamber that she stood, and when they were quite out of sight, the blind was hastily drawn down, and I was glad I could not see her.

I am not one of those who can look on such scenes unmoved. I passed my handkerchiefs over my face, gave a nervous sort of cough, and turned round to speak to Mrs. Saunders. She was in an agony of tears! I wanted to be civil, but she waved me away with her hand; and so I thought I would take no notice, and walked to the fire-place. Over the mantle-piece two miniatures were suspended; one represented a very handsome young man in regiments; the other a very beautiful young girl, in the costume of forty years ago, and to my astonishment it was the exact counterpart of a miniature which I remembered in the possession of my mother, and which, as a boy, I have been permitted to look at as a treat.

And a treat it certainly was, for boy or man—Nothing could exceed the beauty of the face and figure; and there was an animation, a laughing expression about it, which would have well suited a representative of Thalia.

As soon as the widow appeared equal to conversation, I told her that I had often seen the fac-simile of that miniature, and that I well remembered my mother's having said it was the picture of her early friend Lucy Summers.

“Your mother's maiden name was Fairfield?” said the widow.

“It was,” I replied.

“She was the friend of Lucy Summers; and when Lucy was married, she received as a gift the counterpart of the miniature you see there.”

“You then,” said I, “were also the friend of Lucy Summers, and for you that miniature was painted.”

“No,” said Mrs. Saunders; “it was not painted for me”—she paused, and then added, “But I remember Lucy well, I remember her as she was when your mother saw her last. Is your mother living?”

“She is,” I replied.

“And does she still remember Lucy Summers?”

“So well does she remember her,” said I, “that I really think were I to meet her I should know her from my mother's description: she has often talked to me about her, and always spoke of her as the most animated girl she ever knew, and one too whose lot in life had been most happy.”

“Did she say more about her?” asked Mrs. Saunders.

“A great deal more,” I replied; “and as you seem to be interested about her, I will try and remember it. Lucy was the most beautiful girl in the town where she was born; nay, my mother always said that she was allowed by every one to be the belle of the county: she was an only child, the idol of her father and mother, the favorite of all who knew her: her vivacity was contagious; her merry laugh so musical, and so truly from the heart. No party could be dull if Lucy Summers was present. Of course she was much admired by the men, and the offers which she was supposed to have had were not to be counted. I say *supposed*, because Lucy was not one of those who made a boast of her refusals. If any thing made her sad, it was the necessity of saying ‘No,’ to persons who declared to her that their whole chance of happiness in this life depended upon her saying ‘Yes.’ At length she was in love herself—a young soldier won her heart: so young a man indeed, that she being herself just ‘come out,’ it was decreed that they could not be allowed to marry yet. He was to go with his regiment abroad; if on his return after a probation of two years both parties remained of the same mind, the marriage was to take place. The young soldier was in despair, but not so Lucy; she cried indeed most bitterly when he left her, but she did not doubt his constancy; and often has my mother seen her flying to the post office, and returning in triumph with a long expected letter. When at length her lover returned, he found her the same gay, laughing, beautiful Lucy he had left—only more maturely beautiful and more gay when meeting him than ever. My mother said that her cheerfulness was that of buoyant nature, that it seemed calculated to resist the buffets of the world; and that if she be now living she is in all probability the most active, cheerful, smiling, round-faced, chatty old body that ever was seen.”

“It is not improbable that your mother and she may yet meet,” said Mrs. Saunders; “and then she will have an opportunity of

judging for her herself: I am acquainted with her present residence, and—but go on.”

“I have said nearly all I know,” said I. “The young couple were married; and though Lucy deeply felt her separation from her parents, she was devotedly attached to her husband; and when my mother last saw her, it was at her own house, by the side of the husband she adored, and her face was as beautiful and her laugh as merry as ever.”

Mrs. Saunders was silent for a moment, and then said, “I was thinking of Lucy Summers's marriage this morning when you saw me so deeply affected.—Like her the bride is married to a soldier—like her she wept at leaving her parents' roof. Oh that the similitude may end there! Lucy Summers became an early widow. For weeks, for months she watched by the bedside of a dying husband—without hope she saw him linger, and at length he died in her arms.”

The old lady became much agitated, and when she paused, I said.

“You knew her well it seems, and must sympathize with her: It is fortunate, however, that misfortune fell upon one of her cheerful disposition—so buoyant, so elastic, as my mother said; that though deeply afflicted by her loss, she doubtless has long since rallied.”

The pale, wrinkled, dejected, desolate old woman before me, removed her handkerchief from her eyes and in a faltering voice exclaimed—“I was Lucy Summers!”

The Rural Repository.

SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1836.

THE CLOSE OF THE VOLUME.—The present number closes our twelfth volume, and, while we extend the hand of friendship to all, we tender our heartfelt acknowledgments to such of our patrons and friends as have, by their unwearied exertions in our behalf, so materially assisted in its circulation. As notes under Five Dollars, though we still receive them in payment for the Repository, are not so extensively circulated as formerly, we shall esteem an especial favor if those of our subscribers who can make it convenient, and any other persons who may feel sufficient interest in the success of the work, will endeavor to obviate the difficulty by obtaining subscriptions to the amount of Five or Ten Dollars, collecting the same, and remitting it at once.—Our rule being not to send any paper at the commencement of a new volume until again ordered. Agents will please forward the names of such of their subscribers as wish their papers continued. Persons residing in towns where we have no regular agents will generally find the Post Masters in their respective vicinities willing to act as agents by forwarding their names and the amount of subscriptions free of expense.

Letters Containing Remittances,
Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting
the amount of Postage paid.

C. T. Schenectady, N. Y. \$1.00; C. M. Hallenbecks, Ms. \$1.00; D. C. M. Havana, N. Y. \$1.00; S. P. South Doyer, N. Y. \$2.00; E. C. Middlefield, N. Y. \$1.00; F. C. Niagara, U. C. \$2.00; A. J. Leon, N. Y. \$1.00; T. M. Mechanicville, N. Y. \$1.00; G. L. R. West Troy, N. Y. \$1.00; J. H. S. Pittsburgh, N. Y. \$5.00; C. W. New Salem, Ct. \$1.00; D. C. Schodack Center, N. Y. \$1.00; C. P. Livingston, N. Y. \$1.00; H. A. C. Hillsdale, N. Y. \$1.00.

MARRIED,

In this city, on the 12th inst. by the Rev. William White, Mr. P. Dean Carrigue, Esq. Editor of the *Albany Gazette*, to Miss Elizabeth Coleman.

By the Rev. Mr. Shields. Mr. Alvin C. Smith, to Betsy Ann Arnold.

On the 10th inst. by the Rev. Mr. John C. Hallenbeck, to Miss Maria Burdett.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

The Beauties of the Mind.

Most poets dwell on face and form,
Those charms of outward kind,
My pen's employed on nobler themes,
The Beauties of the Mind.

The ivory teeth—the polished brow—
Complexion dazzling white,
Cannot illumine the darksome hours
Of sorrow's bitter night.

The rosy cheeks—the glossy locks,
The gifts of nature's God,
Have not the power to cheer our souls,
Beneath afflictions rod.

The sparkling eyes—the ruby lips,
That look so melting kind,
Can bear no competition with—
The Beauties of the Mind.

They, like the fleecy mists of morn,
Chased by the God of day,
Soon disappear, nor leave behind
The traces of their way.

Or, like the flowers that deck the field,
Are destined soon to fade;
While ever fresh in robes of light
The latter are arrayed.

Before fell Time's destroying scythe
Our outward charms do fall;
The Beauties of the Mind remain
Subservient to our call.

Affections won by features fair
Subside and soon depart;
But based on Beauties of the Mind
Forever bind the heart.

From the Zodiac.

The following lines were hastily written, by a young lady of a neighboring city to two little girls of her acquaintance. In publishing them, we shall doubtless, please our readers, though we fear we may offend the fair author, who certainly never dreamed that the eye of any but near and dear friends would rest upon her.

Impromptu.

I love ye very, very much,
My little cousins fair,
I love ye more than words can tell,
So sweet I think you are!
Be very still and quiet now,
My rose-buds, both of you,
And if you listen I will tell
You what I love to do.

I love to tell some tender tale,
Eugenia, dear, to you,
To touch your gentle heart, till tears
Are in your eyes of blue.
And then to turn to Josephine,
Whose little joyous face,
Is ever ready with a smile,
All tears away to chase.

I love to hear the merry tones
Of each young bird-like voice,
That blithesome caroling might make
44st heart rejoice.

I love to mark the bounding step,
So light and free from care,
To follow those unquiet feet—
What restless things ye are!

I love to watch the changing touch,
That, as he swiftly passes,
The hand of Time leaves on your forms,
My little smiling faces.
To note a deepening shade of thought,
On 'Genie's forehead fair,
A darkening tint upon the curls
Of Josephine's bright hair.

To see Eugenia's placid brow,
From day to day expand,
And mark the fingers lengthening
Of Josie's tiny hand.
To see each little sylph-like form,
Grow taller, and to trace
The gradual stamp of intellect,
Upon each little face.

And then I love to fancy, what
You both some day may be,
When you are grown up ladies, just
Like your mamma, and me.

You must be very good and wise,
And very learned too,
You must be kind and amiable,
And gentle, both of you.

'Genie, forget not so to school
Each action and each thought,
That your young sister may from you,
Be truth and virtue taught.
And Josie, if to her soft voice,
A listening ear you lend,
She'll be your shield from every harm,
And prove your truest friend.

Now, Josie, kiss your sister, dear,
And say, you trust she'll guide,
Your feet through this world's path, boast
With thorns on every side.
And 'Genie wind your arm about
That little fairy's waist,
And tell her that her confidence
Shall never be misplaced.

Dear Children! to mine eye you seem
Two fresh and fair young flowers,
Whose beauty, strength and life increase
With the advancing hours.
And 'Genie is the lovely rose,
Toot fenton, lest it fade,
The fragile, sweet young violet
That grows beneath its shade.

My Early Days.

Written under a picture taken in childhood.
My early days, my early days,
Ye morning stars that linger yet;
And beam as dear departed rays,
When every other star has set;

Spray of the ocean of my life,
Blossom of fruit all faded now;
Ye golden sands in old Time's glass,
Ye green leaves on a withered bough;
Oh! where are ye, and where am I?
Where is that happy sinless child,
That chased the gaudy, butterfly,
As gay as that, and far more wild.

Am I that bold and fearless boy
That stemmed the flood and climbed the height?
All health and truth, all life and joy,
First in the frolic or the fight.

Ah! no—where once the sunlight shone;
I wander now amid the shade;
The hopes that led my boyhood on,
Are withered all, or all betrayed.

I cannot bear to gaze again
On visions that could fade so fast;
Nor, 'mid a present scene of pain,
Cast back a thought to blisses past.

Metastasis.

In every one's internal care
Were written on his brow.
How many would our pity share,
Who raise our envy now.

The fatal secret when revealed,
Of every aching breast,
Would prove that only when concealed,
Their lot appears the best.

PROSPECTUS

OR THE

RURAL REPOSITORY,

Embellished with Engravings;

DEVOTED TO POLITICAL LITERATURE, SUCH AS NOVELS AND
SEVENTEEN TALES, ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS,
BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, ANTHOLOGY
MISCELLANEOUS AND HISTORICAL
ANECDOTES, SCENARIES, POETRY, &c.

On Saturday, the 18th of June, 1836, will be issued the first number of the Thirteenth Volume (Fourth New Series) of the RURAL REPOSITORY.

On issuing proposals for a new volume of the Rural Repository, the Publisher renders his most sincere acknowledgments to all Contributors, Agents and Subscribers, for the liberal support which they have afforded him from the commencement of this publication. New assurances on the part of the publisher of a periodical which has stood the test of years, would soon superfluous, he will therefore only say, that it will be conducted on a similar plan and published in the same form as heretofore, and that no pains or expense shall be spared to promote their gratification by its further improvement in typographical execution and original and selected matter.

CONDITIONS.

THE RURAL REPOSITORY will be published every other Saturday, in the Quarto form, and will contain twenty-six numbers of eight pages each, with a title page and index to the volume, making in the whole 200 pages. It will be printed in handsome style, on Medium paper of a superior quality, with new type, and embellished occasionally with Engravings; making, at the end of the year, a neat and tasteful volume, containing matter equal to one thousand octavo pages, which will be both amusing and instructive in future years.

TERMS.—The Thirteenth volume, (Fourth New Series) will commence on the 18th of June next, at the low rate of One Dollar per annum in advance, or One Dollar and Fifty Cents at the expiration of three months from the time of subscribing. Any person, who will remit us Five Dollars, free of postage, shall receive six copies, and any person, who will remit us Ten Dollars, free of postage, shall receive twelve copies and one copy of either of the previous volumes. 32° No subscriptions received for less than one year.

Names of Subscribers with the amount of subscriptions to be sent by the 18th of June, or as soon after as convenient, to the publisher,
WILLIAM B. STODDARD,
Hudson, Columbia Co., N. Y. 1836.

32° EDITORS, who wish to exchange, are respectfully requested to give the above a few insertions, or at least a notice, and receive Subscriptions.

Notice.

32° Notes under Five Dollars taken in payment for the Repository, as usual.

THE RURAL REPOSITORY

IS PUBLISHED EVERY OTHER SATURDAY, AT HUDSON, N. Y. BY

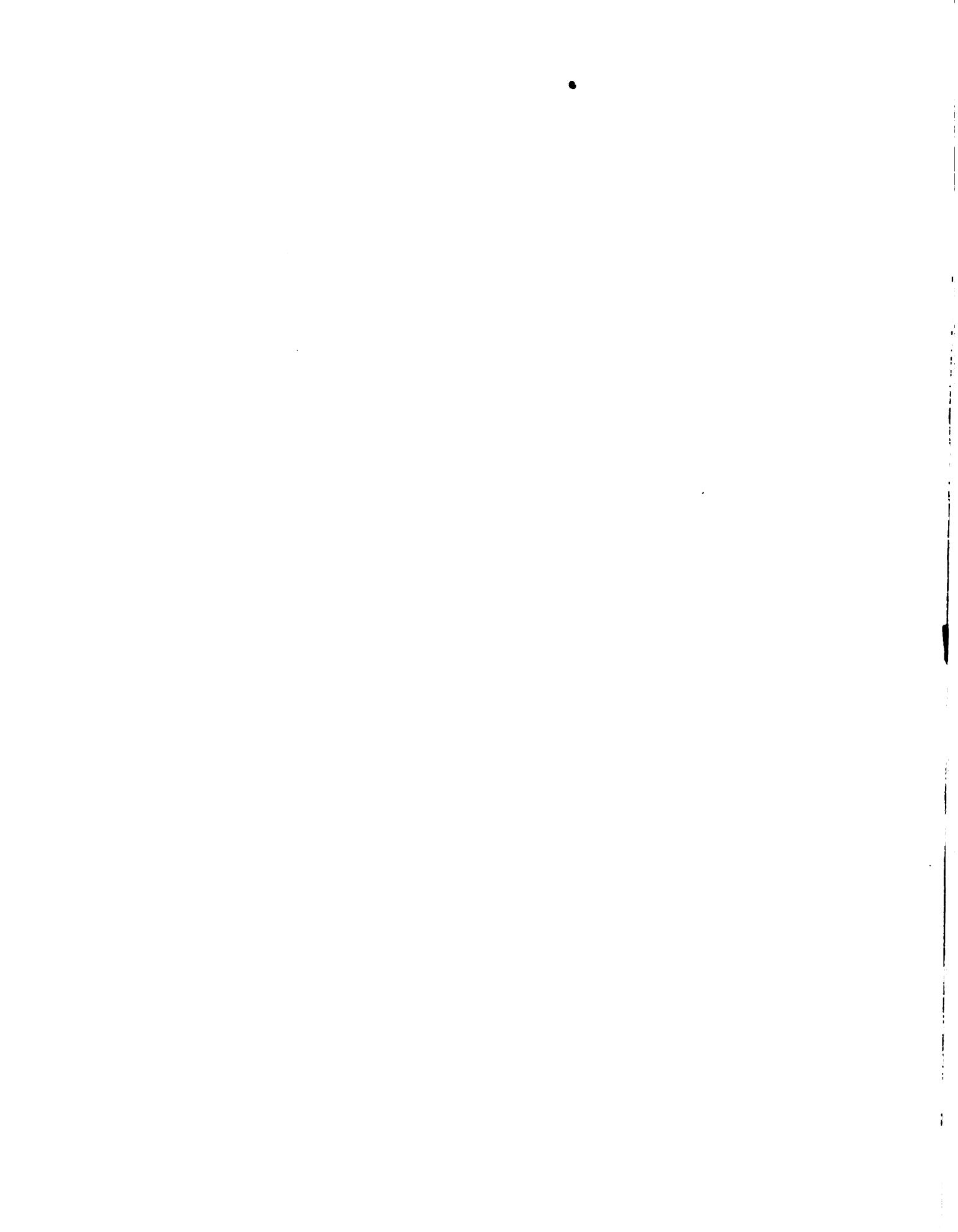
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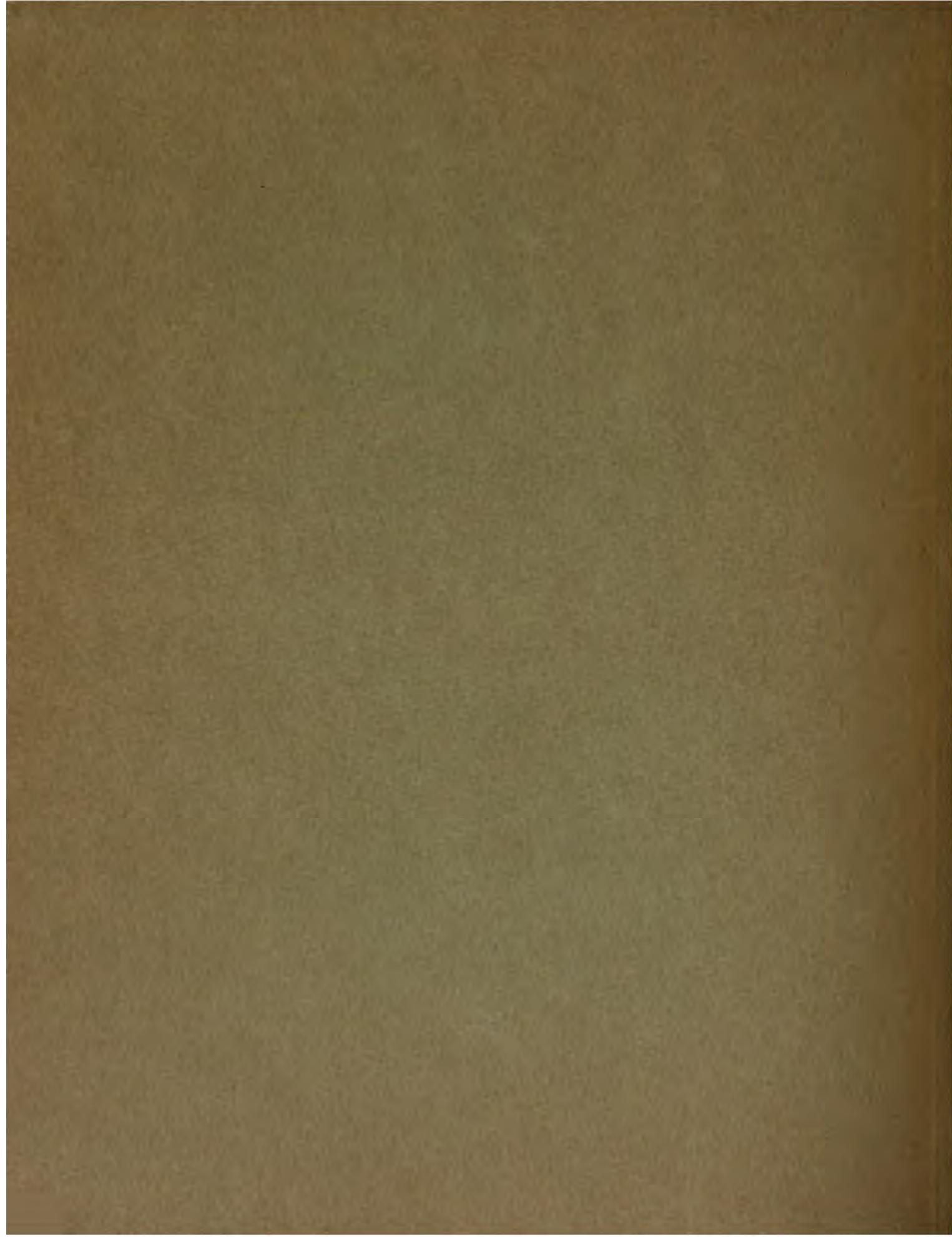
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32° All orders and Communications must be post paid, to receive attention.







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